DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY.

VOL. IV.



M. Delany

From the Original Drawing [illegible]

DIARY

AND

LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF EVELINA, CECILIA, &c.

EDITED BY HER NIECE.

"THE SPIRIT WALKS OF EVERY DAY DECEASED."—YOUNG.

VOL. IV.

1788-9.

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PART I.

1788.

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DIARY AND LETTERS

OF THE

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA."

PART I.

1788.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 1ST.—I BEGAN the new year, as I ended the old one, by seizing the first moment it presented to my own disposal, for flying to Mrs. Delany, and begging her annual benediction. She bestowed it with the sweetest affection, and I spent, as usual, all the time with her I had to spare. It seems always so short; yet we now meet almost regularly twice a-day. Yet where there is a perfect confidence, there is so much to communicate, and so much to discuss, and compare opinions about, that the shortest absence supplies food for the longest meeting. And, indeed, without any materials of events, an intercourse the most smooth and uninterrupted with a mind so full, an imagination so fertile, and a memory so richly stored as Mrs. Delany's, would

still seem brief, if broken only by that which will break all things.

I carried the Queen, in the morning, a key, I had at her command drawn up, of Swift's "History of John Bull." I found that work so filled, not only with politics (into which I have never entered), but with vulgarisms the most offensive, that I frankly told her Majesty how far I felt myself from recommending it to her own perusal, or that of the Princess Royal. Her sweetness and graciousness draw out from me, almost at full length, every thing I think upon such subjects as she starts; and this little illness of Mrs. Schwellenberg has procured me much time with her.

In passing the eating-parlour, as I ret rned to my room, I saw Sir George Howard and Lady Frances. I went to them, and was just beginning a common chat, when suddenly the Queen appeared: she was cloaked, and soon after went into her carriage; and I found she made a new year's visit to my dear Mrs. Delany, whom she told "she had come to her without telling any body"—"even Miss Burney"—as she would not let any fuss or preparation be made for her visit.

My dear Mrs. Delany, to my great satisfaction, seized this fair opportunity to speak to her Majesty of your F. B., and to express the grateful sense I felt of her goodness and condescension towards me. I was most happy to have this said from lips so venerable and so respected, as I have longed, lately, to make known to her Majesty the zealous and gratified sentiments she has inspired. Her graciousness indeed, of late, has augmented into the most perfect, the most flattering kindness; and very glad I was, yet not, I own, surprised, to hear that she looked very much pleased with Mrs. Delany's speech.

In the evening, by long appointment, I was to receive Mr. Fisher and his bride. Mrs. Schwellenberg, of her own accord, desired me to have them in my room, and said she would herself make tea for the Equerries in the eating-parlour. Mrs. Delany and Miss P—— came to meet them. Mrs. Fisher seems good-natured, cheerful, and obliging, neither well nor ill in her appearance, and, I fancy, not strongly marked in any way. But she adores Mr. Fisher, and has brought him a large fortune.

The Princess Amelia was brought by Mrs. Cheveley, to fetch Mrs. Delany to the Queen. Mrs. Fisher was much delighted in seeing her Royal Highness, who, when in a grave humour, does the honours of her rank with a seriousness extremely entertaining. She commands the company to sit down, holds out her little fat hand to be kissed, and makes a distant courtesy, with an air of complacency and encouragement that might suit any Princess of five times her age.

Late in the evening I had a leave-taking visit from General Budé, who brought back Mrs. Delany, and then came in himself for half an hour. He returns no more to Windsor, unless for a short occasional hunt, till after the King's birth-day. I am sorry to lose him: he is always pleasant, good-humoured, and well bred.

Later still, Colonel Goldsworthy also called on the same errand. His waiting finished with the year, and his successor, Colonel Welbred, will accompany the King's suite in our next return from London.

He opened with great warmth, and manifest discontent, upon his disappointment in being consigned to the tea-room next door, when such a party were in my room.

I had much discourse, while the rest were engaged, with Mr. Fisher, about my ever-valued, ever-regretted Mrs. Thrale. Can I call her by another name, loving

that name so long, so well, for her and her sake? He gave me concern by information that she is now publishing, not only the Letters of Dr. Johnson, but her own. How strange!

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher stayed with me till half-past ten o'clock, and promised to dispense with any formal return, and to accept my acquaintance upon such terms as might best suit my own conveniency.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2ND.—We came to town for the next day's Drawing-room. In the evening my dear father lent me his carriage to go to Titchfield-street. I called first in St. Martin's-street. My dear father was delightfully well and gay; and Sarah employed in painting me a trimming for the Queen's birth-day.

Mrs. Maling, and a pretty little daughter, accompanied me to Titchfield-street, where I found the good and dear Mr. Burney infinitely better than I had ventured to hope I could see him; but our sweet Esther looks so thin—so pale—I could almost cry when my eyes fix upon her. Yet she, too, is better, and poor Marianne is recovering. I think her a lovely girl, both in mind and person, and wish I could see more of her.

How delightfully they played! how great a regale such music and such performance to my now almost antiquated ears! For though I hear now often, at Windsor, some pieces that give me great pleasure, 'tis a pleasure so inferior to what *they* can give, that it bears not any comparison.

Charles, also, came in to tea, and I appointed him for the next day at St. James's. It was altogether a truly comfortable and interesting evening to me.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 3RD.—This was a great Drawing-room, as the New Year's day was kept upon it, the Ode performed, and the compliments of the season paid.

My kind Mrs. Ord, by appointment, came to me early at St. James's, and stayed till three o'clock. We had much to say to each other. I proffered her an evening against my next return to town, and begged her to let me meet a party of my old friends at her house. It is high time I should see them again, after this long separation; and now that my mind is easy, and I am quite resigned to my fate and situation, I feel an anxiety not to be forgotten by those who have been kind to me, and a yet stronger one to show them I have set no forgetting example. I rather wish to make this first re-entrance at the house of Mrs. Ord than at any other, because I am proud to show every body the just first place she holds with me, among all that set; next, indeed, to my most bosom friends do I prize her, and because I am sure she will make a selection that will give me pleasure.

Mr. Smelt, the only person who, to both, would have been a welcome interrupter, came from the Drawing-room, to make me a little visit.

We had scarce arranged ourselves when a real intruder broke in, that disconcerted us all—Mr. S——; but he is never disconcerted himself, for he never perceives what mischief he enacts. He came to beg my consolation upon a misfortune he had met the day before. He was the Queen's Equerry in waiting, as usual, and came to the palace to attend her Majesty to the play; but he stole up-stairs, into our eating-parlour, and stayed chattering there till he was too late, and the Queen was gone, and all the suite, and his own royal coach among the rest! So he had to walk across the park in the rain, to get into a chair. Yet he entreated me not to tell Mrs. Schwellenberg, for he said she would be more severe upon him than anybody. The Queen, he saw by her looks, had pardoned him, but

with Mrs. Schwellenberg he could have no chance of quarter.

He went not away till Mr. Smelt kindly drew him off, by proposing that they should return to the drawing-room together.

Mrs. Ord was soon obliged to follow, but not till she had distressed me, in the only way she can pain me, by inveigling, rather than forcing upon me, a beautiful but very expensive new year's gift: as to *her child,* she says, she does it, and I feel her so truly maternal I dare not struggle with her. "And why should you?" I hear my Fredy whisper. My dearest Fredy, for the same motive that urges the struggle with yourself—a wish of preventing such costly tokens of regard from being repeated, since I cannot be easy to see the best economists I know turn prodigals only for me.

In the evening came my dearest father, who gave up the opera to spend it with me; and brought all his letters and papers, and was excellently in spirits, and made me truly happy. I have never seen him better—gayer—sweeter. He showed me a letter of my Susan's, and another of Charlotte's, and one from James, all exhilarating to me, and all shown with glee and pleasure. Mr. Smelt joined us for one half hour, and was very charming.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 4TH. — We returned to Windsor at noon; Mrs. Schwellenberg, Miss Planta, Mr. de Luc, and myself.

In the morning, Mrs. Schwellenberg presented me, from the Queen, with a new year's gift. It is plate, and very elegant. The Queen, I find, makes presents to her whole household every year: more or less, according to some standard of their claims which she sets up, very properly, in her own mind.

I have been drinking tea with my dear Mrs. Delany, and most socially. I found her very well. Mrs. Schwellenberg sent for Madlle. Montmollin, and I knew she would have also Colonel Welbred, who is just come into waiting, and therefore I have built upon this as a fair opportunity of taking a little time to myself. Accordingly, here at this moment I am writing to my beloved correspondents, instead of playing at piquet. Till all my licence, so lately bestowed, is withdrawn, I will continue to use it, and to dedicate the best part of it thus.

And now good night. I have not thus written to the very moment for a longer time than I can now recollect.

But let me not fail to tell you I had the real honour, in the morning, of a little visit from the Bishop of Worcester. He is better, but still unwell; and still I regret his indisposition and its consequence, in keeping him this Christmas from his customary annual visit to Windsor.

JANUARY 5TH.—This evening I determined upon still another effort for "separation of forces;" though I regretted missing Colonel Welbred, and should have sought, not shunned, his society, in any other situation. But here, to meet and to have society are two things. I begged my dear Mrs. Delany and Miss P—— to come to my apartment at a little after six o'clock, and to give immediate orders that I should be called downstairs to them. This they did, and I made my courtesy instantly, and without preface. Nothing was said, and all seemed promising.

Time thus, once more, in our disposal, we resumed, as we have done now every evening since the late new arrangement when we have met, the Memoirs. Nothing can be more interesting, more candid, more expressive of the sweet and clear mind of their *almost* incomparable writer,—not *quite*, my Susan!—my Fredy!

I had just ordered tea, but alas! in the midst of this regale, a message intrudes, of invitation to the next room.

Reluctantly we broke up our party, myself the most mortified, who saw in this invite that "the next room" grew sick of the separation, and found it would not answer; nor did I at all enjoy the prospect of appearing before Colonel Welbred in the constrained and uncomfortable situation in which I am there placed. He had seen me so once, and I am sure the contrast, from being Prime Ministress, had not failed to strike him.

However, there was no choice: in we went, and my regret was a little slackened by the great politeness, almost cordiality, with which the Colonel expressed himself upon our re-meeting.

A new scene now opened. Mutual salutations and compliments over, I seated myself next Miss P——, with full purpose of total stillness for the rest of the evening; but Colonel Welbred, evidently not conjecturing that intention, drew a chair next mine, and began instantly an animated discourse, wholly and solely, when not positively called off, addressed to me.

I saw, very undoubtedly, that he was entirely a stranger to the cabals and rules and timidities of the apartment: having first met me when mistress of it, he knew not into what a cipher I sunk when only a guest in it; at least he suspected not that such a sinking was voluntary and systematic: for though he had witnessed the change, in the last evening he spent here in June, he had concluded either that I might be ill, or imagined I had only declined conversing with him, in his two or three little openings, because the room was full, and he sat at a distance from me.

This I draw from his behaviour this evening, for he spoke to me with such an open gaiety of manner, that I was sure he had entered into none of the cautions that

had intimidated the rest, and he appropriated himself to me with such an unreserved distinction, that I am certain he is wholly unaware how totally I disuse myself from playing a conspicuous part in that presence.

His gentleness, however, his perfect good breeding, and a delicacy of manner I have rarely seen equalled, made it utterly impossible to decline his conversation: I entered into it, therefore, quietly and unaffectedly; consoling myself internally, that if it proved painful elsewhere, it might abridge invitations which brought me into such circumstances.

The astonishment created was apparent. No Equerry hitherto had ever attacked me in this presence, and least of all was it expected I should be singled out by a man universally reckoned the most reserved and the shyest of the whole set; but those are just the characters to whom something quiet and unobtrusive is most welcome.

Various attempts were made to draw him to another quarter; but they were only followed by an immediate and civil reply, and the discourse instantly returned to its first channel.

The subject was a tour in Wales, which he has lately made, and of which he gave an account full of information and ingenuity. But though it was a narration fitted for all hearers, I believe he was willing to spare himself the continual trouble of interruption and explanation from constant misunderstanding, and therefore, in a lowered voice, it was designedly bestowed on one who had no other desire than to keep it alive by brief comments and simple inquiries.

At length, however, the Colonel and myself were both suddenly drawn off from our Welsh expedition by a description, given by Mrs. Schwellenberg to Mrs. Delany, of her frogs! The Colonel, I believe, had not heard of

them before. His surprise, when he found they were kept in glasses, for fondlings and favourites, was irresistible to Miss P——, who with great difficulty forbore laughing out; and for myself, when he began to ask me, aside, a few questions upon the subject, I was forced to make a little silencing bow, and to look another way.

A commendation ensued, almost ecstatic, of their most recreative and dulcet croaking, and of their ladder, their table, and their amiable ways of snapping live flies. My neighbour, if I am not much mistaken, was then as much disposed to look another way as myself.

Mrs. Delany now asked if they caught at a fly as the chameleons do?

"What will become of the poets," cried Colonel Welbred, "if the chameleons catch flies?" And then he asked me if I remembered Churchill's line upon the chameleon, in the 'Prophecy of Famine.'

No, I told him, I had never read it; and begged him to repeat it.

He was some time recollecting it; and then, in a very low voice, he quoted it, and added to it several couplets: but I could hardly hear them, so fearful was he of turning spouter to the company at large.

At the close of the evening, when left alone with Mrs. Schwellenberg, she could not disguise her surprise at the behaviour of Colonel Welbred, but asked me very significantly if I had known him long? for he had said something about "a year."

"He only said, ma'am," cried I, "by way of civility, 'I have not seen you this twelvemonth;' but, in fact, a twelvemonth ago I had never seen him at all. I only made acquaintance with him about February last, during his waiting."

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6TH.—Things are now, indeed,

much mended: I gain abundantly more time, and that recruits me, and my present plan of operations unlocks me from that enclosure of stagnation which, in my former plan, seemed necessary to my well-doing. I really thank Colonel Welbred very much, as I think this coming forth will reconcile my absences far more than all my studious holding backs: I mean in company, for when *tête-à-tête* I have always been as communicative as I could urge myself to be.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 8TH.—This evening, according to my present plan of freedom, as Mrs. Delany came not to the Lodge, I went myself to Mrs. Delany, and left the tea-table to its original state. I had the courage to make my visit from seven to ten o'clock.

I met Mr. Bryant, who came, by appointment, to give me that pleasure. He was in very high spirits, full of anecdote and amusement. He has as much good-humoured chit-chat and entertaining gossiping as if he had given no time to the classics and his studies, instead of having nearly devoted his life to them. One or two of his little anecdotes I will try to recollect.

In the year thirty-three of this century, and in his own memory, there was a cause brought before a Judge, between two highwaymen, who had quarrelled about the division of their booty; and these men had the effrontery to bring their dispute to trial. "In the petition of the plaintiff," said Mr. Bryant, "he asserted that he had been extremely misused by the defendant: that they had carried on a very advantageous trade together upon Blackheath, Hounslow Heath, Bagshot Heath, and other places; that their business chiefly consisted in watches, wearing apparel, and trinkets of all sorts, as well as large concerns between them in cash; that they had agreed to

an equitable partition of all profits, and that this agreement had been violated. So impudent a thing, the judge said, was never before brought out in a court, and so he refused to pass sentence in favour of either of them, and dismissed them from the court."

Then he told us a great number of comic slip-slops, of the first Lord Baltimore, who made a constant misuse of one word for another: for instance, "I have been," says he, "upon a little excoriation to see a ship lanced; and there is not a finer going vessel upon the face of God's yearth: you've no idiom how well it sailed."

Having given us this elegant specimen of the language of one lord, he proceeded to give us one equally forcible of the understanding of another:—The late Lord Plymouth, meeting in a country town with a puppet-show, was induced to see it; and, from the high entertainment he received through Punch, he determined to buy him, and accordingly asked his price, and paid it, and carried the puppet to his country-house, that he might be diverted with him at any odd hour! Mr. Bryant protests he met the same troop just as the purchase had been made, and went himself to the puppet-show, which was exhibited *senza* Punch!

Next he spoke upon the Mysteries, or origin of our theatrical entertainments, and repeated the plan and conduct of several of these strange compositions, in particular one he remembered which was called 'Noah's Ark,' and in which that patriarch and his sons, just previous to the Deluge, made it all their delight to speed themselves into the ark without Mrs. Noah, whom they wished to escape; but she surprised them just as they had embarked, and made so prodigious a racket against the door that, after a long and violent contention, she

forced them to open it, and gained admission, having first contented them by being kept out till she was thoroughly wet to the skin.

These most eccentric and unaccountable dramas filled up the chief of our conversation: and whether to consider them most with laughter, as ludicrous, or with horror, as blasphemous, remains a doubt I cannot well solve.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9TH.—To-day Mrs. Schwellenberg did me a real favour, and with real good nature; for she sent me the letters of my poor lost friends, Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, which she knew me to be almost pining to procure. The book belongs to the Bishop of Carlisle, who lent it to Mr. Turbulent, from whom it was again lent to the Queen, and so passed on to Mrs. Schwellenberg. It is still unpublished.

With what a sadness have I been reading! what scenes has it revived!—what regrets renewed! These letters have not been more improperly published in the whole, than they are injudiciously displayed in their several parts. She has given all—every word—and thinks that, perhaps, a justice to Dr. Johnson, which, in fact, is the greatest injury to his memory.

The few she has selected of her own do her, indeed, much credit: she has discarded all that were trivial and merely local, and given only such as contain something instructive, amusing, or ingenious.

About four of the letters, however, of my ever-revered Dr. Johnson are truly worthy his exalted powers: one is upon Death, in considering its approach as we are surrounded, or not, by mourners; another, upon the sudden and premature loss of poor Mrs. Thrale's darling and only son.

Our name once occurs: how I started at its sight!—

'Tis to mention the party that planned the first visit to our house: Miss Owen, Mr. Seward, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Dr. Johnson. How well shall we ever, my Susan, remember that morning!

I have had so many attacks upon her subject, that at last I fairly begged quarter, and frankly owned to Mrs. Schwellenberg that I could not endure to speak any more upon the matter, endeavouring, at the same time, to explain to her my long and intimate connexion with the family. Yet nothing I could say put a stop to "How can you defend her in this?—how can you justify her in that?" &c., &c.—Alas! that I cannot defend her is precisely the reason I can so ill bear to speak of her.

How differently and how sweetly has the Queen conducted herself upon this occasion! Eager to see the letters, she began reading them with the utmost avidity: a natural curiosity arose to be informed of several names and several particulars, which she knew I could satisfy; yet, when she perceived how tender a string she touched, she soon suppressed her inquiries, or only made them with so much gentleness towards the parties mentioned, that I could not be distressed in my answers; and even in a short time I found her questions made in so favourable a disposition, that I began secretly to rejoice in them, as the means by which I reaped opportunity of clearing several points that had been darkened by calumny, and of softening others that had been viewed wholly through false lights.

To lessen disapprobation of a person once so precious to me, in the opinion of another so respectable both in rank and virtue, was to me a most soothing task; and my success was so obvious, from the lenity of all remarks, and the forbearance of all hard constructions, that I felt

myself inexpressibly obliged; since her own strict exercise of every duty inclines and authorises a general expectation, even to a degree of severity, of strictness in others.

This morning, in a manner the most gratifying, she proposed Mr. Locke's coming to Windsor, to give her a lesson of colouring the impressions, next Easter. I think and trust that time will suit. But I said I was sure my dearest Mrs. Locke would come with him whenever the journey took place, both in care of him and in indulgence to me:—"To be sure!" she said very sweetly, and in a tone of having taken it for granted. She also mentioned her intention of lodging them in her own canon's house, where Madame de la Fîte resides in the summer. But she bid me say nothing of all this at present. Probably something hangs upon it as yet undecided.

This is Mrs. Delany's last week at Windsor. On Saturday she goes to town for the winter; so do we ourselves on Tuesday. She could not come out this evening, and I determined to drink tea with her. I stayed, however, with Mrs. Schwellenberg till just before her own tea-time, because she was alone, and was very civil.

I found my dear Mrs. Delany sweeter, more alive, and kinder than ever. This evening I finished reading her memoirs. The almost incessant dangers to which she was exposed in all the early part of her life, and the purity of prudence with which she always extricated herself from them, have more than ever raised my admiration and increased my tenderness. What a character is Mrs. Delany's!—how noble throughout!—how great upon great occasions!—how sweet, how touching, how interesting upon all! Oh, what should I do without

her here? That question will occur, but no answer can I make to it. Heaven be praised, however, she is well, uncommonly well, and looks as if she would live to be one hundred years old with ease.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 10TH.—When we were summoned to the tea-room I met Miss de Luc coming out. I asked if she did not stay tea? "How can I," cried she, in a voice of distress, "when already, as there is company here without me, Mrs. Schwellenberg has asked me what I came for?"

I was quite shocked for her, and could only shrug in dismay and let her pass. When there is no one else she is courted to stay!

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher came soon after; and the Princesses Augusta and Amelia fetched away Mrs. Delany.

Soon after Colonel Welbred came, ushering in Mr Fairly and his young son, who is at Eton school. I had seen Mr. F. but once since his great and heavy loss, though now near half a year had elapsed. So great a personal alteration in a few months I have seldom seen: thin, haggard, worn with care, and grief, and watching—his hair turned grey—white, rather, and some of his front teeth vanished. He seemed to have suffered, through his feelings, the depredations suffered by others through age and time.

His demeanour, upon this trying occasion, filled me with as much admiration as his countenance did with compassion: calm, composed, and gentle, he seemed bent on appearing not only resigned, but cheerful. I might even have supposed him verging on being happy, had not the havoc of grief on his face, and the tone of deep melancholy in his voice, assured me his solitude was all sacred to his sorrows.

Mr. Fisher was very sad himself, grieving at the death

of Dr. Harley, Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Hereford. He began, however, talking to me of these letters; and, with him, I could speak of them, and of their publisher, without reserve: but the moment they were named, Mrs. Schwellenberg uttered such hard and harsh things, that I could not keep my seat; and the less, because, knowing my strong friendship there in former days, I was sure it was meant I should be hurt. I attempted not to speak, well aware all defence is irritation, where an attack is made from ill-nature, not justice.

The gentle Mr. Fisher, sorry for the cause and the effect of this assault, tried vainly to turn it aside: what began with censure soon proceeded to invective; and at last, being really sick from crowding recollections of past scenes, where the person now thus vilified had been dear and precious to my very heart, I was forced, abruptly, to walk out of the room.

It was indifferent to me whether or not my retreat was noticed. I have never sought to disguise the warm friendship that once subsisted between Mrs. Thrale and myself, for I always hoped that, where it was known, reproach might be spared to a name I can never hear without a secret pang, even when simply mentioned. Oh, then, how severe a one is added, when its sound is accompanied by the hardest aspersions!

I returned when I could, and the subject was over.

When all were gone Mrs. Schwellenberg said, "I have told it Mr. Fisher that he drove you out from the room, and he says he won't not do it no more."

She told me next—that in the second volume I also was mentioned. Where she may have heard this I cannot gather, but it has given me a sickness at heart inexpressible. It is not that I expect severity: for at the time of that correspondence—at all times, indeed,

previous to the marriage with Piozzi—if Mrs. Thrale loved not F. B., where shall we find faith in words, or give credit to actions? But her present resentment, however unjustly incurred, of my constant disapprobation of her conduct, may prompt some note, or other mark, to point out her change of sentiments—but let me try to avoid such painful expectations; at least, not to dwell upon them.

O, little does she know how tenderly at this moment I could run again into her arms, so often opened to receive me with a cordiality I believed inalienable. And it was sincere then, I am satisfied: pride, resentment of disapprobation, and consciousness of unjustifiable proceedings—these have now changed her; but if we met, and she saw and believed my faithful regard, how would she again feel all her own return!

Well, what a dream am I making!

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11TH.—Upon this ever-interesting subject, I had to-day a very sweet scene with the Queen. While Mrs. Schwellenberg and myself were both in our usual attendance at noon, her Majesty inquired of Mrs. Schwellenberg if she had yet read any of the letters?

"No," she answered, "I have them not to read."

I then said she had been so obliging as to lend them to me, to whom they were undoubtedly of far greater personal value.

"That is true," said the Queen; "for I think there is but little in them that can be of much consequence or value to the public at large."

"Your Majesty, you will hurt Miss Burney if you speak about that; poor Miss Burney will be quite hurt by that."

The Queen looked much surprised, and I hastily exclaimed,

"O, no! — not with the gentleness her Majesty names it."

Mrs. Schwellenberg then spoke in German; and, I fancy, by the names she mentioned, recounted how Mr. Turbulent and Mr. Fisher had "driven me out of the room."

The Queen seemed extremely astonished, and I was truly vexed at this total misunderstanding; and that the goodness she has exerted upon this occasion should seem so little to have succeeded. But I could not explain, lest it should seem to reproach what was meant as kindness in Mrs. Schwellenberg, who had not yet discovered that it was not the subject, but her own manner of treating it, that was so painful to me. My silence, however, was mortifying to myself; and I could not but regret that Mrs. Delany had not found an opportunity of clearing up the affair.

However, the instant Mrs. Schwellenberg left the room, and we remained alone, the Queen, approaching me in the softest manner, and looking earnestly in my face, said, "You could not be offended, surely, at what I said."

"O no, ma'am," cried I, deeply indeed penetrated by such unexpected condescension, "I have been longing to make a speech to your Majesty upon this matter; and it was but yesterday that I entreated Mrs. Delany to make it for me, and to express to your Majesty the very deep sense I feel of the lenity with which this subject has been treated in my hearing."

"Indeed," cried she, with eyes strongly expressive of the complacency with which she heard me, "I have always spoke as little as possible upon this affair. I remember but twice that I have named it: once I said to the Bishop of Carlisle that I thought most of these

letters had better have been spared the printing; and once to Mr. Langton, at the Drawing-room, I said, 'Your friend Dr. Johnson, sir, has had many friends busy to publish his books, and his memoirs, and his meditations, and his thoughts; but I think he wanted one friend more.' 'What for? ma'am,' cried he; 'A friend to suppress them,' I answered. And, indeed, this is all I ever said about the business."

The sweetness of a vindication such as this, and the fulness of my heart upon a subject so near it, brought the tears into my eyes, and I could hardly gain firmness for what I felt it necessary to say: but, as well as I could, I thanked her in the most grateful terms for the whole tenor of lenity she had deigned to show. I told her, very frankly, that my great regard and intimate connection both with Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson could never be obliterated from my mind, and made all that was said of them constantly affect me. "And indeed, ma'am," I added, "the harsh things I continually hear have rendered the subject extremely painful to me; but not with your Majesty! Mrs. Schwellenberg has wholly misconceived me: for, quite on the contrary, it is rather a relief to me to speak of it where it is treated with patience; and, indeed, I must venture to say I cannot but regard the great gentleness with which your Majesty has uniformly touched upon it as an indulgence to myself."

She did not disclaim my acknowledgment, and here we stopped. She went afterwards to Mrs. Delany, where she talked the matter over, and sweetly said she "would upon no account say anything to shock me." Indeed I am sure she would not. The dear and partial Mrs. Delany broke out into kindest praises, but ended them with saying, "One fault, however, Miss Burney has, though I think but one."

"And what is that?" cried the Queen, no doubt surprised at the singular number!

"She wants so much drawing out, ma'am."

"Yes, but she's very well-worth it," was the gracious answer, which I have not been willing to deny myself the pleasure of letting my equally blind partialists hear, as well as Mrs. Delany.

* * * * *

Before dinner to-day, I had two *tête-à-têtes*, both with gentlemen. The first was with Mr. de Luc, who came to bring me a little pamphlet he had just printed in answer to an attack of Mr. de Saussure upon some of his philosophical experiments. He explained and talked the whole affair over to me; and not long after he was gone, came Mr. Turbulent.

"May I come in, Miss Burney?" cried he, at the door.

"Certainly," quoth I.

"What an age since I have seen you! I never see you—never at all; or, when I do, 'tis the same thing—'tis not seeing you—you won't speak—won't utter a word—won't even look as if a part of the company!"

Time enough! thought I, but I made only some small unmeaning answer; for I was reading those letters, which depressed me out of all power to combat him in one of those rattling fits for which, with some vexation, I saw him, once again, all disposed.

He would not, however, let the matter drop so. "Tell me," he cried, at last, "your reason for behaving in this manner? for shutting yourself up in this intolerable way?"

Still I would have evaded a discussion for which I was quite ill-fitted; but he is not a character to be easily conquered; he only vented his reproachful remonstrances still more warmly, till, at last, he broke forth with—

"Upon my word, Miss Burney, it can be neither more nor less than downright affectation!"

"O, well," cried I, animating a little in my turn against a charge that could not but awaken me, "I must now, indeed, regard you as my friend, since you undertake to tell me my faults!"

"I hope so!" answered he, very gravely, "and as a clergyman, too, for I am so!"

"Well, then," cried I, pleased enough to look upon him in that style, "I must set about making my defence."

Away I put my book, but his curiosity turned into another stream, and he broke off from his exhortations to inquire what I had been reading.

"Your book," I answered; "these letters;" and then, very briefly, I gave him to understand how much the reading had depressed me, and how far I was from being a mere common peruser of anything from such hands.

He was surprised; having conceived I had merely acquaintance sufficient to give a zest to any of their publications, without any of that interest which renders them what they are to me.

He loves not grave subjects, however, and I never feel inclined to discuss them with him. I was short, but explicit; and he eagerly flew back to his first theme.

"'Tis, however, too hard," cried he, "that you will never a little lighten those evenings. If you won't give a word, you might at least vouchsafe a look, and that would have an intelligence that might a little soften matters; but no, not an eye, not a glance, will you ever deign to give."

"Why then, Mr. Turbulent, in my own justification, I will tell you the truth: 'tis simply your own indiscretion that makes me avoid speaking to you, or looking near you."

"Indiscretion, ma'am?" repeated he, with an air of

amazement, "my indiscretion? when have I been indiscreet? how? and in what?"

I made no immediate answer; for his interrogatories had a quickness that a little perplexed me how to explain myself: he grew both impatient and serious.

"Explain yourself, ma'am, I beg! On what is it you found this hard charge? Let me at least know it; do not send me away loaded thus with your censure."

"No, no," cried I, more lightly, "I have no thought of loading you."

"Yes, ma'am, you have," cried he, gravely, "and you really alarm me by it. Tell me, however, in what I am thus guilty? You make me, ma'am, you make me quite afraid of you!"

"No, indeed, do I not!" cried I, almost regrettingly.

"You do, upon my honour!" said he, solemnly.

It may be better if I can! thought I, secretly; therefore I let it pass, and only said,

"Well, I must now justify myself; for this charge of affectation, you may believe, a little mortifies *mon amour propre!* This silence, of which you complain, has two very strong motives: one is, that as I always talk as much as I possibly can when alone with Mrs. Schwellenberg, to divert our *tête-à-têtes* and keep up good humour, I am generally most happy to rest when any third person appears."

"What would I not give to be in a corner, and hear you when you are setting forth all your powers in that manner!"

"O, they are soon set forth. My other motive is that no one is wished to be noticed, when we are in society, except the Lady of the Manor; and indeed you need not desire to have me more social on those occasions, for I have regularly observed that when you make your visits

in my absence, or during my total silence, you are always very high in favour; and when you make them where you oblige me to speak, or to see you look your comments, in her presence, you constantly and instantly fall!"

"Well," cried he, laughing very heartily, "if she does really see the different expression of my eyes in their different direction, I must forgive her spite, in favour of her penetration."

"And 'tis the same with every body: no visitor fares so well as when I put myself the most out of the way. You see, therefore, my generosity! 'tis all for your sake!"

"No, no, no! that won't take! no, no, Miss Burney, 'tis all for your own—'tis nothing but mere policy! You well know how instantaneously a single syllable from you would draw all the attention to yourself, and you cannot doubt how cordially that would make her hate you."

There was no contradicting this latter part: however, I asserted myself, by truly saying I merely wished to keep peace for love of peace, not from fear and interest; as I had not that occasion for fear which belonged to almost all others here.

"They apprehend, and justly, the mischief of misrepresentation, and they bear anything and everything, from dread of being ill-spoken of to the Queen."

He vowed aloud, and with might, he was exempt from every fear of that sort, and scorned to pay servile court with any such timidity.

I protested I firmly believed him; which is most true: "But in general," I cried, "that is certainly the motive to obsequiousness in this quarter: she has the royal ear, they have it not. But with me it is different; I have the same ear myself; I could clear anything that was misunderstood, or, if I failed, I should think it unjust, and then not break my heart at the consequences!"

This escaped me inadvertently, and I was sorry for it. He laughed a little, and soon after took his leave, not without one little flight to give me for a ponder. "My fair philosopher," he cried, "I must go; *mais*—if I had known you—*il y a quinze ans, il y auroit eu pour moi le plus grand danger du monde!*" Whether by this he meant when he was fifteen years younger, and had a heart more susceptible, or whether 'tis the date of his marriage, and he then had a heart more at liberty, I know not: but I would rather he would spare such speeches, though they are scarce uttered ere some other flight, or some total unconcern, represents them as nothing, and brings him back to his right place almost before I can look at him.

He then desired me, when I had finished Dr. Johnson's Letters, to send them directed to his wife, as he should not be in Windsor. I congratulated him on her amendment, and desired my compliments to that purpose: he thanked me, and went his way.

The evening I spent wholly with Mrs. Delany, who was to go to town the next day. But when, the next morning, I called to see her set off, and take her kind blessing, I found her in much anxiety: her niece had been ill in the night, and she had sent for Dr. Lind; and it was agreed their journey should be put off to the next day.

How did I languish to spend with them that day! but I was obliged to come home to dinner; Miss Planta and Madlle. Montmollin being engaged to me.

* * * * *

I was amply recompensed for this little forbearance in spending an evening the most to my natural taste of any I have spent officially under the royal roof. How high Colonel Welbred stands with me you know; Mr. Fairly, with equal gentleness, good breeding, and delicacy, adds a far

more general turn for conversation, and seemed not only ready, but pleased, to open upon subjects of such serious import as were suited to his state of mind, and could not but be edifying, from a man of such high moral character, to all who heard him.

Life and Death were the deep themes to which he led; and the little space between them, and the little value of that space, were the subject of his comments. The unhappiness of man, at least after the ardour of his first youth, and the general worthlessness of the world, seemed so deeply impressed on his mind, that no reflection appeared to be consolatory to it, save the necessary shortness of our mortal career.

Respect to his own private misfortunes made me listen in silence to a doctrine I am, else, ever ready to try to combat: for I cannot, myself, conceive this world so necessarily at variance with happiness, nor suppose our beneficent Creator averse to our enjoying it, even on earth, where we seek it in innocence.

Colonel Welbred scarcely exerted himself any better, and, I do not doubt, he gave way from the same motive: for he seemed to feel every consideration that the most respectful compassion can inspire, for the situation as well as sentiments of Mr. Fairly.

When he talked, however, of the ardour of youth, I could not refrain naming Mrs. Delany, and mentioning that she had still every susceptibility for happiness; and that I always thought with pleasure, from such an instance of the durability of human powers, that there was no time, no age, in which misery seemed tied to our existence, or in which, except for circumstances, it might not, pretty equally, be happy.

"Indeed," answered he, "there is no time—I know of none—in which life is well worth having. The prospect

before us is never such as to make it worth preserving, except from religious motives."

I felt shocked and sorry. I wished him at Norbury; and ventured—hardly, though, speaking to be heard—to acknowledge that I thought differently, and believed happiness dependent upon no season of life, though its mode must be adapted to all its changes.

"But do you think," cried he, in a tone of extreme dejection, "that those who before forty have never tasted it, may ever expect it after?"

Has *he* never tasted happiness, who so deeply drinks of sorrow? He surprised me, and filled me, indeed, with equal wonder and pity. At a loss how to make an answer sufficiently general, I made none at all, but referred to Colonel Welbred: perhaps he felt the same difficulty, for he said nothing; and Mr. Fairly then gathered an answer for himself, by saying, "Yes, it may, indeed, be attainable in the only actual as well as only right way to seek it,—that of doing good!"

"If," cried Colonel Welbred, afterwards, "I lived always in London, I should be as tired of life as you are: I always sicken of it there, if detained beyond a certain time."

They then joined in a general censure of dissipated life, and a general distaste of dissipated characters, which seemed, however, to comprise almost all their acquaintance; and this presently occasioned Mr. Fairly to say, "It is, however, but fair for you and me to own, Welbred, that if people in general are bad, we live chiefly amongst those who are the worst."

Whether he meant any particular set to which they belong, or whether his reflection went against people in high life, such as constitute their own relations and con-

nexions in general, I cannot say, as he did not explain himself. But I again wished him safe in Norbury Park, and looking from thence at a loved and pure abode, at the bottom as well as at the top of that sweet hill!

This, however, was no time for indulging myself in talking upon that subject, or painting scenes of felicity. Mr. Fairly, besides the attention due to him from all, in consideration of his late loss, merited from me peculiar deference, in return for a mark I received of his disposition to think favourably of me from our first acquaintance: for not more was I surprised than pleased at his opening frankly upon the character of my coadjutrix, and telling me at once, that when first he saw me here, just before the Oxford expedition, he had sincerely felt for and pitied me.

This must have resulted wholly from his own sense of the nature of things, as nothing, I am certain, escaped me that betrayed my unhappiness at that period. I did not, however, venture to enlarge upon the subject, and he instantly dropped it when he found me reserved; though he laughed a little himself, on recollecting the dialogue upon the newspapers, and said he had seen my inward laugh, though, at that time, he observed me too much in awe of Mrs. Schwellenberg not to disguise it.

I fancy, by his saying "at that time," he conceives me now a person at large, and draws this conclusion from seing me converse so much with Colonel Welbred in presence of La Présidente. He does not know how new a business that is, nor that it is wholly owing to the Colonel's innocence of my general retirement, not to any fresh adopted measures of my own courage. But I soon found him one whose observation was all alive to whatever passed; and, with those keen remarkers, where their

shrewdness is unallied to ill-nature, there is a zest in conversing that gives a spirit to every subject.

In talking over the adventures of the hunt, Colonel Welbred gave an account of Lord Chesterfield, that reminded me so strongly of an expression concerning him in a letter I had just received from Miss Baker, that I offered to show them the paragraph. They joined to desire I would produce it, and I ran into my own room for it; but I found it so mixed with remarks I could not possibly show, that I determined first to prepare it for their inspection by a few obliterations, and I returned and apologized that I had put it by to read to Mrs. Delany, but would produce it some other time.

Colonel Welbred acquiesced, with a smiling bow; but Mr. Fairly put into his smile so strong a suspicion of the truth, that I had withdrawn it purposely, that though he said never a word, I was forced to answer his look by assuring him I would really produce it another day.

He laughed to see me understand him, but readily accepted the promise; and Colonel Welbred very delicately said,

"Then if you allow of our waiting upon you another evening, you may perhaps bring it?"

"Oh, every evening while I stay, I hope!" cried Mr. Fairly, with a quickness so flattering, that it obtained my immediate affirmative: little as I had meant, in the beginning, to make any such engagement. But when I found, at last, conversation here such as I should have coveted anywhere, I thought it would be folly unpardonable to avoid it, merely because it was in an apartment where I had never met with it before.

When they left me to go to the music-room, I hastened to my dearest Mrs. Delany, and stayed to the last moment. I found Miss P—— recovered, and ready for her

journey the next morning. I recounted my evening's adventures, and my sweet counsellor approved my new promise, and strongly advised me to make the best throughout of an official circumstance that could not, without infinite difficulty, be wholly avoided. She gave me a very kind message for Mr. Fairly, inviting him to visit her in town, in remembrance of his mother, with whom she was well acquainted.

SUNDAY, 13TH.—I went to breakfast with my beloved old friend, and found her lovely niece quite well, and Dr. Lind with them, who, seeing my good spirits to find all well, joined to my extreme haste not to be too late for church, said I was "in a very fidget of joy."

They were all prepared for departure; and that, I am sure, was no joy to me, though we were now so soon to go to town ourselves for the winter.

I ran all the way, past King, Colonels, and regiment, to church, and just entered before the Queen.

At tea-time I went at once, and stationed myself in the room, with a book to pass the time till the arrival of my company; for Mr. Fairly's open request, and my own acquiescence, fixed me to my office during his stay, and determined me to take no further steps for eluding it.

He came, and brought his little son, with Colonel Welbred and General Harcourt, and all of them before eight o'clock, I fear from still misunderstanding the affair of yesterday. The two Colonels seated themseves next me, on each side, and little Mr. Fairly sat on his father's chair. He seems a sweet boy: open, innocent, and sensible; and his father almost lives in him.

The evening was not so unexceptionable as that of yesterday, for the cold General Harcourt was a damp to it. I had, however, a good deal of separate conversation with Mr. Fairly, while Colonel Welbred talked

with the General. He asked me if I had found my letter, assuring me that both himself and Colonel Welbred had been much disappointed by missing it. I instantly produced it. The expression for which I had shown it, concerning my Lord Chesterfield—"What pity it is his spirits run away with his brains!"—amused him much, and led to a good deal of character-stricture in a more general way. We also talked over the old newspaper story at full length; and I acquainted him of some laughable particulars which had followed his departure. He held them almost in too much contempt to laugh, but very gently and compassionately turned the discourse into an expression of concern at my situation, in being tied to such a person. He had felt, he said, quite sorry for me, and the more as he was told that she now made a point of always appearing, though in the latter times of Mrs. Haggerdorn he informed me she had seldom shown herself.

This is an obligation *de plus!*

Just as tea was over the King came into the room: he stayed chatting and in high spirits some time, and when he went, called General Harcourt to follow. The other two stood suspended a moment, whether to go also, according to the usual custom, or to seize the apparent privilege of having no summons, to stay. But the suspense was decided by Colonel Welbred, who, smiling a little at his own act, softly stepped to the door, shut it, and then returned to his seat, with the look of a man who said to himself, "Come, 'tis as well to stay and be comfortable!"

Mr. Fairly seems ever ready at an invitation of that sort, and sat down immediately; and then they entered into conversation, with so much good sense, good breeding, good morality, and good fellowship, that far

from wishing myself released, I was happy in their relinquishing both the usual waiting-room, and their own Equerry-apartment, and preferring to remain in the tea-room.

There is something in Colonel Welbred so elegant, so equal, and so pleasing, it is impossible not to see him with approbation, and to speak of him with praise. But I found in Mr. Fairly a much greater depth of understanding; and all his sentiments seem formed upon the most perfect basis of religious morality.

During the evening, in talking over plays and players, we all three united warmly in panegyric of Mrs. Siddons; but when Mrs. Jordan was named, Mr. Fairly and myself were left to make the best of her. Observing the silence of Colonel Welbred, we called upon him to explain it.

"I have seen her," he answered, quietly, "but in one part."

"Whatever it was," cried Mr. Fairly, "it must have been well done."

"Yes," answered the Colonel, "and so well that it seemed to be her real character; and I disliked her for that very reason, for it was a character that, off the stage or on, is equally distasteful to me—a hoyden."

I had had a little of this feeling myself when I saw her in the "Romp," where she gave me, in the early part, a real disgust; but afterwards she displayed such uncommon humour that it brought me to pardon her assumed vulgarity, in favour of a representation of nature, which, in its particular class, seemed to me quite perfect.

At length, but not till near ten o'clock, Mr. Fairly said "Now, Miss Burney, I fear we are trespassing upon your time?"

Colonel Welbred, with a look of alarm, instantly arose,

repeating a similar question. I said they did me honour; but thinking it really time to break up, I added nothing more, and they left me, pleased with them both, and satisfied how little the official room had to do with my general distaste to my evenings there, since these two evenings had appeared as short as if spent in the fairest regions of liberty.

MONDAY, 14TH.—This morning my dear Miss Cambridge spent with me. Mrs. Hemming came to visit a relation at Windsor, and she kindly took the opportunity to spend the same time with me. Her society was doubly welcome to me, as it was my first morning for missing my revered old friend.

Again I stationed myself, with work and books, ready for my cavaliers in the evening. Mr. Fairly's positive request has taken off a world of indecision. I was not, however, quite so well pleased with my office when I saw General Grenville and Mr. Fisher enlarge the party. Mr. Fisher, indeed, is never unwelcome; but General Grenville is as cold as General Harcourt, and wears an air of proud shyness extremely ill calculated to bring forward those who are backward. He is, besides, a valetudinary, and restless and *ennuyé* to a most comfortless excess.

"Will you give me leave," cried Colonel Welbred, "to begin your circle?" and drew a chair next mine, while Mr. Fairly took my other side, quite as a thing of course; and indeed I conversed with him almost solely, all the evening, leaving the other two gentlemen to do their best for General Grenville, whom I could by no means attempt.

Colonel Welbred extremely admired my beautiful Norbury work-box, and he did me the honour to suspect the impressions of being my own. For a moment I felt sorry

to undeceive him, but it was only for a moment: the happiness of saying by whom was the joint work succeeded, and was far greater than I think I could have felt even from a more selfish consciousness.

When tea was over, poor General Grenville, who had been some time stretching and yawning, called out "Come, Fairly, come!—let's go to the King."

"I shall have quite standing enough to satisfy me," answered Mr. Fairly, "if I go half an hour later!"

"No, no—but it's time!—come!"

"You may go if you please," answered he, bowing his full permission; "the King will want to talk with you about the Duke of York: but Welbred and I may stand still and hear! To be sure, a great inducement to quit Miss Burney's tea-table!"

He could not help laughing, but was forced for some time to desist; and then attacking Colonel Welbred, declared it was absolutely necessary they should now show themselves.

Colonel Welbred, getting his hat, with a leave-taking bow to me, said "I am afraid it is;" and they went together, but Mr. Fairly steadily stayed out his half-hour longer. Mr. Fisher had brought him a very curious Latin poem, upon London and its environs, and they read it together, explaining and translating to me as they went on, though not without many professions of suspicion that I should understand it without that trouble. Not a syllable, Heaven knows!

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I could keep no journal the rest of this week for extreme hurry. We went to town Tuesday the 15th, and spent every moment till the 18th in preparations for the Queen's birth-day.

The following day was indeed almost equally fatiguing,

for the whole morning was divided between attendance, and receiving visits from the Queen's ladies, of inquiry after her Majesty. Among them came Lady Holdernesse, whose early kindness to my dear father in the beginning of his life made her sight interesting to me; and she talked to me of him with great pleasure and politeness.

I spent one evening at my dearest Mrs. Delany's, with Lady Bute and Mrs. Ord; and Miss P—— showed me a newspaper paragraph which had been lent her for that purpose by Colonel Goldsworthy. He is a collector of these diurnal squibs. Lo, and behold it!

"Miss Burney, we are told, is directing her thoughts to the composition of a novel, of which a married woman is the heroine. As her aim is always moral, this production will no doubt prove extremely useful; for though the fair sex do not appear to want instruction with regard to their conduct in a single state, it is to be regretted that too many of them are deficient in that affection and goodness which constitute the chief part of conjugal duty."

There, ye fair married dames! what say ye to this? Do you think me qualified for this office, or will you say "Go and first make trial yourself?"

I seized the paper, and bid her say that as it was the first I had heard of the design, I must beg to keep it, as a memorandum for its execution.

My kind Mrs. Ord now settled Thursday se'nnight for an assembly at her house of my old friends, purposely to indulge me with once again seeing them in a body.

I spent also an evening at Mrs. Cholmley's, to meet the amiable Lady Mulgrave, who is just as unaffectedly sweet and modest as when Miss Cholmley, and so very kindly disposed, that, allowing for my little time, she dispensed with my waiting upon her at her own house, and voluntarily offered to meet me at Mrs. Cholmley's by any

appointment I could ever have leisure to make; "For then," she said, "we may all be happy together."

At present Lord Mulgrave is perhaps the most felicitous of men; but I fear that cannot last. The disproportion is so great, in person as well as in years, that when she grows out of her present almost infantine reliance on his kindness for her happiness, I fear she will sigh for an equality out of her reach: for their mental endowments are as dissimilar as their personal; there is nothing between them to create sympathy: on his side is all the admiration; on hers all the novelty and pleasure of receiving it. How precarious a foundation for permanent welfare!

At the usual tea-time I sent Columb, to see if anybody was come upstairs. He brought me word the eating-parlour was empty. I determined to go thither at once, with my work, &c., that there might be no pretence to fetch me when the party assembled; but upon opening the door I saw Mr. Turbulent there, and alone!

I entered with readiness into discourse with him, and showed a disposition to placid good-will, for with so irritable a spirit resentment has much less chance to do good than an appearance of not supposing it deserved.

Our conversation was of the utmost gravity. He told me he was not happy, though he owned he had everything to make him so; but he was firmly persuaded that happiness in this world was a real stranger.

I combated this misanthropy in general terms; but he assured me that such was his unconquerable opinion of human life.

How differently did I feel when I heard an almost similar sentiment from Mr. Fairly! In him I imputed it to unhappiness of circumstances, and was filled with compassion for his fate: in this person I impute it to

something blameable within, and I tried by all the arguments I could devise to give him better notions. For him, however, I soon felt pity, though not of the same composition: for he frankly said he was not good enough to be happy—that he thought human frailty incompatible with happiness, and happiness with human frailty; and that he had no wish so strong as to turn monk!

I asked him if he thought a life of uselessness and of goodness the same thing?

"I need not be useless," he said; "I might assist by my counsels. I might be good in a monastery—in the world I cannot! I am not master of my feelings: I am run away with by passions too potent for control!"

This was a most unwelcome species of confidence, but I affected to treat it as mere talk, and answered it only by slightly telling him he spoke from the gloom of the moment.

"No," he answered, "I have tried in vain to conquer them. I have made vows—resolutions—all in vain! I cannot keep them!"

"Is not weakness," cried I, "sometimes fancied, merely to save the pain and trouble of exerting fortitude?"

"No, it is with me inevitable. I am not formed for success in self-conquest. I resolve—I repent—but I fall! I blame—I reproach—I even hate myself—I do everything, in short, yet cannot save myself!"

My dear friends, how I shuddered to hear such a confession!

"Yet do not," he continued, seeing me shrink, "think worse of me than I deserve: nothing of injustice, of ill-nature, of malignancy—I have nothing of these to reproach myself with."

"I believe you," I cried, "and surely, therefore, a general circumspection, an immediate watchfulness——"

"No, no, no!—'twould be all to no purpose."

"'Tis that hopelessness which is most your enemy. If you would but exert your better reason——"

"No, ma'am, no!—'tis a fruitless struggle. I know myself too well—I can do nothing so right as to retire—to turn monk—hermit."

"I have no respect," cried I, "for these selfish seclusions. I can never suppose we were created in the midst of society, in order to run away to a useless solitude. I have not a doubt but you *may* do well, if you *will* do well."

"You think so, because——" He stopped, and hesitated; and then, in a tone of rising pride, added, "Yes, surely you—you, ma'am—yes—I have a right, ma'am, to expect you should think of me better than I do of myself?"

What he meant I know not to this moment; but I did not choose to ask, and therefore made no answer.

Some time after he suddenly exclaimed, "Have you—tell me—have you, ma'am, never done what you repent?"

"O yes!—at times."

"You have?" he cried, eagerly.

"O yes, alas!—yet not, I think, very often—for it is not very often I have done anything?"

"And what is it has saved you?"

I really did not know well what to answer him; I could say nothing that would not sound like parade, or implied superiority. I suppose he was afraid himself of the latter; for, finding me silent, he was pleased to answer for me.

"Prejudice, education, accident!—those have saved you!"

"Perhaps so," cried I. "And one thing more, I acknowledge myself obliged to, on various occasions—Fear. I run no risks that I see—I run—but it is always away from all danger that I perceive."

"You do not, however, call that virtue, ma'am—you do not call that the rule of right?"

"No—I dare not—I must be content that it is certainly not the rule of wrong."

He began then an harangue upon the universality of depravity and frailty that I heard with much displeasure; for, it seems to me, those most encourage such general ideas of general worthlessness who most wish to found upon them partial excuses for their own. But in the midst of his railing entered Colonels Welbred and Gwynn.

JANUARY 31ST.—And now I must finish my account of this month by my own assembly at my dear Mrs. Ord's

I passed through the friendly hands of Miss Ord to the most cordial ones of Mrs. Garrick, who frankly embraced me, saying, "Do I see you, once more, before I *tie*, my *tear little spark?* for your father is my *flame*, all my life, and you are a little *spark* of that flame!"

She added how much she had wished to visit me at the Queen's house, when she found I no longer came about the world; but that she was too "*tiscreet*," and I did not dare say "*Do* come!" unauthorised.

Then came Mr. Pepys, and I do not know what my dear Fredy would have said to his raptures at the meeting. She would have asked him, perhaps, if it would make a good paragraph!

He spoke to me instantly of the 'Streatham Letters.' He is in agony as to his own fate, but said there could be no doubt of my faring well. Not, I assured him, to my own content, if named at all.

We were interrupted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. I was

quite glad to see him; and we began chatting with all our old spirit, and he quite raved against my present life of confinement, and the invisibility it had occasioned, &c. &c.

The approach of Mrs. Porteus stopped this. She is always most obliging and courteous, and she came to inquire whether, now she saw I really was not wholly immured, there was any chance of a more intimate cultivation of an acquaintance long begun, but stopped in its first progress. I could only make a general answer of acknowledgment to her kindness.

Her Bishop, whom I had not seen since his preferment from Chester to London, joined us, and most good-naturedly entered into a discourse upon my health.

I was next called to Mrs. Montagu, who was behind with no one in kind speeches, and who insisted upon making me a visit at the Queen's house, and would take no denial to my fixing my own time, whenever I was at leisure, and sending her word; and she promised to put off any and every engagement for that purpose.

I could make no other return to such civility, but to desire to postpone it till my dear Mr. and Mrs. Locke came to town, and could meet her.

Mrs. Boscawen was my next little *tête-à-tête*, but I had only begun it when Mr. Cambridge came to my side.

"I can't get a word!" cried he, with a most forlorn look, "and yet I came on purpose!"

I thanked him, and felt such a real pleasure in his sight, from old and never-varying regard, that I began to listen to him with my usual satisfaction.

He related to me a long history of Lavant, where the new-married Mrs. Charles Cambridge is now very unwell; and then he told me many good things of his dear and deserving daughter; and I showed him her muff, which she had worked me, in embroidery, and we were

proceeding a little in the old way, when I saw Mrs. Pepys leaning forward to hear us; and then Lady Rothes, who also seemed all attention to Mr. Cambridge and his conversation.

The sweet Lady Mulgrave came for only a few words, not to take me, she said, from older claimants; the good and wise Mrs. Carter expressed herself with equal kindness and goodness on our once more meeting; Miss P——, looking beautiful as a little angel, only once advanced to shake hands, and say, "*I* can see you another time, so I won't be unreasonable now."

Mr. Smelt, who came from Kew for this party, made me the same speech, and no more; and I had time for nothing beyond a "how do do" with Mr. Langton, *his* Lady Rothes, Mr. Batt, Mr. Cholmley, Lord Mulgrave, Sir Lucas Pepys, and Lady Herries.

Then up came Mrs. Chapone, and, after most cordially shaking hands with me, "But I hope," she cried, "you are not always to appear only as a Comet, to be stared at, and then vanish? If you are, let me beg at least to be brushed by your tail, and not hear you have disappeared before my telescope is ready for looking at you!"

When at last I was able to sit down, after a short conference with every one, it was next to Mr. Walpole, who had secured me a place by his side; and with him was my longest conversation, for he was in high spirits, polite, ingenious, entertaining, quaint, and original.

But all was so short!—so short!—I was forced to return home so soon! 'Twas, however, a very great regale to me, and the sight of so much kindness, preserved so entire after so long an absence, warmed my whole heart with pleasure and satisfaction.

My dearest father brought me home.

Mr. Twining to Miss Burney.

DEAR MISS BURNEY, Colchester, January 20, 1788.

I have no right, poor sinner as I am, to come into your presence with the least simper upon my face. I will not attempt to joke myself out of the scrape. That would be as preposterous as if Mr. Hastings should make his defence before the House of Lords by cutting two or three capers or jumping over the bar. And yet now what is all this but simpering?—Bless me!—I, too, who pique myself upon having an uncommon power of commanding my muscles, and putting on the face of a man going to be hanged, while the shoulders of my inward man are jolting up and down in the convulsions of a horse-laugh.—What can I do with myself?—and what is still more impudent, I not only cannot look perfectly grave myself, but cannot imagine you to look otherwise than pleasant upon me. But I know it is not so—I know it is not so—I know you frown—at least you do in theory; in practice, I believe you would find it rather—What am I about?—I must e'en back out of your presence-chamber, and come in again.

Dear Miss B.

I am, really and truly, perfectly ashamed of my abominable silence. You cannot be more angry with me than I really am, and have long been, with myself. I can only say this, that not a single fortnight of this long silence was intended. Your letter—I am saying what only serves to blacken my crime, but it is the truth—your letter gratified and delighted me; and I should have turned upon my heel in a pet, to any living soul who had only hinted a possibility of my not thanking you for it

within a month after I received it. But alas! to my frailty, and singular talent of procrastination, nothing is impossible. As time stole on, sin, and of course the necessity of apology first, then the difficulty of apology, and last of all, the impossibility of apology—'tis so frightful that I stop there, unable to make anything of this in the way of a grammatical sentence. [" Muscles, do your office!"—they are relaxing again!] Well, but I spied a little bit of a paw in one page of my last letter from Chelsea College, that gave me comfort.

So far I have tried what a little forced pleasantry will do for me,—with a great deal of real penitence and humiliation wrapped up in it. I take occasion to modulate into another subject, that may be favourable to me, as it will (I hope) put your mind into a posture of congratulation; with which it can no more hold its posture of resentment than I can now hold two livings without a dispensation: for, you must know, my old Cambridge acquaintance, the Bishop of London, has just given me the living of St. Mary's, in Colchester. Its value is no great matter; about 90*l.* a-year, I believe: but from its situation and other circumstances, it has always been more desirable to me than greater things elsewhere; and so pray be as glad as you possibly can. But admire me too: I actually asked for this dab of preferment. It is the first piece of pushery I ever was guilty off; and it has answered so well, that all my old sneaking principles of modesty and delicacy, &c. are overturned *de fond en comble*; and I believe if I were to begin the world again, I should run at every thing that came in my way, like a mad bull. (Is not that your way at Court?) Above all things, I repent of having been all my life so *entêté*—(I put myself in mind of Captain Aresby,—did you ever read 'Cecil'—hush!) with the foolish notion of being

contented. Not but the thing is well enough too, in itself; but the worst of it is, the world is so contented with one's being contented. I have never thought so well of this virtue in myself, since I read an excellent thing, and I verily believe a very true thing, that Sir W. D'Avenant says about it: viz. "Contentedness, when examined, doth mean something of laziness as well as moderation." So you see how I am likely to improve, if I live long enough!—But now let me move your pity, and try to steal into your forgiveness that way. Consider what a gauntlet I have to run!—Archbishop, Bishop, and their examining Chaplain, more frightful than themselves—Dispensation, Institution, Solicitor's fees, Secretary's fees, &c. &c.—What will become of me!—Imagine me shut up in a Chaplain's apartment at Lambeth, and forced to write my thoughts in Latin upon two theological questions, whether I have any thoughts upon them or not! Pray don't you think, as I always did, that the *Examinee*, upon these occasions, has a natural right—a right of which he ought no more to be deprived than of the right of self-defence when he is corporeally attacked—to examine the Examin*er* in his turn? Well, I must endure it with what patience I may. I can write "about it, Goddess, and about it;" and words will go for meaning, all the world over. I believe I am but a scurvy THEOLOG;—but that you need not mention at Court.

I have another claim upon your commiseration; nay, many claims;—but the loss of four teeth—the four front contiguous teeth of my upper set,—*I do not mention*. (I like that sort of rhetorical lie.) I have not wherewithal to make an F, or a V, if you would give the world for them —but *that* I say nothing of. I have got this preferment just in time to whistle sermons to a polite congregation. This is a trifle. But this *Press*-work! (Were *you* ever in

the—hush!) Here am I printing, perhaps in a ruinous manner, a great fat quarto, which not above a dozen persons will buy, and not half the dozen read. And really now it is, I verily believe, owing, *principally* at least, to the hurry I have been in all the summer, to get this business off my hands, or at least off my head, that I have behaved thus shabbily to you, and, indeed, to many others of my best and most valued friends and correspondents. Dr. Johnson, you know, said that "illness makes a man a scoundrel." I have not, thank God, had this excuse to plead; but I fancy the being in the press has some effect of the same kind. Well, I hope it will be a purgatory to me, and that I shall come out a new man.

I shall be in town soon, and shall inquire at Newton House whether I may be permitted to throw myself at your feet. I have thought of you often and often: indeed Conscience took care of that!—I have had my punishment. I wonder whether you will ever write to me again! Will you vouchsafe, *un beau jour*, to try me once more?—You see I keep to my new principles. Mrs. T. begs her best compliments. It is time to release you. Pardon all this foolery, and believe me, most truly and sincerely yours,

T. T.

PART II.

1788.

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PART II.

1788.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST.—To-day I had a summons in the morning to Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was very ill; so ill as to fill me with compassion. She was extremely low-spirited, and spoke to me with quite unwonted kindness of manner, and desired me to accept a sedan-chair, which had been Mrs. Haggerdorn's, and now devolved to her, saying, I might as well have it while she lived as when she was dead, which would soon happen.

I thanked her, and wished her, I am sure very sincerely, better. Nor do I doubt her again recovering, as I have frequently seen her much worse. True, she must die at last, but who must not? My Fredy, my Susan, Mr. Locke, Mrs. Delany, all the world's fairest ornaments must go the same way. Ah! the survivor of all such—not the departed—will be worthy of pity.

At night, by the Queen's gracious orders, I went to the play with Miss Goldsworthy, Madlle. Montmollin, and, by the same gracious permission, at the request of Miss Goldsworthy, Mrs. Gwynn. I was very glad to see her in a place where I could so much better converse with her than where I had last met her. She looked as beautiful as the first day I saw her, and was all gentleness and softness. Colonels Gwynn and Goldsworthy were our beaus.

The play was "The Merchant of Venice." Mrs. Siddons played 'Portia;' and charmingly, though not, I

think, with so perfect an entrance into the character as I have observed in her performance of some other parts.

The farce was a farce indeed,—"The Humourist:" a thing without plot, character, sentiment, or invention; yet, by means of ludicrous mistakes and absurd dialogues, so irresistibly comic, for one representation, that we all laughed till we were almost ashamed of ourselves.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—The Queen this morning lent me "The Death of Abel," which she was much astonished to hear me say I had never read. After we arrived at Windsor she kept me with her in close conversation upon various subjects till her dinner was called. More and more she keeps me in her presence, rarely dismissing me, when we are alone, except by the necessity of her avocations and engagements; and the sweetness and openness of her discourse engage me to the warmest gratitude and most faithful attachment. Were I at liberty to give instances for illustration, my journal could have room for nothing else.

Miss Planta dined with me, and I begged her charitable assistance in the evening. She came, and Colonel Welbred sent me his compliments, and begged to know if he might come, with Colonel Goldsworthy, to tea. Yes—*sans doute*—and they came early.

"I don't ask," cried Colonel Welbred, almost as he entered the room, "how Miss Burney was entertained at the play last night."

"You saw it then?" cried I.

"Yes, perfectly; but have you brought Pompey down with you?"

"What Pompey?"

"The Humourist's Pompey. That part, I saw, was your favourite."

I owned the charge, but asked how he had discovered

it. Instead of answering me, he picked out another part which had particularly amused me—then another and another that had struck me—then every part almost, through the five acts, with which I had most been pleased in the play.

I was quite amazed at his seeing thus distinctly, and with such discernment, across the house. "Nor can I conceive," cried I, "what sort of eyesight you must have; for whenever I looked myself opposite, you appeared to me leaning on your hand, and scarce looking even at the stage with any care or strong attention."

"But I saw," cried he, smiling; "and, indeed, I take great delight in watching for thoughts and opinions at particular passages during a play: 'tis at least half my amusement. I think that then I can read into people's own dispositions and characters."

On my word, thinks I, if I had been aware of being watched thus, and with such a view, I should less have liked my *vis-à-vis* situation. I confessed myself, however, to have just the same propensity to drawing my conclusions, and honestly regretted that I had not the same ability, from the shortness of my sight.

We then ran over almost the whole, both of the play and farce, comparing notes, and re-diverting ourselves with all we had seen.

This re-performance of our dramas was interrupted by the appearance of his Majesty, who, however, also talked them over, and commented upon them very judiciously. The King's judgment upon these subjects seems to me almost always good, because constantly his own, natural and unbiassed, and resulting from common sense, unadulterated by rules.

The King always makes himself much diversion with Colonel Goldsworthy, whose dryness of humour, and

pretended servility of submission, extremely entertain him. He now attacked him upon the enormous height of his collar, which, through some mistake of his tailor, exceeded even the extremity of fashion. And while the King, who was examining and pulling it about, had his back to us, Colonel Welbred had the malice to whisper me, "Miss Burney, I do assure you 'tis nothing to what it was; he has had two inches cut off since morning!"

Fortunately, as Colonel Welbred stood next me, this was not heard; for the King would not easily have forgotten it. He soon after went away, but gave no summons to his gentlemen.

And now Colonel Welbred gave me another proof of his extraordinary powers of seeing. You now know, my dear friends, that in the King's presence everybody retreats back as far as they can go, to leave him the room to himself. In doing this, through the disposition of the chairs, I was placed so much behind Colonel Welbred as to conclude myself wholly out of his sight; but the moment the King retired, he said, as we all dropped on our seats, "Everybody is tired—Miss Burney the most—for she has stood the stillest. Miss Planta has leant on her chair, Colonel Goldsworthy against the wall, myself occasionally on the screen, but Miss Burney has stood perfectly still—I perceived that without looking."

'Tis, indeed, to us standers, an amazing addition to fatigue to keep still.

We returned to town next day.

In the morning I had had a very disagreeable, though merely foolish, embarrassment. Detained, by the calling in of a poor woman about a subscription, from dressing myself, I was forced to run to the Queen, at her summons, without any cap. She smiled, but said nothing. Indeed, she is all indulgence in those points of externals,

which rather augments than diminishes my desire of showing apparent as well as my feeling of internal respect: but just as I had assisted her with her *peignoir*, Lady Effingham was admitted; and the moment she sat down, and the hair-dresser began his office, a page announced the Duke of York, who instantly followed his name.

I would have given the world to have run away, but the common door of entrance and exit was locked, unfortunately, on account of the coldness of the day; and there was none to pass, but that by which his Royal Highness entered, and was standing. I was forced, therefore, to remain, and wait for dismission.

Yet I was pleased, too, by the sight of his affectionate manner to his Royal Mother. He flew to take and kiss her hand, but she gave him her cheek; and then he began a conversation with her, so open and so gay, that he seemed talking to his most intimate associate.

His subject was Lady Augusta Campbell's elopement from the masquerade. The Duchess of Ancaster had received masks at her house on Monday, and sent tickets to all the Queen's household. I, amongst the rest, had one; but it was impossible I could be spared at such an hour, though the Queen told me that she had thought of my going, but could not manage it, as Mrs. Schwellenberg was so ill. Miss Planta went, and I had the entire equipment of her. I started the project of dressing her at Mrs. Delany's, in all the most antique and old-fashioned things we could borrow; and this was put very happily in execution, for she was, I have heard, one of the best and most grotesque figures in the room.

I really believe the most gracious Queen forbore dismissing me, merely because she thought it would add to my embarrassment to pass by the Duke; for when he

moved to another part of the room, she said in the most condescending manner, "Now, Miss Burney, I will let you go and dress yourself too."

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10TH.—This first Sunday in Lent I drank tea in St. Martin's-street. The six Sundays in Lent are all that we ever pass in town, for the whole year through.

I had the infinite pleasure to meet here Mr. Twining. He is in town for a few days, and he had intended coming to see me, just with the same kind ease he would have intended it in St. Martin's-street. Not the smallest idea had he conceived of my situation, but concluded, and very naturally, that, wherever I was myself, there might be my friends. Were that the case, my situation now, with respect to itself, could have nothing left to wish. But when was there such a situation as that? There being no door to enter but across the great court, and no stairs to ascend but those used on all common occasions by the Royal Family themselves, makes all visits here, except by appointment, or from publicly received and allowed friends, absolutely impracticable.

Mr. and Mrs. Bogle, also, were of this party, and my dear father came from his Chaos to join it. The evening was all too short; yet Mr. Twining broke from scores of relations to come, and was forced to return to them before even my time of absconding. I followed him out to the door, just as we used jointly to do, and thought so of old times and of my Susan, when we were accustomed to go like supporters on each side, and never lose a quarter of an instant that we could spend with him. Can I use these words and not recall to my Susan him whom my whole mind fills with from this last sentence?—our most beloved Mr. Crisp!—who arrived in our hearts the first, and took place of all! Ah, my dearest Susan,

what a blank is to me the reflection that he is no more! Even to this moment I can scarce forbear, at times, considering how I shall relate to him my affairs, and what will be his opinion when he hears them! Yet the remembrance grows less bitter; for now, as you find, I can bear to name it. Till very, very lately, I was always forced to fly from the subject wholly; so poignant, so overwhelming I found it.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH.—In the afternoon, while Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself were at coffee, the Princess Elizabeth came for the former. He was very unwilling to go, and most ridiculously exclaimed, "Why should I go, ma'am?—Why should your Royal Highness go? why should you not come and sit down here comfortably and rationally, and enter into conversation with us?"

Who else could have ventured at such a speech, and not have given the highest offence? But he is so privileged a favourite with all the Royal Family, that he utters all his flights to them almost as easily as to unroyalists.

"I can't, sir," answered she, very good-humouredly, "or I give you my word I should like it very much; but as I cannot stay here with you, you must be content to come with me." And away they went together.

The next day we returned to town, that the Queen might be ready for the great State Trial on the 13th.

FEBRUARY 13TH.—To what an interesting transaction does this day open! a day, indeed, of strong emotion to me, though all upon matters foreign to any immediate concern of my own—if anything may be called foreign that deeply interests us, merely because it is not personal.

The Trial, so long impending, of Mr. Hastings, opened to-day. The Queen yesterday asked me if I wished to

be present at the beginning, or had rather take another day. I was greatly obliged by her condescension, and preferred the opening. I thought it would give me a general view of the Court, and the manner of proceeding, and that I might read hereafter the speeches and evidence.

She then told me she had six tickets from Sir Peter Burrell, the Grand Chamberlain, for every day; that three were for his box, and three for his gallery. She asked me who I would go with, and promised me a box-ticket not only for myself, but my companion. Nor was this consideration all she showed me; for she added, that as I might naturally wish for my Father, she would have me send him my other ticket.

I thanked her very gratefully, and after dinner went to St. Martin's-street; but all there was embarrassing: my father could not go; he was averse to be present at the trial, and he was a little lame from a fall. In the end I sent an express to Hammersmith, to desire Charles to come to me the next morning by eight o'clock.

I was very sorry not to have my father, as he had been named by the Queen; but I was glad to have Charles.

I told her Majesty at night the step I had ventured to take, and she was perfectly content with it. "But I must trouble you," she said, "with Miss Gomme, who has no other way to go."

This morning the Queen dispensed with all attendance from me after her first dressing, that I might haste away. Mrs. Schwellenberg was fortunately well enough to take the whole duty, and the sweet Queen not only hurried me off, but sent me some cakes from her own breakfast-table, that I might carry them in my pocket, lest I should have no time for eating before I went.

Charles was not in time, but we all did well in the

end. We got to Westminster Hall between nine and ten o'clock; and, as I know my dear Susan, like myself, was never at any trial, I will give some account of the place and arrangements; and whether the description be new to her or old, my partial Fredy will not blame it.

The Grand Chamberlain's box is in the centre of the upper end of the Hall: there we sat, Miss Gomme and myself, immediately behind the chair placed for Sir Peter Burrell. To the left, on the same level, were the green benches for the House of Commons, which occupied a third of the upper end of the Hall, and the whole of the left side: to the right of us, on the same level, was the Grand Chamberlain's gallery.

The left side of the Hall, opposite to the green benches for the Commons, was appropriated to the Peeresses and Peers' daughters.

The bottom of the Hall contained the Royal Family's Box and the Lord High Steward's, above which was a large gallery appointed for receiving company with Peers' tickets.

A gallery also was run along the left side of the Hall, above the green benches, which is called the Duke of Newcastle's Box, the centre of which was railed off into a separate apartment for the reception of the Queen and four eldest Princesses, who were then *incog.*, not choosing to appear in state, and in their own Box.

Along the right side of the Hall ran another gallery, over the seats of the Princesses, and this was divided into boxes for various people—the Lord Chamberlain, (not the *Great* Chamberlain,) the Surveyor, Architect, &c.

So much for all the raised buildings; now for the disposition of the Hall itself, or ground.

In the middle was placed a large table, and at the head of it the seat for the Chancellor, and round it seats for the

Judges, the Masters in Chancery, the Clerks, and all who belonged to the Law; the upper end, and the right side of the room, was allotted to the Peers in their robes; the left side to the Bishops and Archbishops.

Immediately below the Great Chamberlain's Box was the place allotted for the Prisoner. On his right side was a box for his own Counsel, on his left the Box for the Managers, or Committee, for the Prosecution; and these three most important of all the divisions in the Hall were all directly adjoining to where I was seated.

Almost the moment I entered I was spoken to by a lady I did not recollect, but found afterwards to be Lady Claremont; and this proved very agreeable, for she took Sir Peter's place, and said she would occupy it till he claimed it; and then, when just before me, she named to me all the order of the buildings, and all the company, pointing out every distinguished person, and most obligingly desiring me to ask her any questions I wanted to have solved, as she knew, she said, "all those creatures that filled the green benches, looking so little like gentlemen, and so much like hair-dressers." These were the Commons. In truth, she did the honours of the Hall to me with as much good nature and good breeding as if I had been a foreigner of distinction, to whom she had dedicated her time and attention. My acquaintance with her had been made formerly at Mrs. Vesey's.

The business did not begin till near twelve o'clock. The opening to the whole then took place, by the entrance of the *Managers of the Prosecution;* all the company were already long in their boxes or galleries.

I shuddered, and drew involuntarily back, when, as the doors were flung open, I saw Mr. Burke, as Head of the Committee, make his solemn entry. He held a scroll in his hand, and walked alone, his brow knit with corroding

care and deep labouring thought,—a brow how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration when first I met him! so highly as he had been my favourite, so captivating as I had found his manners and conversation in our first acquaintance, and so much as I had owed to his zeal and kindness to me and my affairs in its progress! How did I grieve to behold him now the cruel Prosecutor (such to me he appeared) of an injured and innocent man!

Mr. Fox followed next, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Wyndham, Messrs. Anstruther, Grey, Adam, Michael Angelo Taylor, Pelham, Colonel North, Mr. Frederick Montagu, Sir Gilbert Elliot, General Burgoyne, Dudley Long, &c. They were all named over to me by Lady Claremont, or I should not have recollected even those of my acquaintance, from the shortness of my sight.

When the Committee Box was filled the House of Commons at large took their seats on their green benches, which stretched, as I have said, along the whole left side of the Hall, and, taking in a third of the upper end, joined to the Great Chamberlain's Box, from which nothing separated them but a partition of about two feet in height.

Then began the procession, the Clerks entering first, then the Lawyers according to their rank, and the Peers, Bishops, and Officers, all in their coronation robes; concluding with the Princes of the Blood,—Prince William, son to the Duke of Gloucester, coming first, then the Dukes of Cumberland, Gloucester, and York, then the Prince of Wales; and the whole ending by the Chancellor, with his train borne.

They then all took their seats.

A Serjeant-at-Arms arose, and commanded silence in the Court, on pain of imprisonment.

Then some other officer, in a loud voice, called out, as

well as I can recollect, words to this purpose:—"Warren Hastings, Esquire, come forth! Answer to the charges brought against you; save your bail, or forfeit your recognizance!"

Indeed I trembled at these words, and hardly could keep my place when I found Mr. Hastings was being brought to the bar. He came forth from some place immediately under the Great Chamberlain's Box, and was preceded by Sir Francis Molyneux, Gentleman-Usher o. the Black Rod; and at each side of him walked his bail, Messrs. Sulivan and Sumner.

The moment he came in sight, which was not for full ten minutes after his awful summons, he made a low bow to the Chancellor and Court facing him. I saw not his face, as he was directly under me. He moved on slowly, and, I think, supported between his two Bails, to the opening of his own Box; there, lower still, he bowed again; and then, advancing to the bar, he leant his hands upon it, and dropped on his knees; but a voice in the same moment proclaiming he had leave to rise, he stood up almost instantaneously, and a third time profoundly bowed to the Court.

What an awful moment this for such a man!—a man fallen from such height of power to a situation so humiliating—from the almost unlimited command of so large a part of the Eastern World to be cast at the feet of his enemies, of the great Tribunal of his Country, and of the Nation at large, assembled thus in a body to try and to judge him! Could even his Prosecutors at that moment look on—and not shudder at least, if they did not blush?

The Crier, I think it was, made, in a loud and hollow voice, a public proclamation, "That Warren Hastings, Esquire, late Governor-General of Bengal, was now on his trial for high crimes and misdemeanors, with which

he was charged by the Commons of Great Britain; and that all persons whatsoever who had aught to allege against him were now to stand forth."

A general silence followed, and the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, now made his speech. I will give it you to the best of my power from memory; the newspapers have printed it far less accurately than I have retained it, though I am by no means exact or secure.

"Warren Hastings, you are now brought into this Court to answer to the charges brought against you by the Knights, Esquires, Burgesses, and Commons of Great Britain—charges now standing only as allegations, by them to be legally proved, or by you to be disproved. Bring forth your answers and defence, with that seriousness, respect, and truth, due to accusers so respectable. Time has been allowed you for preparation, proportioned to the intricacies in which the transactions are involved, and to the remote distances whence your documents may have been searched and required. You will still be allowed Bail, for the better forwarding your defence, and whatever you can require will still be yours, of time, witnesses, and all things else you may hold necessary. This is not granted you as any indulgence: it is entirely your due: it is the privilege which every British subject has a right to claim, and which is due to every one who is brought before this high Tribunal."

This speech, uttered in a calm, equal, solemn manner, and in a voice mellow and penetrating, with eyes keen and black, yet softened into some degree of tenderness while fastened full upon the prisoner—this speech, its occasion, its portent, and its object, had an effect upon every hearer of producing the most respectful attention, and, out of the Committee Box at least, the strongest emotions in the cause of Mr. Hastings.

Again Mr. Hastings made the lowest reverence to the Court, and, leaning over the bar, answered, with much agitation, through evident efforts to suppress it, "My Lords — Impressed — deeply impressed — I come before your Lordships, equally confident in my own integrity, and in the justice of the Court before which I am to clear it."

"Impressed" and "deeply impressed," too, was my mind, by this short yet comprehensive speech, and all my best wishes for his clearance and redress rose warmer than ever in my heart.

A general silence again ensued, and then one of the Lawyers opened the cause. He began by reading from an immense roll of parchment the general charges against Mr. Hastings, but he read in so monotonous a chant that nothing more could I hear or understand than now and then the name of Warren Hastings.

During this reading, to which I vainly lent all my attention, Mr. Hastings, finding it, I presume, equally impossible to hear a word, began to cast his eyes around the House, and having taken a survey of all in front and at the sides, he turned about and looked up; pale looked his face—pale, ill, and altered. I was much affected by the sight of that dreadful harass which was written on his countenance. Had I looked at him without restraint, it could not have been without tears. I felt shocked, too, shocked and ashamed, to be seen by him in that place. I had wished to be present from an earnest interest in the business, joined to a firm confidence in his powers of defence; but *his* eyes were not those I wished to meet in Westminster Hall. I called upon Miss Gomme and Charles to assist me in looking another way, and in conversing with me as I turned aside; and I kept as much

aloof as possible till he had taken his survey, and placed himself again in front.

From this time, however, he frequently looked round, and I was soon without a doubt that he must see me. Not very desirable to me, therefore, was a civility I next received from one of the managers,—one, too, placed in the front of the Committee, and in a line with the prisoner: it was Mr. Frederick Montagu, who recognised and bowed to me. He is a most intimate friend of Mrs. Delany, and a man of excellence in all parts of his character save politics, and there he is always against the Administration! Why will any man of principle join any party? Why not be open to all, yet belong to none?

Mr. Frederick Montagu looked so gloomy and uncomfortable that, but for the assistance of Lady Claremont, I should not have recollected him. At Mrs. Delany's he had seemed all gaiety and good humour. Lady Claremont herself remarked to me "that Mr. Montagu looked as if engaged in a business he did not approve." If so, doubly is he censurable for adherence to opposition.

I hope Mr. Hastings did not see us; but in a few minutes more, while this reading was still continued, I perceived Sir Joshua Reynolds in the midst of the Committee. He, at the same moment, saw me also, and not only bowed, but smiled and nodded with his usual good-humour and intimacy, making at the same time a sign to his ear, by which I understood he had no trumpet; whether he had forgotten or lost it I know not.*

I would rather have answered all this dumb show any where else, as my last ambition was that of being noticed from such a Box. I again entreated aid in turning away; but Miss Gomme, who is a friend of Sir Gilbert Elliot,

one of the Managers, and an ill-wisher, for his sake, to the opposite cause, would only laugh, and ask why I should not be owned by them.

I did not, however, like it, but had no choice from my near situation; and in a few seconds I had again a bow, and a profound one, and again very ridiculously I was obliged to inquire of Lady Claremont who my own acquaintance might be. Mr. Richard Burke, senior, she answered. He is a brother of the Great—Great in defiance of all drawbacks—Edmund Burke.

Another lawyer now arose, and read so exactly in the same manner, that it was utterly impossible to discover even whether it was a charge or an answer.

Such reading as this, you may well suppose, set every body pretty much at their ease; and but for the interest I took in looking from time to time at Mr. Hastings, and watching his countenance, I might as well have been away. He seemed composed after the first half-hour, and calm; but he looked with a species of indignant contempt towards his accusers, that could not, I think, have been worn had his defence been doubtful. Many there are who fear for him; for me, I own myself wholly confident in his acquittal.

Soon after, a voice just by my side, from the green benches, said, "Will Miss Burney allow me to renew my acquaintance with her?" I turned about and saw Mr. Crutchley.

All Streatham rose to my mind at sight of him. I have never beheld him since the Streatham society was abolished. We entered instantly upon the subject of that family, a subject ever to me the most interesting. He also had never seen poor Mrs. Thrale since her return to England; but he joined with me very earnestly in agreeing that, since so unhappy a step was now past recall, it

became the duty, however painful a one, of the daughters, to support, not cast off and contemn, one who was now as much their mother as when she still bore their own name.

"But how," cried he, "do you stand the fiery trial of this Streatham book that is coming upon us?"

I acknowledged myself very uneasy about it, and he assured me all who had ever been at Streatham were in fright and consternation.

We talked all these matters over more at length, till I was called away by an "How d'ye do, Miss Burney?" from the Committee Box! And then I saw young Mr. Burke, who had jumped up on the nearest form to speak to me.

Pleasant enough! I checked my vexation as well as I was able, since the least shyness on my part to those with whom formerly I had been social must instantly have been attributed to Court influence; and therefore, since I could not avoid the notice, I did what I could to talk with him as heretofore. He is besides so amiable a young man that I could not be sorry to see him again, though I regretted it should be just in that place, and at this time.

While we talked together, Mr. Crutchley went back to his more distant seat, and the moment I was able to withdraw from young Mr. Burke, Charles, who sat behind me, leant down and told me a gentleman had just desired to be presented to me.

"Who?" quoth I.

"Mr. Wyndham," he answered.

I really thought he was laughing, and answered accordingly; but he assured me he was in earnest, and that Mr. Wyndham had begged him to make the proposition.

What could I do? There was no refusing; yet a planned

meeting with another of the Committee, and one deep in the prosecution, and from whom one of the hardest charges has come—could any thing be less pleasant as I was then situated?

The Great Chamberlain's Box is the only part of the Hall that has any communication with either the Committee Box or the House of Commons, and it is also the very nearest to the Prisoner. Mr. Wyndham I had seen twice before—both times at Miss Monckton's; and any where else I should have been much gratified by his desire of a third meeting, as he is one of the most agreeable, spirited, well-bred, and brilliant conversers I have ever spoken with. He is a neighbour, too, now, of Charlotte's. He is member for Norwich, and a man of family and fortune, with a very pleasing though not handsome face, a very elegant figure, and an air of fashion and vivacity.

The conversations I had had with him at Miss Monckton's had been, wholly by his own means, extremely spirited and entertaining. I was sorry to see him make one of a set that appeared so inveterate against a man I believe so injuriously treated; and my concern was founded upon the good thoughts I had conceived of him, not merely from his social talents, which are yet very uncommon, but from a reason dearer to my remembrance. He loved Dr. Johnson,—and Dr. Johnson returned his affection. Their political principles and connexions were opposite, but Mr. Wyndham respected his venerable friend too highly to discuss any points that could offend him; and showed for him so true a regard, that, during all his late illnesses, for the latter part of his life, his carriage and himself were alike at his service, to air, visit, or go out, whenever he was disposed to accept them.

Nor was this all; one tender proof he gave of warm

and generous regard, that I can never forget, and that rosé instantly to my mind when I heard his name, and gave him a welcome in my eyes when they met his face: it is this: Dr. Johnson, in his last visit to Lichfield, was taken ill, and waited to recover strength for travelling back to town in his usual vehicle, a stage-coach;—as soon as this reached the ears of Mr. Wyndham, he set off for Lichfield in his own carriage, to offer to bring him back to town in it, and at his own time.

For a young man of fashion, such a trait towards an old, however dignified philosopher, must surely be a mark indisputable of an elevated mind and character; and still the more strongly it marked a noble way of thinking, as it was done in favour of a person in open opposition to all his own party, and declared prejudices.

Charles soon told me he was at my elbow. He had taken the place Mr. Crutchley had just left. The *abord* was, on my part, very awkward, from the distress I felt lest Mr. Hastings should look up, and from a conviction that I must not name that gentleman, of whom alone I could then think, to a person in a committee against him.

He, however, was easy, having no embarrassing thoughts, since the conference was of his own seeking. 'Twas so long since I had seen him, that I almost wonder he remembered me.

After the first compliments he looked around him, and exclaimed "What an assembly is this! How striking a *spectacle!* I had not seen half its splendour down there. You have it here to great advantage; you lose some of the Lords, but you gain all the Ladies. You have a very good place here."

"Yes; and I may safely say I make a very impartial use of it: for since here I have sat, I have never discovered to which side I have been listening!"

He laughed, but told me they were then running through the charges.

"And is it essential," cried I, "that they should so run them through that nobody can understand them? Is that a form of law?"

He agreed to the absurdity; and then, looking still at the *spectacle*, which indeed is the most splendid I ever saw, arrested his eyes upon the Chancellor. "He looks very well from hence," cried he; "and how well he acquits himself on these solemn occasions! With what dignity, what loftiness, what high propriety, he comports himself!"

This praise to the Chancellor, who is a known friend of Mr. Hastings, though I believe he would be the last to favour him unjustly now he is on trial, was a pleasant sound to my ear, and confirmed my original idea of the liberal disposition of my new associate.

I joined heartily in the commendation, and warmly praised his speech. "Even a degree of pompousness," cried I, "in such a Court as this, seems a propriety.

"Yes," said he; "but his speech had one word that might as well have been let alone; 'mere allegations' he called the charges; the word 'mere,' at least, might have been spared, especially as it is already strongly suspected on which side he leans!"

I protested, and with truth, I had not heard the word in his speech; but he still affirmed it. "Surely," I said, "he was as fair and impartial as possible: he called the accusers 'so respectable!'"

"Yes, but 'mere--mere' was no word for this occasion; and it could not be unguarded, for he would never come to speak in such a Court as this, without some little thinking beforehand. However, he is a fine fellow,—a very fine fellow! and though, in his private life, guilty of

so many inaccuracies, in his public capacity I really hold him to be unexceptionable."

This fairness, from an oppositionist professed, brought me at once to easy terms with him.

I begged him to inform me for what reason, at the end of the Chancellor's speech, there had been a cry of "Hear! hear! hear him!" which had led me to expect another speech, when I found no other seemed intended.

He laughed very much, and confessed that, as a parliament man, he was so used to that absurdity, that he had ceased to regard it; for that it was merely a mark of approbation to a speech already spoken; "And, in fact, they only," cried he, "say Hear, when there is nothing more to be heard!"

Then, still looking at the scene before him, he suddenly laughed, and said, "I must not, to Miss Burney, make this remark, but—it is observable that in the *King's* Box sit the Hawkesbury family, while, next to the *Speaker*, who is here as a sort of Representative of the King, sits Major Scot!"

I knew his inference, of Court influence in favour of Mr. Hastings, but I thought it best to let it pass quietly. I knew, else, I should only be supposed under the same influence myself.

Looking still on, he next noticed the two Archbishops. "And see," cried he, "the Archbishop of York, Markham,—see how he affects to read the articles of impeachment, as if he was still open to either side! My good Lord Archbishop! your Grace might, with perfect safety, spare your eyes, for your mind has been made up upon this subject before ever it was investigated. He holds Hastings to be the greatest man in the world—for Hastings promoted the interest of his son in the East Indies!"

Somewhat sarcastic, this; but I had as little time as

power for answering, since now, and suddenly, his eye dropped down upon poor Mr. Hastings: the expression of his face instantly lost the gaiety and ease with which it had addressed me; he stopped short in his remarks; he fixed his eyes steadfastly on this new, and but too interesting object, and after viewing him some time in a sort of earnest silence, he suddenly exclaimed, as if speaking to himself, and from an impulse irresistible—"What a sight is that! to see that man, that small portion of human clay, that poor feeble machine of earth, enclosed now in that little space, brought to that Bar, a prisoner in a spot six foot square—and to reflect on his late power! Nations at his command! Princes prostrate at his feet!—What a change! how must he feel it!——"

He stopped, and I said not a word. I was glad to see him thus impressed; I hoped it might soften his enmity. I found, by his manner, that he had never, from the committee box, looked at him.

He broke forth again, after a pause of some length,—"Wonderful indeed! almost past credibility, is such a reverse! He that, so lately, had the Eastern World nearly at his beck; he, under whose tyrant power princes and potentates sunk and trembled; he, whose authority was without the reach of responsibility!——"

Again he stopped, seeming struck, almost beyond the power of speech, with meditative commiseration; but then, suddenly rousing himself, as if recollecting his "almost blunted purpose," he passionately exclaimed, "O could those—the thousands, the millions, who have groaned and languished under the iron rod of his oppressions—could they but—whatever region they inhabit—be permitted one dawn of light to look into this Hall, and see him *there!* *There*—where he now stands—it might prove, perhaps, some recompense for their sufferings!"

I can hardly tell you, my dearest Susan, how shocked I felt at these words! words so hard, and following sensations so much more pitying and philosophic! I cannot believe Mr. Hastings guilty; I feel in myself a strong internal evidence of his innocence, drawn from all I have seen of him; I can only regard the prosecution as a party affair; but yet, since his adversaries now openly stake their names, fame, and character against him, I did not think it decent to intrude such an opinion. I could only be sorry, and silent.

Still he looked at him, earnest in rumination, and as if unable to turn away his eyes; and presently he again exclaimed, "How wonderful an instance of the instability of mortal power is presented in that object! From possessions so extensive, from a despotism so uncontrolled, to see him now there, in that small circumference! In the history of human nature how memorable will be the records of this day! a day that brings to the great tribunal of the nation a man whose power, so short a time since, was of equal magnitude with his crimes!"

Good Heaven! thought I, and do you really believe all this? Can Mr. Hastings appear to you such a monster? and are you not merely swayed by party? I could not hear him without shuddering, nor see him thus in earnest without alarm. I thought myself no longer bound to silence, since I saw, by the continuance as well as by the freedom of his exclamations, he conceived me of the same sentiments with himself; and therefore I hardily resolved to make known to him that mistake, which, indeed, was a liberty that seemed no longer impertinent, but a mere act of justice and honesty.

His very expressive pause, his eyes still steadfastly fixed on Mr. Hastings, gave me ample opportunity for speaking; though I had some little difficulty how to get

out what I wished to say. However, in the midst of his reverie, I broke forth, but not without great hesitation, and, very humbly, I said; "Could you pardon me, Mr. Wyndham, if I should forget, for a moment, that you are a Committee man, and speak to you frankly?"

He looked surprised, but laughed at the question, and very eagerly called out "O yes, yes, pray speak out, I beg it!"

"Well, then, may I venture to say to you, that I believe it utterly impossible for any one, not particularly engaged on the contrary side, ever to enter a court of justice, and not instantly, and involuntarily, wish well to the prisoner!"

His surprise subsided by this general speech, which I had not courage to put in a more pointed way, and he very readily answered, "'Tis natural, certainly, and what must almost unavoidably be the first impulse; yet, where justice——"

I stopped him; I saw I was not comprehended, and thought else he might say something to stop me.

"May I," I said, "go yet a little farther?"

Yes," cried he, with a very civil smile, "and I feel an assent beforehand."

"Supposing then, that even you, if that may be supposed, could be divested of all knowledge of the particulars of this affair, and in the same state of general ignorance that I confess myself to be, and could then, like me, have seen Mr. Hastings make his entrance into this Court, and looked at him when he was brought to that bar; not even you, Mr. Wyndham, could then have reflected on such a vicissitude for him, on all he has left and all he has lost, and not have given him, like me, all your best wishes the moment you beheld him."

The promised assent came not, though he was too civil

to contradict me; but still I saw he understood me only in a general sense. I feared going farther: a weak advocate is apt to be a mischievous one; and, as I knew nothing, it was not to a professed enemy I could talk of what I only believed.

Recovering, now, from the strong emotion with which the sight of Mr. Hastings had filled him, he looked again around the Court, and pointed out several of the principal characters present, with arch and striking remarks upon each of them, all uttered with high spirit, but none with ill-nature.

"Pitt," cried he, "is not here!—a noble stroke that for the annals of his administration! A trial is brought on by the whole House of Commons in a body, and he is absent at the very opening! However," added he, with a very meaning laugh, "I'm glad of it, for 'tis to his eternal disgrace!"

Mercy! thought I, what a friend to kindness is party!

"Do you see Scot?" cried he.

"No, I never saw him; pray show him me."

"There he is, in green; just now by the Speaker, now moved by the Committee; in two minutes more he will be somewhere else, skipping backwards and forwards; what a grasshopper it is!"

"I cannot look at him," cried I, "without recollecting a very extraordinary letter from him, that I read last summer in the newspaper, where he answers some attack that he says has been made upon him, because the term is used of 'a very insignificant fellow;' and he printed two or three letters in the Public Advertiser, in following days, to prove, with great care and pains, that he knew it was all meant as an abuse of himself, from those words!"

"And what," cried he, laughing, "do you say to that notion now you see him "

"That no one," cried I, examining him with my glass, "can possibly dispute his claim!"

What pity that Mr. Hastings should have trusted his cause to so frivolous an agent! I believe, and indeed it is the general belief, both of foes and friends, that to his officious and injudicious zeal the present prosecution is wholly owing.

Next, Mr. Wyndham pointed out Mr. Francis to me. 'Tis a singular circumstance, that the friend who most loves and the enemy who most hates Mr. Hastings should bear the same name!* Mr. Wyndham, with all the bias of party, gave me then the highest character of this Mr. Francis, whom he called one of the most ill-used of men. Want of documents how to answer forced me to be silent, oppositely as I thought. But it was a very unpleasant situation to me, as I saw that Mr. Wyndham still conceived me to have no other interest than a common, and probably to his mind, a weak compassion for the prisoner — that prisoner who, frequently looking around, saw me, I am certain, and saw with whom I was engaged!

The subject of Mr. Francis again drew him back to Mr. Hastings, but with more severity of mind. "A prouder heart," cried he, "an ambition more profound, were never, I suppose, lodged in any mortal mould than in that man! With what a port he entered! did you observe him? his air! I saw not his face, but his air! his port!"

"Surely there," cried I, "he could not be to blame!

* Mr. Hastings's enemy was Mr., afterwards Sir Philip Francis, by some persons supposed to have been the author of "Junius's Letters." The friend of Mr. Hastings here alluded to was Clement Francis, Esq., of Aylsham in Norfolk, who married Charlotte, fourth daughter of Dr. Burney.

He comes upon his defence; ought he to look as if he gave himself up?"

"Why, no; 'tis true he must look what vindication to himself he can; we must not blame him there."

Encouraged by this little concession, I resolved to venture farther, and once more said "May I again, Mr. Wyndham, forget that you are a *Committee-man*, and say something not fit for a *Committee-man* to hear?"

"O yes!" cried he, laughing very much, and looking extremely curious.

"I must fairly, then, own myself utterly ignorant upon this subject, and—and—may I go on?"

"I beg you will!"

"Well, then,—and originally prepossessed in favour of the object!"

He quite started, and with a look of surprise from which all pleasure was separated, exclaimed—"Indeed!"

"Yes!" cried I, "'tis really true, and really out, now!"

"For Mr. Hastings, prepossessed!" he repeated, in a tone that seemed to say—do you not mean Mr. Burke?

"Yes," I said, "for Mr. Hastings! But I should not, to you, have presumed to own it just at this time,—so little as I am able to do honour to my prepossession by any materials to defend it,—but that you have given me courage, by appearing so free from all malignity in the business. 'Tis, therefore, your own fault!"

"But can you speak seriously," cried he, "when you say you know nothing of this business?"

"Very seriously: I never entered into it at all; it was always too intricate to tempt me."

"But, surely you must have read the charges?"

"No; they are so long, I had never the courage to begin."

The conscious look with which he heard this, brought —all too late—to my remembrance, that one of them was drawn up, and delivered in the House, by himself! I was really very sorry to have been so unfortunate; but I had no way to call back the words, so was quiet, perforce.

"Come, then," cried he, emphatically, "to hear Burke! come and listen to him, and you will be mistress of the whole! Hear Burke, and read the charges of the Begums, and then you will form your judgment without difficulty."

I would rather (thought I) hear him upon any other subject: but I made no answer; I only said, "Certainly, I can gain nothing by what is going forward to-day. I meant to come to the opening now, but it seems rather like the shutting up!"

He was not to be put off. "You will come, however, to hear Burke? To hear truth, reason, justice, eloquence! You will then see, in other colours, 'That Man!' There is more cruelty, more oppression, more tyranny, in that little machine, with an arrogance, a self-confidence, unexampled, unheard of."

"Indeed, sir!" cried I; "that does not appear, to those who know him; and—I—know him a little."

"Do you?" cried he, earnestly; "personally, do you know him?"

"Yes; and from that knowledge arose this prepossession I have confessed."

"Indeed! what you have seen of him have you then so much approved?"

"Yes, very much! I must own the truth!"

"But you have not seen much of him?"

"No, not lately. My first knowledge of him was almost immediately upon his coming from India: I had heard nothing of all these accusations; I had never been

in the way of hearing them, and knew not even that there were any to be heard. I saw him, therefore, quite without prejudice, for or against him; and indeed, I must own, he soon gave me a strong interest in his favour."

The surprise with which he heard me must have silenced me on the subject, had it not been accompanied with an attention so earnest as to encourage me still to proceed. It is evident to me that this Committee live so much shut up with one another, that they conclude all the world of the same opinions with themselves, and universally imagine that the tyrant they think themselves pursuing is a monster in every part of his life, and held in contempt and abhorrence by all mankind. Could I then be sorry, seeing this, to contribute my small mite towards clearing, at least, so very wide a mistake? On the contrary, when I saw he listened, I was most eager to give him all I could to hear.

"I found him," I continued, "so mild, so gentle, so extremely pleasing in his manners——"

"Gentle!" cried he, with quickness.

"Yes, indeed; gentle, even to humility."

"Humility? Mr. Hastings and humility!"

"Indeed it is true; he is perfectly diffident in the whole of his manner, when engaged in conversation; and so much struck was I, at that very time, by seeing him so simple, so unassuming, when just returned from a government that had accustomed him to a power superior to our monarchs here, that it produced an effect upon my mind in his favour which nothing can erase!"

"O yes, yes!" cried he, with great energy, "you will give it up! you must lose it, must give it up! it will be plucked away, rooted wholly out of your mind!"

"Indeed, sir," cried I, steadily, "I believe not!"

"You believe not?" repeated he, with added animation; "then there will be the more glory in making you a convert!"

If "conversion" is the word, thought I, I would rather make than be made.

"But, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, "all my amazement now is at your condescension in speaking to me upon this business at all, when I have confessed to you my total ignorance of the subject, and my original prepossession in favour of the object. Why do you not ask me when I was at the play? and how I liked the last opera?"

He laughed; and we talked on a little while in that strain, till again, suddenly fixing his eyes on poor Mr. Hastings, his gaiety once more vanished, and he gravely and severely examined his countenance. "'Tis surely," cried he, "an unpleasant one." He does not know, I suppose, 'tis reckoned like his own!

"How should he," cried I, "look otherwise than unpleasant here?"

"True," cried he; "yet still, I think, his features, his look, his whole expression, unfavourable to him. I never saw him but once before; that was at the bar of the House of Commons; and there, as Burke admirably said, he looked, when first he glanced an eye against him, like a hungry tiger, ready to howl for his prey!"

"Well," cried I, "I am sure he does not look fierce now! Contemptuous, a little, I think he does look!"

I was sorry I used this word; yet its truth forced it to escape me. He did not like it; he repeated it; he could not but be sure the contempt could only be levelled at his prosecutors. I feared discussion, and flew off as fast as I could, to softer ground. "It was not," cried I, "with that countenance he gave me my prepossession! Very differently, indeed, he looked then!"

"And can he ever look pleasant? can that face ever obtain an expression that is pleasing?"

"Yes, indeed and in truth, and very pleasant! It was in the country I first saw him, and without any restraint on his part; I saw him, therefore, perfectly natural and easy. And no one, let me say, could so have seen him without being pleased with him; his quietness and serenity, joined to his intelligence and information——"

"His information?—In what way?"

"In such a way as suited his hearer: not upon committee business!—of all that I knew nothing. The only conversation in which I could mix was upon India, considered simply as a country in which he had travelled; and his communications upon the people, the customs, habits, cities, and whatever I could name, were so instructive as well as entertaining, that I think I never recollect gaining more intelligence, or more pleasantly conveyed, from any conversation in which I ever have been engaged."

To this he listened with an attention that but for the secret zeal which warmed me must have silenced and shamed me. I am satisfied this committee have concluded Mr. Hastings a mere man of blood, with slaughter and avarice for his sole ideas! The surprise with which he heard this just testimony to his social abilities was only silent from good-breeding, but his eyes expressed what his tongue withheld; something that satisfied me he concluded I had undesignedly been duped by him.

I answered this silence by saying "There was no object for hypocrisy, for it was quite in retirement I met with him: it was not lately; it is near two years since I have seen him; he had therefore no point to gain with me, nor was there any public character, nor any person whatever, that could induce him to act a part; yet was he all I have

said—informing, communicative, instructive, and at the same time gentle and highly pleasing."

He seemed now overpowered into something like believing me, and, in a voice of concession, said, "Certainly, from a man who has been in so great a station—from any man that has been an object of expectation—there is nothing so winning as gentleness of manners."

I cannot say how even this little speech encouraged me: I went on with fresh vigour. "Indeed," I cried, "I was myself so entirely surprised by that mildness, that I remember carrying my admiration of it even to his dress, which was a very plain green coat; and I asked the friend at whose house we met, when I saw his uniform simplicity, whether the Governor-General of Bengal had not had that coat made up before he went to the East, and upon putting it on again when he returned, had not lost all memory of the splendour of the time and the scenes that had passed in the intermediate space."

"Well," said he, very civilly, "I begin the less to wonder, now, that you have adhered to his side; but——"

"To see him, then," cried I, stopping his *but,*—"to see him brought to that Bar! and *kneeling* at it!—indeed, Mr. Wyndham, I must own to you, I could hardly keep my seat—hardly forbear rising and running out of the Hall."

"Why, there," cried he, "I agree with you! 'Tis certainly a humiliation not to be wished or defended: it is, indeed, a mere ceremony, a mere formality; but it is a mortifying one, and so obsolete, so unlike the practices of the times, so repugnant from a gentleman to a gentleman, that I myself looked another way: it hurt me, and I wished it dispensed with."

"O, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, surprised and pleased, "and can you be so liberal?"

"Yes," cried he, laughing; "but 'tis only to take you in!"

Afterwards he asked what his coat was, whether blue or purple; and said, "Is it not customary for a prisoner to come in black?"

"Whether or not," quoth I, "I am heartily glad he has not done it; why should he seem so dismal, so shut out from hope?"

"Why, I believe he is in the right! I think he has judged that not ill."

"O, don't be so candid," cried I, "I beg you not."

"Yes, yes, I must; and you know the reason!" cried he, gaily; but presently exclaimed, "One unpleasant thing belonging to being a manager is that I must now go and show myself in the committee."

And then he very civilly bowed, and went down to his box, leaving me much persuaded that I had never yet been engaged in a conversation so curious, from its circumstances, in my life. The warm well-wisher myself of the prisoner, though formerly the warmest admirer of his accuser, engaged, even at his trial, and in his presence, in so open a discussion with one of his principal prosecutors; and the Queen herself in full view, unavoidably beholding me in close and eager conference with an avowed member of opposition!

These circumstances made me at first enter into discourse with Mr. Wyndham with the utmost reluctance; but though I wished to shun him, I could not, when once attacked, decline to converse with him. It would but injure the cause of Mr. Hastings to seem to fear hearing the voice of his accusers; and it could but be

attributed to undue court-influence had I avoided any intercourse with an acquaintance so long ago established as a member of the opposition.

Long since, indeed, when I considered with myself the accidents by which I might occasionally be thrown in the way of the Court adversaries, I formed this resolution:—To let them see no difference whatsoever in my behaviour, but to conduct myself uniformly amongst them, just as I had done formerly when I resided in St. Martin's-street.

I have the satisfaction to be now confirmed in this resolve, by having stated my situation with respect to this very conference to Mr. Smelt. Indeed, when once I had begun with Mr. Wyndham, and forced the barriers to our conference which rendered its opening distressing to me, I found myself impelled to proceed, not only by the vivacity with which he drew me on, and the unalterable good-humour and good-breeding with which he encouraged me to open to him; but by a pleasure past expression which I experienced, in the opportunity it gave me to speak favourably of a man so oppressed, to one of his oppressors. I soon saw Mr. Wyndham harboured no personal rancour: he was a stranger to the very person of Mr. Hastings, and wholly ignorant of his character in private and social life. I was happy in those points to be permitted to give him some intelligence, and I saw by the surprise with which he listened that he had imagined Mr. Hastings as mean in his parts, and as disagreeable in his manners, as he believes him to be cruel in his nature and worthless in his principles.

How to account for the currency of these notions is past all conjecture; but the whole truth must soon appear. Meanwhile, I see in Mr. Wyndham a man of a high and generous spirit, who considers himself as a friend of the

public in bringing to justice and to punishment a public enemy.

In the midst of the opening of a trial such as this, so important to the country as well as to the individual who is tried, what will you say to a man—a member of the House of Commons—who kept exclaiming almost perpetually, just at my side, "What a bore!—when will it be over?—Must one come any more?—I had a great mind not to have come at all.—Who's that?—Lady Hawkesbury and the Copes?—Yes.—A pretty girl, Kitty.—Well, when will they have done?—I wish they'd call the question—I should vote it a bore at once!"

Just such exclamations as these were repeated, without intermission, till the gentleman departed: and who should it be that spoke with so much legislative wisdom but Mr. W——!

In about two or three hours—this reading still lasting—Mr. Crutchley came to me again. He, too, was so wearied, that he was departing; but he stayed some time to talk over our constant topic—my poor Mrs. Thrale. How little does she suspect the interest I unceasingly take in her—the avidity with which I seize every opportunity to gather the smallest intelligence concerning her!

One little trait of Mr. Crutchley, so characteristic of that queerness which distinguishes him, I must mention. He said he questioned whether he should come any more: I told him I had imagined the attendance of every member to be indispensable. "No," cried he, "ten to one if another day they are able to make a house!"

"The Lords, however, I suppose, must come?"

"Not unless they like it."

"But I hear if they do not attend they have no tickets."

"Why, then, Miss Primrose and Miss Cowslip must stay away too!"

I had the pleasure to find him entirely for Mr. Hastings, and to hear he had constantly voted on his side through every stage of the business. He is a very independent man, and a man of real good character, and, with all his oddity, of real understanding. We compared notes very amicably upon this subject, and both agreed that those who looked for every flaw in the conduct of a man in so high and hazardous a station, ought first to have weighed his merits and his difficulties.

A far more interesting conference, however, was now awaiting me. Towards the close of the day Mr. Wyndham very unexpectedly came again from the Committee-Box, and seated himself by my side. I was glad to see by this second visit that my frankness had not offended him. He began, too, in so open and social a manner, that I was satisfied he forgave it.

"I have been," cried he, "very busy since I left you—writing—reading—making documents."

I saw he was much agitated; the gaiety which seems natural to him was flown, and had left in its place the most evident and unquiet emotion. I looked a little surprised, and rallying himself, in a few moments he inquired if I wished for any refreshment, and proposed fetching me some. But, well as I liked him *for a conspirator,* I could not *break bread* with him!

I thought now all was over of communication between us, but I was mistaken. He spoke for a minute or two upon the crowd—early hour of coming—hasty breakfasting, and such general nothings; and then, as if involuntarily, he returned to the sole subject on his mind. "Our plan," cried he, "is all changing: we have all been busy—we are coming into a new method. I have been making preparations—I did not intend speaking for a

considerable time—not till after the circuit—but now, I may be called upon, I know not how soon."

Then he stopped—ruminating—and I let him ruminate without interruption for some minutes, when he broke forth into these reflections: "How strange, how infatuated a frailty has man with respect to the future! Be our views, our designs, our anticipations what they may, we are never prepared for it!—it always takes us by surprise—always comes before we look for it!"

He stopped; but I waited his explanation without speaking, and, after pausing thoughtfully some time, he went on:—

"This day—for which we have all been waiting so anxiously, so earnestly—the day for which we have fought, for which we have struggled—a day, indeed, of national glory, in bringing to this great tribunal a delinquent from so high an office—this day, so much wished, has seemed to me, to the last moment, so distant, that now—now that it is actually arrived, it takes me as if I had never thought of it before—it comes upon me all unexpected, and finds me unready!"

Still I said nothing, for I did not fully comprehend him, till he added, "I will not be so affected as to say to you that I have made no preparation—that I have not thought a little upon what I have to do; yet now that the moment is actually come——"

Again he broke off; but a generous sentiment was bursting from him, and would not be withheld.

"It has brought me," he resumed, "a feeling of which I am not yet quite the master! What I have said hitherto, when I have spoken in the house, has been urged and stimulated by the idea of pleading for the injured and the absent, and that gave me spirit. Nor do I tell you (with

a half-conscious smile) that the ardour of the prosecution went for nothing—a prosecution in favour of oppressed millions! But now, when I am to speak here, the thought of that man, close to my side—culprit as he is—that man on whom all the odium is to fall—gives me, I own, a sensation that almost disqualifies me beforehand!"

Ah, Mr. Wyndham! thought I, with feelings so generous even where enmity is so strong, how came you ever engaged in so cruel, so unjust a cause?

I could almost suppose he saw me think this, though I uttered never a word; but it may be that a new set of reflections were pouring in upon him irresistibly, for he presently went on:—

"'Twas amazing to myself how I got into this business! I thought it at first inextricable, but once begun—the glow of a public cause—a cause to support,—to revive, to redress helpless multitudes!"

"O, Mr. Wyndham!" cried I, "you chill me!"

"But surely," cried he, "you cannot be an earnest advocate in such a cause?"

"I am so unwilling," cried I, "to think so ill of it!"

"But is it possible Mr. Burke's representations should have so little effect upon you?"

"I am the friend of Mr. Burke," cried I, eagerly, "all the time! Mr. Burke has no greater admirer!—and that is precisely what disturbs me most in this business!"

"Well," cried he, in a tone extremely good-humoured and soft, "I am then really sorry for you!—to be pulled two ways is of all things the most painful."

"Indeed it is: and, in this very question, I wish so well one way, and have long thought so highly the other, that I scarce know, at times, what even to wish."

"That doubt is, of all states the worst: it will soon,

however, be over; you must be all one way the moment you have heard Burke."

"I am not quite so sure of that!" cried I, boldly.

"No?" cried he, looking amazed at me.

"No, indeed! But if it seems strange to you that I should own this, you must impute it all to the want of that malignity which I cannot see in you!'

The odd civility of this speech, which was a literal truth, again brought back his gaiety, and he made some general comments upon the company and the place.

"What an assembly!" he cried; "how brilliant, how striking! When I look around and think of speaking here—rank, nobility, talents, beauty.—Well, however, 'tis worth, and nobly worth, all our pains and all our powers."

"Now again, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, "I am going to beg that you will forget that you are a Committee-man while I say something more to you."

"Surely!—I beg you will speak!"

"Well, supposing you out of the question, I cannot, as I sit here, look down upon those two Boxes, and not think it a little unfair—at least very hard—for Mr. Hastings to see on one side only feed hirelings, and men little experienced and scarce at all known, and on the other almost all the talents of the nation! Can that be fair?"

"O yes," cried he, "have no apprehensions from that! A lawyer, with his quirks and his quibbles, and his cross questions and examinations, will overset and master the ablest orator, unpractised in their ways."

I hoped there was some truth in this, and therefore accepted the consolation.

"That this day was ever brought about," continued he, "must ever remain a noble memorial of courage and perseverance in the Commons. Every possible obstacle has

been thrown in our way—every art of Government has been at work to impede us—nothing has been left untried to obstruct us—every check and clog of power and influence."

"Not by him," cried I, looking at poor Mr. Hastings; "he has raised no impediments—he has been wholly careless."

"Come," cried he with energy, "and hear Burke!—Come but and hear him!—'tis an eloquence irresistible!—a torrent that sweeps all before it with the force of a whirlwind! It will cure you, indeed, of your prepossession, but it will give you truth and right in its place. What discoveries has he not made!—what gulfs has he not dived into! Come and hear him, and your conflict will end!"

I could hardly stand this, and, to turn it off, asked him if Mr. Hastings was to make his own defence?

"No," he answered, "he will only speak by counsel. But do not regret that, for his own sake, as he is not used to public speaking, and has some impediment in his speech besides. He writes wonderfully—there he shines—and with a facility quite astonishing. Have you ever happened to see any of his writings?"

"No: only one short account, which he calls Memoirs relative to some India transactions, and that struck me to be extremely unequal—in some places strong and finely expressed, in others obscure and scarce intelligible."

"That is just the case—that ambiguity runs through him in everything. Burke has found an admirable word for it in the Persian tongue, for which we have no translation, but it means an intricacy involved so deep as to be nearly unfathomable—an artificial entanglement."

Then he spoke the original word, but I do not presume to write Persian.

I took this occasion to mention to him his friend Dr. Johnson, in observing how little lenity he ever had to more words than matter. He looked with a respectful attention when I named that honoured name, that gratified my own respect for it. He then said he must be gone, and show himself again in the committee.

I inquired how it was all to end—whether this reading was to continue incessantly, or any speaking was to follow it?

"I have not inquired how that is," he answered, "but I believe you will now soon be released."

"And will the Chancellor speak to adjourn?"

"I cannot tell what the form may be, or how we are to be dissolved. I think myself there is nothing more difficult than how to tell people they may go about their business. I remember, when I was in the militia, it was just what I thought the most awkward, when I had done with my men. Use gives one the habit; and I found, afterwards, there was a regular mode for it: but, at first, I found it very embarrassing how to get rid of them."

Nothing excites frankness like frankness; and I answered him in return with a case of my own. "When first I came to my present residence I was perpetually," I said, "upon the point of making a blunder with the Queen; for when, after she had honoured me with any conversation, she used to say, 'Now I won't keep you—now I will detain you no longer,' I was always ready to answer, 'Ma'am, I am in no haste!—ma'am, I don't wish to go!' for I was not, at first, aware that it was only her mode of dismissing people from her presence."

Again he was going: but glancing his eyes once more down upon Mr. Hastings, he almost sighed—he fetched, at least, a deep breath, while he exclaimed with strong

emotion, "What a place for a man to stand in to hear what he has to hear!—'tis almost too much!"

What pity, my Susan and my Fredy, that a man who could feel such impulsive right in the midst of party rage, should bow down to any party, and not abide by such impulse!

It would not be easy to tell you how touching at such a time was the smallest concession from an avowed oppo nent, and I could not help exclaiming again, "O, Mr. Wyndham, you must not be so liberal!"

"O!" cried he, smiling, and recovering himself, "'tis all the deeper malice, only to draw you in!"

Still, however, he did not go: he kept gazing upon Mr. Hastings till he seemed almost fascinated to the spot; and presently after, growing more and more open in his discourse, he began to talk to me of Sir Elijah Impey. I presume my dearest friends, little as they hear of politics and state business, must yet know that the House of Commons is threatening Sir Elijah with an impeachment, to succeed that of Mr. Hastings, and all upon East India transactions of the same date.

When he had given me his sentiments upon this subject, which I had heard with that sort of quietness that results from total ignorance of the matter, joined to total ignorance of the person concerned, he drew a short comparison, which nearly, from him, and at such a moment, drew the tears from my eyes—*nearly*, do I say?—indeed more than that!

"Sir Elijah," cried he, "knows how to go to work, and by getting the lawyers to side with him professionally, has set about his defence in the most artful manner. He is not only wicked, but a very pitiful fellow. Let him but escape fine or imprisonment, and he will pocket all indignity, and hold himself happy in getting off: but

Hastings (again looking steadfastly at him)—Hastings has feeling—'tis a proud feeling, an ambitious feeling—but feeling he has! Hastings—come to him what may—fine, imprisonment, whatsoever is inflicted—all will be nothing. The moment of his punishment—I think it, upon my honour!—was the moment that brought him to that Bar!"

When he said "I think it, upon my honour," he laid his hand on his breast, as if he implied "I acquit him henceforward."

Poor Mr. Hastings! One generous enemy he has at least, who pursues him with public hate, but without personal malignity! yet, sure I feel he can deserve neither!

I did not spare to express my sense of this liberality from a foe; for, indeed, the situation I was in, and the sight of Mr. Hastings, made it very affecting to me. He was affected too, himself; but presently, rising, he said with great quickness, "I must shake all this off; I must have done with it—dismiss it—forget that he is there."

"O, no," cried I, earnestly, "do not forget it!"

"Yes, yes; I must."

"No, *remember* it rather," cried I; "I could almost (putting up my hands as if praying) do thus; and then, like poor Mr. Hastings just now to the house, drop down on my knees to you, to call out '*Remember it.*'"

"Yes, yes," cried he, precipitately, "how else shall I go on? I *must* forget that *He* is there, and that *you* are here."

And then he hurried down to his Committee.

Was it not a most singular scene?

I had afterwards to relate great part of this to the Queen herself. She saw me engaged in such close discourse, and with such apparent interest on both sides,

with Mr. Wyndham, that I knew she must else form conjectures innumerable. So candid, so liberal is the mind of the Queen, that she not only heard me with the most favourable attention towards Mr. Wyndham, but was herself touched even to tears by the relation.

You, my beloved friends, absent from the scene of action, and only generally interested in it, can form no idea of the warmth you would feel upon the subject, were you here, and in the midst of it.

We stayed but a short time after this last conference; for nothing more was attempted. than reading on the charges and answers, in the same useless manner.

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The interest of this trial was so much upon my mind, that I have not kept even a memorandum of what passed from the 13th of February to the day when I went again to Westminster Hall; nor, except renewing the Friday Oratorios with Mrs. Ord, do I recollect one circumstance.

The second time that the Queen, who saw my wishes, indulged me with one of her tickets, and a permission of absence for the Trial, was to hear Mr. Burke, for whom my curiosity and my interest stood the highest.

One ticket, however, would not do; I could not go alone, and the Queen had bestowed all her other tickets before she iscovered that this was a day in my particular wishes. She entered into my perplexity with a sweetness the most gracious; and when I knew not how to obviate it, commanded me to write to the Duchess of Ancaster, and beg permission to be put under the wing of her Grace, or any of her friends that were going to the Hall.

The Duchess, unluckily, did not go, from indisposition, nor any of her family; but she sent me a very

obliging letter, and another ticket from Sir Peter Burrell, to use for a companion.

I fixed upon James, who, I knew, wished to hear Mr. Burke for once, and we went together very comfortably, and spent near three hours in a more social conversation, after we were seated in the Chamberlain's Box, than we had enjoyed since I quitted my home.

When the Managers, who, as before, made the first procession, by entering their Box below us, were all arranged, one from among them, whom I knew not, came up into the seats of the House of Commons by our side, and said, "Captain Burney, I am very glad to see you."

"How do you do, sir?" answered James; "here I am, come to see the fine show."

Upon this the attacker turned short upon his heel, and abruptly walked away, descending into the Box, which he did not quit any more.

I inquired who he was; General Burgoyne, James told me. "A Manager!" cried I, "and one of the chargers! and you treat the business of the Hall with such contempt to his face!"

James laughed heartily at his own uncourtly address, but would not repent, though he acknowledged he saw the offence his slight and slighting speech had given.

Fearful lest he should proceed in the same style with my friend Mr. Wyndham, I kept as aloof as possible, to avoid his notice, entreating James at the same time to have the complaisance to be silent upon this subject, should he discover me and approach. My own sentiments were as opposite to those of the Managers as his, and I had not scrupled to avow honestly my dissent; but I well knew Mr. Wyndham might bear, and even respect, from a female, the same openness of opposition that might be highly offensive to him from a man. But I

could obtain no positive promise; he would only compromise with my request, and agree not to speak unless applied to first. This, however, contented me; as Mr. Wyndham was too far embarked in his undertaking to solicit any opinion upon it from accidentally meeting any common acquaintance.

From young Burke and his uncle Richard I had bows from the Committee Box. Mr. Wyndham either saw me not, or was too much engaged in business to ascend.

At length the Peers' procession closed, the Prisoner was brought in, and Mr. Burke began his speech. It was the second day of his harangue; the first I had not been able to attend.

All I had heard of his eloquence, and all I had conceived of his great abilities, was more than answered by his performance. Nervous, clear, and striking was almost all that he uttered: the main business, indeed, of his coming forth was frequently neglected, and not seldom wholly lost; but his excursions were so fanciful, so entertaining, and so ingenious, that no miscellaneous hearer, like myself, could blame them. It is true he was unequal, but his inequality produced an effect which, in so long a speech, was perhaps preferable to greater consistency, since, though it lost attention in its falling off, it recovered it with additional energy by some ascent unexpected and wonderful. When he narrated, he was easy, flowing, and natural; when he declaimed, energetic, warm, and brilliant. The sentiments he interspersed were as nobly conceived as they were highly coloured; his satire had a poignancy of wit that made it as entertaining as it was penetrating; his allusions and quotations, as far as they were English and within my reach, were apt and ingenious; and the wild and sudden flights

of his fancy, bursting forth from his creative imagination in language fluent, forcible, and varied, had a charm for my ears and my attention wholly new and perfectly irresistible.

Were talents such as these exercised in the service of truth, unbiassed by party and prejudice, how could we sufficiently applaud their exalted possessor? But though frequently he made me tremble by his strong and horrible representations, his own violence recovered me, by stigmatizing his assertions with personal ill-will and designing illiberality. Yet, at times I confess, with all that I felt, wished, and thought concerning Mr. Hastings, the whirlwind of his eloquence nearly drew me into its vortex. I give no particulars of the speech, because they will all be printed.

The observations and whispers of our keen as well as honest James, during the whole, were highly characteristic and entertaining. "When will he come to the point?"—"These are mere words!"—"This is all sheer detraction!"—"All this is nothing to the purpose!" &c., &c.

"Well, ma'am, what say you to all this? how have you been entertained?" cried a voice at my side; and I saw Mr. Crutchley, who came round to speak to me.

"Entertained?" cried I, "indeed, not at all; it is quite too serious and too horrible for entertainment: you ask after my amusement as if I were at an opera or a comedy."

"A comedy?" repeated he, contemptuously, "no, a farce; 'tis not high enough for a comedy. To hear a man rant such stuff. But you should have been here the first day he spoke; this is milk and honey to that. He said then, 'His heart was as black—as—black!' and called him the Captain-general of iniquity."

"Hush! hush!" cried I, for he spoke very loud;

"that young man you see down there, who is looking up, is his son!"

"I know it," cried he, "and what do I care?"

How I knew Mr. Crutchley again, by his ready talent of defiance, and disposition to contempt! We agreed, however, precisely in our serious opinions, though we differed in various modifications of them; and so we ever did, if I may say so, when I add that I never knew him, in any essential point, vary from the strictest honour in every notion he ever uttered. He is, indeed, a singular character; good, upright, generous, yet rough, unpolished, whimsical, and fastidious; believing all women at his service for the sake of his estates, and disbelieving any would accept him for any other reason. He wrongs both them and himself by this conclusion.

I was very glad to meet with him again; I have always had an esteem for his worth, and he had spent so much time with me in a place I once so much loved, that it was soothing and pleasant to me to talk that and its inhabitants over with him.

I was called aside from him by James, to Samuel Rose, who was in the back of the Chamberlain's Box, and so much formed and settled since I saw him, that I did not know him.

During this recollection scene Mr. Crutchley retired, and Mr. Wyndham quitted his den, and approached me, with a smile of good-humour and satisfaction that made me instantly exclaim, "No exultation, Mr. Wyndham, no questions; don't ask me what I think of the speech; I can bear no triumph just now."

"No, indeed," cried he very civilly, "I will not, I promise you, and you may depend upon me."

He then spoke to James, regretting with much politeness that he had seen so little of him when he was his

neighbour in Norfolk, and attributing it to the load of India business he had carried into the country to study. I believe I have mentioned that Felbrig, Mr. Wyndham's seat, is within a few miles of my brother-in-law, Mr. Francis's house at Aylsham.

After this, however, ere we knew where we were, we began commenting upon the speech. It was impossible to refuse applause to its able delivery and skilful eloquence; I, too, who so long had been amongst the warmest personal admirers of Mr. Burke, could least of all withhold from him the mite of common justice. In talking over the speech, therefore, while I kept clear of its purpose, I gave to its execution the amplest praise; and I secretly grieved that I held back more blame than I had commendation to bestow.

He had the good breeding to accept it just as I offered it, without claiming more, or endeavouring to entangle me in my approbation. He even checked himself, voluntarily, when he was asking me some question of my conversion, by stopping short, and saying, "But, no, it is not fair to press you; I must not do that."

"You cannot," cried I, "press me too much, with respect to my admiration of the ability of the speaker; I never more wished to have written short-hand. I must content myself, however, that I have at least a long memory."

He regretted very much that I had missed the first opening of the speech, and gave me some account of it, adding, I might judge what I had lost then by what I had heard now.

I frankly confessed that the two stories which Mr. Burke had narrated had nearly overpowered me; they were pictures of cruelty so terrible.

"But General Caillot," cried he, smiling, "the hero

of one of them, you would be tempted to like: he is as mild, as meek, as gentle in his manners——"

I saw he was going to say "As your Mr. Hastings;" but I interrupted him hastily, calling out, "Hush! hush! Mr. Wyndham! would you wish me in future to take to nothing but lions?"

He laughed, but gave up the comparison, and only pointed out to me *his* Mr. Francis, with a very warm *éloge* on his deserts, and an animated reprobation of the ill-usage he had met with in his own country; finishing with an exclamation against the "*unwilling gratitude of base mankind.*"

"How admirably," he continued, "did Burke introduce that quotation from Horace! I must not presume to translate Latin to you, but——"

I assured him of his mistake, and he proceeded in his explanation. It was apropos to the report that the Begums themselves had thanked Mr. Hastings for his services to them; but they were thanks, he said, such as these: "You have taken from us everything—light, food, and raiment—*leave* us, however; *go*, and we yet will *thank* you."

I told him it reminded me of a speech in the 'Old Woman's Magazine,' where a poor gentleman, during the time that the women all wore immense hoops, was beat about so unmercifully in the streets, that he exclaimed, "Pray, ladies, let me but make interest to walk in the kennel."

We then went into various other particulars of the speech, till Mr. Wyndham observed that Mr. Hastings was looking up, and, after examining him some time, said he did not like his countenance.

I could have told him that he is generally reckoned extremely like himself; but after such an observation I

would not venture, and only said, "Indeed, he is cruelly altered: it was not so he looked when I conceived for him that prepossession I have owned to you."

"Altered, is he?" cried he, biting his lips and looking somewhat shocked.

"Yes, and who can wonder? Indeed, it is quite affecting to see him sit there to hear such things."

"I did not see him," cried he eagerly; "I did not think it right to look at him during the speech, nor from the Committee-Box; and, therefore, I constantly kept my eyes another way."

I had a great inclination to beg he would recommend a little of the same decency to some of his colleagues, among whom are three or four that even stand on the benches to examine him, during the severest strictures, with opera-glasses.

Looking at him again now, myself, I could not see his pale face and haggard eye without fresh concern, nor forbear to exclaim, "Indeed, Mr. Wyndham, this is a dreadful business!"

He seemed a little struck with this exclamation; and, lest it should offend him, I hastened to add, in apology, "You look so little like a bloody-minded prosecutor, that I forget I ought not to say these things to you."

"Oh!" cried he, laughing, "we are only prosecutors there—(pointing to the Committee-Box), we are at play up here."

But afterwards, with more seriousness, he spoke of my conversion as of a thing indispensable; and, to soften its difficulty, he added, "To give up a favourable opinion is certainly always painful; but here—if admiration is so pleasant to you—you need not part with it; you have but to make a transfer," pointing to Mr. Burke.

"I have no occasion for such a transfer," said I, "to

admire Mr. Burke, for he has long had my warmest admiration; I was even, originally, almost bewitched by him."

"I know it," cried he, with great quickness; but whether his knowledge arose from what had dropped from myself, or what he had heard from others, he did not explain.

"But the prepossession *there*," he continued, looking at Mr. Hastings, "cannot be so hard to root out; it cannot be of long standing. Pluck it out; pluck it out at once."

"Will you, can you pardon me," cried I, "if I venture to say that I—who am not of that Committee—must wait, ere I change, to hear what may come from the other side?"

These were rather bold words; but he politely assented, though with a conscious sort of smile, that seemed to say, "You will not, then, take our words?"

Here we dropped the discussion.

I wished much to know when he was himself to speak, and made sundry inquiries relative to the progress of the several harangues, but all without being comprehended, till at length I cried, "In short, Mr. Wyndham, I want to know when everybody speaks."

He started, and cried with precipitancy, "Do you mean me?"

"Yes."

"No, I hope not; I hope you have no wants about my miserable speaking?"

I only laughed, and we talked for some time of other things; and then, suddenly, he burst forth with, "But you have really made me a little uneasy by what you dropped just now."

"And what was that?"

"Something like an intention of hearing me."

"O, if that depended wholly on myself, I should certainly do it."

"No, I hope not! I would not have you here on any account. If you have formed any expectations, it will give me great concern."

"Pray don't be uneasy about that; for whatever expectations I may have formed, I had much rather have them disappointed."

"Ho, ho!—you come, then," cried he, pointedly, "to hear me, by way of soft ground to rest upon, after the hard course you will have been run with these higher-spirited speakers?"

As I could not agree to this, it led to a discourse upon public speaking, in which he told me that, "in his little essays" in the House of Commons, the very sound of his own voice almost stopped and confounded him; and the first moment he heard nothing else, he felt quite lost, quite gone! He was remiss, he owned, to himself, in not practising it more, especially now, where an harangue of such importance was impending; but added that he generally lost the opportunity before he acquired the resolution.

"O," cried I, "you will do very well,—I am afraid!"

He could not but laugh; yet continued to regret that everything now was so hastened on, he should not be at all prepared for the enterprise.

"Perhaps," cried I, "that may be all the better—the worse, I mean!—for my wishes! When there is anything to come out, I fancy it is commonly with a happier effect from the spur of surprise and hurry than from time and study."

"That may be true in general, and I believe it is, when there *is* anything to come!—Here, however, something of

previous thought is absolutely necessary: mere facts will not do, where an audience is so mixed and miscellaneous; some other ingredients are indispensably requisite, in order to seize and secure attention."

"They will all come! and the more, perhaps, for a little agitation, and surely with greater power and effect: for where there is sufficient study for all the rules to be strictly observed, I should think there must be an air of something so practised, so artificial, as rather to harden than affect the hearts of the hearers. When the facts are once stated, I cannot but suppose they must have much more force where followed only by unstudied arguments, and by comments rising at the moment, than by any laboured preparations; and have far more chance of making a deep impression, because more natural and more original."

He allowed there might be truth in this, but seemed too diffident of his powers to trust them to the impulse of the moment in such an assembly. However, he talked over the point very openly, and told me he believed *Irony* the ablest weapon of oratory.

He desired me not to fail to come and hear Fox. My chances, I told him, were very uncertain, and Friday was the earliest of them. "He speaks on Thursday," cried he, "and indeed you should hear him."

"Thursday is my worst chance of all," I answered, "for it is the court-day."

"And is there no dispensation?" cried he; and then, recollecting himself, and looking very archly at Mr. Fox, who was just below us, he added, "No,—true—not for him!"

"Not for any body!" cried I; "on a court-day my attendance is as necessary, and I am dressed out as fine, and almost as stiff, as those heralds are here."

I then told him what were my Windsor days, and begged he would not seize one of them to speak himself.

"By no means," cried he, quite seriously, "would I have you here!—stay away, and only let me hope for your good wishes."

"I shall be quite sincere," cried I, laughing, "and own to you that stay away I shall not, if I can possibly come; but as to my good wishes, I have not, in this case, one to give you!"

He heard this with a start that was almost a jump. "What!" he exclaimed, "would you lay me under your judgment without your mercy?—Why this is heavier than any penal statute!"

He spoke this with an energy that made Mr. Fox look up, to see to whom he addressed his speech: but before I could answer it, poor James, tired of keeping his promised circumspection, advanced his head to join the conversation; and so much was I alarmed lest he should burst forth into some unguarded expression of his vehement hatred to the cause, which could not but have irritated its prosecutors, that the moment I perceived his motion and intention, I abruptly took my leave of Mr. Wyndham, and surprised poor James into a necessity of following me.

Indeed I was now most eager to depart, from a circumstance that made me feel infinitely awkward. Mr. Burke himself was just come forward, to speak to a lady a little below me; Mr. Wyndham had instantly turned towards me, with a look of congratulation that seemed rejoicing for me, that the orator of the day, and of the cause, was approaching; but I retreated involuntarily back, and shirked meeting his eyes. He perceived in an instant the mistake he was making, and went on with his discourse as if Mr. Burke was out of the Hall. In a

minute, however, Mr. Burke himself saw me, and he bowed with the most marked civility of manner; my courtesy was the most ungrateful, distant, and cold; I could not do otherwise; so hurt I felt to see him the head of such a cause, so impossible I found it to utter one word of admiration for a performance whose nobleness was so disgraced by its tenour, and so conscious was I the whole time that at such a moment to say nothing must seem almost an affront, that I hardly knew which way to look, or what to do with myself. How happy and how proud would any distinction from such a man have made me, had he been engaged in a pursuit of which I could have thought as highly as I think of the abilities with which he has conducted it!

In coming downstairs I met Lord Walsingham and Sir Lucas Pepys. "Well, Miss Burney," cried the first, "what say you to a Governor-General of India now?"

"Only this," cried I, "that I do not dwell much upon any question till I have heard its answer!"

Sir Lucas then attacked me too. All the world against poor Mr. Hastings, though without yet knowing what his materials may be for clearing away these aspersions!

PART III.

1788.

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PART III.

1788.

VERY concise will be my accounts till I come again to the trial, to relate my third time of being at Westminster Hall.

The Queen most graciously, in the mean while, made me a present of all the charges and answers as they had been printed for the Lords at the opening, when certainly my hearing had not made them very familiar to me.

I have read them with great eagerness, and cannot but feel added curiosity and earnestness for the proofs which alone can balance accounts between assertions so bold and contradictions so positive. When you read them, my dearest friends, whatever parts you pass over lightly, do not fail to read entirely the conclusion of the defence. You will find it extremely touching, yet manly, undaunted, and high-minded, drawn up with equal consciousness of superior abilities, unrequited services, and injured honour.

The Queen also proposed to me that I should go to the new opera with my father and my little sister Sarah, who stands mighty well here, from her very pretty performance in painting me a birth-day trimming.

The Queen lent me, too, the new book of Miss More's, which was just published, "The Influence on Society of the Manners of the Great." Have you read it? The design is very laudable, and speaks a mind earnest to

promote religion and its duties; but it sometimes points out imperfections almost unavoidable, with amendments almost impracticable.

Her Majesty at this time was a little indisposed, and we missed going to Windsor for a fortnight, during which I received visits of inquiry from divers of her ladies—Mrs. Brudenell, Bed-chamber Woman; Miss Brudenell, her daughter, and a Maid of Honour elect, would but one of that class please to marry or die; Mrs. Tracy, Miss Ariana Egerton, Mrs. Herbert, all likewise Bed-chamber Women (Mrs. Fielding and her daughters are still in Paris); Miss Tryon and Miss Beauclerk, Maids of Honour, neither of them in a fair way to oblige Miss Brudenell, being nothing approaching to death, though far advanced from marriage; and various others; with good Lady Effingham continually.

Miss Brudenell's only present hope is said to be in Miss Fuzilier, who is reported, with what foundation I know not, to be likely to become Mrs. Fairly. She is pretty, learned, and accomplished; yet, from the very little I have seen of her, I should not think she had heart enough to satisfy Mr. Fairly, in whose character the leading trait is the most acute sensibility. However, I have heard he has disclaimed all such intention, with high indignation at the report, as equally injurious to the delicacy both of Miss Fuzilier and himself, so recently after his loss.

And now for my third Westminster Hall, which, by the Queen's own indulgent order, was with dear Charlotte and Sarah.

It was also to hear Mr. Fox, and I was very glad to let Mr. Wyndham see a "dispensation" was attainable, though the cause was accidental, since the Queen's cold prevented the drawing-room.

We went early, yet did not get very good places. The Managers at this time were all in great wrath at a decision made the night before by the Lords, upon a dispute between them and the Counsel for Mr. Hastings, which turned entirely in favour of the latter. When they entered their Committee-Box, led on as usual by Mr. Burke, they all appeared in the extremest and most angry emotion.

When they had caballed together some time, Mr. Wyndham came up among the Commons, to bow to some ladies of his acquaintance, and then to speak to me; but he was so agitated and so disconcerted, he could name nothing but their recent provocation from the Lords. He seemed quite enraged, and broke forth with a vehemence I should not much have liked to have excited. They had experienced, he said, in the late decision, the most injurious treatment that could be offered them: the Lords had resolved upon saving Mr. Hastings, and the Chancellor had taken him under the grossest protection. "In short," said he, "the whole business is taken out of our hands, and they have all determined to save him."

"Have they indeed?" cried I, with involuntary eagerness.

"Yes," answered he, perceiving how little I was shocked for him, "it is now all going your way."

I could not pretend to be sorry, and only inquired if Mr. Fox was to speak.

"I know not," cried he, hastily, "what is to be done, who will speak, or what will be resolved. Fox is in a rage! Oh, a rage!"

"But yet I hope he will speak. I have never heard him."

"No? not the other day?"

"No; I was then at Windsor."

"Oh yes, I remember you told me you were going. You have lost every thing by it! To-day will be nothing; he is all rage! On Tuesday he was great indeed. You should have heard him then. And Burke, you should have heard the conclusion of Burke's speech; 'twas the noblest ever uttered by man!"

"So I have been told."

"To-day you will hear nothing—know nothing,—there will be no opportunity; Fox is all fury."

I told him he almost frightened me; for he spoke in a tremor himself that was really unpleasant.

"Oh!" cried he, looking at me half reproachfully, half good humouredly, "Fox's fury is with the Lords—not there!" pointing to Mr. Hastings.

I saw by this he entered into my feelings in the midst of his irritability, and that gave me courage to cry out, "I am glad of that at least!"

"O yes! yes!" cried he, a little impetuously, "all our complaints, our indignities, our difficulties—all those are but balm to you."

And he shook his head and his hand at me tremulously and reproachfully, rising at the same time to be gone.

"Oh, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, half laughing, yet half afraid, "'soften a little of that flint,' as Mr. Sterling says, I beseech you."

A smile forced its way to his features whether he would or not; but he very earnestly said, "And do you still, and can you after what you have heard, retain any esteem for Mr. Hastings?"

"Why—a—little!" answered I, hesitatingly.

"What, still! after what you have heard!"

"Won't you allow me any?" cried I.

"If it is half what it was—"

"Not half!—Oh yes, allow me half!"

"What, half! after all you have heard!"

And again shaking his head and his hand as if quite scandalized for me, he hurried back to his den, and I saw no more of him.

Mr. Fox spoke five hours, and with a violence that did not make me forget what I had heard of his being in such a fury; but I shall never give any account of these speeches, as they will all be printed. I shall only say a word of the speakers as far as relates to my own feelings about them, and that briefly will be to say that I adhere to Mr. Burke, whose oratorical powers appeared to me far more gentleman-like, scholar-like, and fraught with true genius than those of Mr. Fox. It may be I am prejudiced by old kindnesses of Mr. Burke, and it may be that the countenance of Mr. Fox may have turned me against him, for it struck me to have a boldness in it quite hard and callous. However, it is little matter how much my judgment in this point may err. With you, my dear friends, I have nothing further to do than simply to give it; and even should it be wrong, it will not very essentially injure you in your politics.

* * * * *

I have very little to say till again I beg you to accompany me to Westminster Hall.

I must mention, however, that in a visit from Mrs. Ariana Egerton she told me that she was very intimate with Mr. Wyndham, and would herself acquaint me, by a note, of the day upon which he meant to speak. This I desired very much, as I now more wish to hear him than any of the set.

She told me, too, such kind speeches made of me by Mr. Burke, whom she often meets at Bulstrode, at the Duke of Portland's, that they went to my heart with fresh

dismay, in reflecting on the violent and unjust part he now seems acting.

Again, on the fourth time of my attendance at Westminster Hall, honest James was my esquire.

We were so late from divers accidents that we did not enter till the same moment with the prisoner. In descending the steps I heard my name exclaimed with surprise, and looking before me, I saw myself recognised by Mrs. Crewe. "Miss Burney," she cried, "who could have thought of seeing you here!"

Very obligingly she made me join her immediately, which, as I was with no lady, was a very desirable circumstance; and though her political principles are well known, and, of course, lead her to side with the enemies of Mr. Hastings, she had the good sense to conclude me on the other side, and the delicacy never once to distress me by any discussion of the prosecution.

I was much disappointed to find nothing intended for this day's trial but hearing evidence; no speaker was preparing; all the attention was devoted to the witnesses.

Mr. Adam, Mr. Dudley Long, and others that I know not, came from the Committee to chat with Mrs. Crewe; but soon after one came not so unknown to me—Mr. Burke; and Mrs. Crewe, seeing him ascend, named him to me, but was herself a little surprised to see it was his purpose to name himself, for he immediately made up to me, and with an air of such frank kindness that, could I have forgot his errand in that Hall, would have made me receive him as formerly, when I was almost fascinated with him.

But far other were my sensations. I trembled as he approached me, with conscious change of sentiments, and with a dread of his pressing from me a disapprobation he might resent, but which I knew not how to disguise.

"Near-sighted as I am," cried he, "I knew you immediately. I knew you from our box the moment I looked up; yet how long it is, except for an instant here, since I have seen you!"

"Yes," I hesitatingly answered, "I—live in a monastery now."

He said nothing to this. He felt, perhaps, it was meant to express my inaccessibility.

I inquired after Mrs. Burke. He recounted to me the particulars of his sudden seizure when he spoke last, from the cramp in his stomach, owing to a draught of cold water which he drank in the midst of the heat of his oration.

I could not even wear a semblance of being sorry for him on this occasion; and my cold answers made him soon bend down to speak with Mrs. Crewe.

I was seated in the next row to her, just above.

Mr. Wyndham was now talking with her. My whole curiosity and desire being to hear him, which had induced me to make a point of coming this time, I was eager to know if my chance was wholly gone. "You are aware," I cried, when he spoke to me, "what brings me here this morning!"

"No;" he protested he knew not.

Mrs. Crewe, again a little surprised, I believe, at this second opposition acquaintance, began questioning how often I had attended this trial.

Mr. Wyndham, with much warmth of regret, told her very seldom, and that I had lost Mr. Burke on his best day.

I then turned to speak to Mr. Burke, that I might not seem listening, for they interspersed various civilities upon my peculiar right to have heard all the great speeches, but Mr. Burke was in so profound a reverie he did not hear me.

I wished Mr. Wyndham had not either, for he called upon him aloud, "Mr. Burke, Miss Burney speaks to you!"

He gave me his immediate attention with an air so full of respect that it quite shamed me.

"Indeed," I cried, "I had never meant to speak to Mr. Burke again after hearing him in Westminster Hall. I had meant to keep at least that *geographical timidity*."

I alluded to an expression in his great speech of "geographical morality" which had struck me very much. He laughed heartily, instantly comprehending me, and assured me it was an idea that had occurred to him on the moment he had uttered it, wholly without study.

A little general talk followed; and then, one of the Lords rising to question some of the evidence, he said he must return to his Committee and business,—very flatteringly saying, in quitting his post, "This is the first time I have played truant from the Manager's Box."

However I might be obliged to him, which sincerely I felt, I was yet glad to have him go. My total ill will to all he was about made his conversation merely a pain to me.

I did not feel the same with regard to Mr. Wyndham. He is not the prosecutor, and seems endowed with so much liberality and candour that it not only encourages me to speak to him what I think, but leads me to believe he will one day or other reflect upon joining a party so violent as a stain to the independence of his character.

Almost instantly he came forward to the place Mr. Burke had vacated.

"Are you approaching," I cried, "to hear my upbraidings?"

"Why—I don't know," cried he, looking half alarmed.

"Oh! I give you warning, if you come you must ex-

pect them; so my invitation is almost as pleasant as the man's in 'Measure for Measure,' who calls to Master Barnardine, 'Won't you come down to be hanged?'"

"But how," cried he, "have I incurred your upbraidings?"

"By bringing me here," I answered, "only to disappoint me."

"Did I bring you here?"

"Yes, by telling me you were to speak to-day."

He protested he could never have made such an assertion. I explained myself, reminding him he had told me he was certainly to speak before the recess; and that therefore, when I was informed this was to be the last day of trial till after the recess, I concluded I should be right, but found myself so utterly wrong as to hear nothing but such evidence as I could not even understand, because it was so uninteresting I could not even listen to it.

"How strangely," he exclaimed, "are we all moulded, that nothing ever in this mortal life, however pleasant in itself, and however desirable from its circumstances, can come to us without alloy—not even flattery; for here, at this moment, all the high gratification I should feel, and I am well disposed to feel it thoroughly in supposing you could think it worth your while to come hither in order to hear me, is kept down and subdued by the consciousness how much I must disappoint you."

"Not at all," cried I; "the worse you speak, the better for my side of the question."

He laughed, but confessed the agitation of his spirits was so great in the thought of that speech, whenever he was to make it, that it haunted him in fiery dreams in his sleep.

"Sleep!" cried I; "do you ever sleep?"

He stared a little, but I added with pretended dryness, "Do any of you that live down there in that prosecutor's den ever sleep in your beds? I should have imagined that, had you even attempted it, the anticipating ghost of Mr. Hastings would have appeared to you in the dead of the night, and have drawn your curtains, and glared ghastly in your eyes. I do heartily wish Mr. Tickell would send you that 'Anticipation' at once!"

This idea furnished us with sundry images, till, looking down upon Mr. Hastings, with an air a little moved, he said, "I am afraid the most insulting thing we do by him is coming up hither to show ourselves so easy and disengaged, and to enter into conversation with the ladies."

"But I hope," cried I, alarmed, "he does not see that."

"Why your caps," cried he, "are much in your favour for concealment; they are excellent screens to all but the first row!"

I saw him, however, again look at the poor, and, I sincerely believe, much-injured prisoner, and as I saw also he still bore with my open opposition, I could not but again seize a favourable moment for being more serious with him.

"Ah, Mr. Wyndham," I cried, "I have not forgot what dropped from you on the first day of this trial."

He looked a little surprised. "You," I continued, "probably have no remembrance of it, for you have been living ever since down there; but I was more touched with what you said then, than with all I have since heard from all the others, and probably than with all I shall hear even from you again when you mount the rostrum."

"You conclude," cried he, looking very sharp, "I shall then be better steeled against that fatal candour?"

"In fact," cried I, "Mr. Wyndham, I do really believe

your steeling to be factitious, notwithstanding you took pains to assure me your candour was but the deeper malice; and yet I will own, when once I have heard your speech, I have little expectation of ever having the honour of conversing with you again."

"And why?" cried he, starting back; "what am I to say that you denounce such a forfeit beforehand?"

I could not explain; I left him to imagine; for, should he prove as violent and as personal as the rest, I had no objection to his previously understanding I could have no future pleasure in discoursing with him.

"I think, however," I continued, with a laugh, "that since I have settled this future taciturnity, I have a fair right in the mean while to say whatever comes uppermost."

He agreed to this with great approvance.

"Molière, you know, in order to obtain a natural opinion of his plays, applied to an old woman; you, upon the same principle, to obtain a natural opinion of political matters, should apply to an ignorant one;—for you will never, I am sure, gain it *down there*."

He smiled, whether he would or not, but protested this was the severest stricture upon his Committee that had ever yet been uttered.

I told him as it was the last time he was likely to hear unbiassed sentiments upon this subject, it was right they should be spoken very intelligibly.

"And permit me," I said, "to begin with what strikes me the most. Were Mr. Hastings really the culprit he is represented, he would never stand there."

"Certainly," cried he, with a candour he could not suppress, "there seems something favourable in that; it has a good look; but assure yourself he never expected to see this day."

"But would he, if guilty, have waited its chance? Was not all the world before him? Could he not have chosen any other place of residence?"

"Yes;—but the shame, the disgrace of a flight?"

"What is it all to the shame and disgrace of convicted guilt?"

He made no answer.

"And now," I continued, "shall I tell you, just in the same simple style, how I have been struck with the speakers and speeches I have yet heard?"

He eagerly begged me to go on.

"The whole of this public speaking is quite new to me. I was never in the House of Commons. It is all a new creation to me."

"And what a creation it is!" he exclaimed; "how noble, how elevating! *and*—what an inhabitant for it!"

I received his compliment with great courtesy, as an encouragement for me to proceed.

I then began upon Mr. Burke; but I must give you a very brief summary of my speech, as it could only be intelligible at full length from your having heard his. I told him that his opening had struck me with the highest admiration of his powers, from the eloquence, the imagination, the fire, the diversity of expression, and the ready flow of language, with which he seemed gifted, in a most superior manner, for any and every purpose to which rhetoric could lead. "And when he came to his two narratives," I continued, "when he related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me; I felt my cause lost. I could hardly keep on my seat. My eyes dreaded a single glance towards a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor, that they might be saved so painful a sight. I had no hope he could clear himself; not ano-

ther wish in his favour remained. But when from this narration Mr. Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation—when the charges of rapacity, cruelty, tyranny were general, and made with all the violence of personal detestation, and continued and aggravated without any further fact or illustration; then there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice; and, in short, so little of proof to so much of passion, that in a very short time I began to lift up my head, my seat was no longer uneasy, my eyes were indifferent which way they looked, or what object caught them; and before I was myself aware of the declension of Mr. Burke's powers over my feelings, I found myself a mere spectator in a public place, and looking all around it, with my opera-glass in my hand!"

His eyes sought the ground on hearing this, and with no other comment than a rather uncomfortable shrug of the shoulders, he expressively and concisely said—"I comprehend you perfectly!"

This was a hearing too favourable to stop me; and Mr. Hastings constantly before me was an animation to my spirits which nothing less could have given me, to a manager of such a Committee!

I next, therefore, began upon Mr. Fox; and I ran through the general matter of his speech, with such observations as had occurred to me in hearing it. "His violence," I said, "had that sort of monotony that seemed to result from its being factitious, and I felt less pardon for that than for any extravagance in Mr. Burke, whose excesses seemed at least to be unaffected, and, if they spoke against his judgment, spared his probity. Mr. Fox appeared to have no such excuse; he looked all good humour and negligent ease the instant before he began a speech of uninterrupted passion and vehemence, and he

wore the same careless and disengaged air the very instant he had finished. A display of talents in which the inward man took so little share could have no powers of persuasion to those who saw them in that light; and therefore, however their brilliancy might be admired, they were useless to their cause, for they left the mind of the hearer in the same state that they found it."

After a short vindication of his friends, he said, "You have never heard Pitt? You would like him beyond any other competitor."

And then he made his panegyric in very strong terms, allowing him to be equal, ready, splendid, wonderful!—he was in constant astonishment himself at his powers and success;—his youth and inexperience never seemed against him: though he mounted to his present height after and in opposition to such a vortex of splendid abilities, yet, alone and unsupported, he coped with them all! And then, with conscious generosity, he finished a most noble *éloge* with these words: "Take—you *may* take—the testimony of an enemy—a very confirmed enemy of Mr. Pitt's!"

Not *very* confirmed, I hope! A man so liberal can harbour no enmity of that dreadful malignancy that sets mitigation at defiance for ever.

He then asked me if I had heard Mr. Grey?

"No," I answered; "I can come but seldom, and therefore I reserved myself for to-day."

"You really fill me with compunction!" he cried. "But if, indeed, I have drawn you into so cruel a waste of your time, the only compensation I can make you will be carefully to keep from you the day when I shall really speak."

"No," I answered, "I must hear you; for that is all I now wait for to make up my final opinion."

"And does it all rest with me?—'Dreadful responsibility!'—as Mr. Hastings powerfully enough expresses himself in his narrative."

"And can you allow an expression of Mr. Hastings's to be powerful?—That is not like Mr. Fox, who, in acknowledging some one small thing to be right, in his speech, checked himself for the acknowledgment by hastily saying '*Though I am no great admirer of the genius and abilities of the gentleman at the bar;*'—as if he had pronounced a sentence in a parenthesis, between hooks,—so rapidly he flew off to what he could positively censure."

"And *hooks* they were indeed!" he cried.

"Do not inform against me," I continued, "and I will give you a little more of Molière's old woman."

He gave me his *parole*, and looked very curious.

"Well then,—amongst the things most striking to an unbiassed spectator was that action of the Orator that led him to look full at the prisoner upon every hard part of the charge. There was no courage in it, since the accused is so situated he must make no answer; and, *not* being courage, to *Molière's old woman* it could only seem *cruelty!*"

He quite gave up this point without a defence, except telling me it was from the habit of the House of Commons, as Fox, who chiefly had done this, was a most good-humoured man, and by nothing but habit would have been betrayed into such an error.

"And another thing," I cried, "which strikes those ignorant of senatorial licence, is this,—that those perpetual repetitions, from all the speakers, of inveighing against the power, the rapacity, the tyranny, the despotism of the *Gentleman at the Bar,* being uttered now, when we see him without any power, without even liberty—confined

to that spot, and the only person in this large assembly who may not leave it when he will;—when we *see* such a contrast to all we *hear*, we think the simplest relation would be sufficient for all purposes of justice, as all that goes beyond plain narrative, instead of sharpening indignation, only calls to mind the greatness of the fall, and raises involuntary commiseration!"

"And you wish," he cried, "to hear me? How you add to my difficulties!—for now, instead of thinking of Lords, Commons, Bishops, and Judges before me, and of the delinquent and his counsel at my side, I shall have every thought and faculty swallowed up in thinking of who is behind me!"

This civil speech put an end to Molière's old woman and her comments; and not to have him wonder at her unnecessarily, I said "Now, then, Mr. Wyndham, shall I tell you fairly what it is that induced me to say all this to you?—Dr. Johnson!—what I have heard from him of Mr. Wyndham has been the cause of all this hazardous openness."

"'Twas a noble cause," cried he, well pleased, "and noble has been its effect! I loved him, indeed, sincerely. He has left a chasm in my heart—a chasm in the world! There was in him what I never saw before, what I never shall find again! I lament every moment as lost, that I might have spent in his society, and yet gave to any other."

How it delighted me to hear this just praise, thus warmly uttered!—I could speak from this moment upon no other subject. I told him how much it gratified me; and we agreed in comparing notes upon the very few opportunities his real remaining friends could now meet with of a similar indulgence, since so little was his intrinsic worth understood, while so deeply all his foibles had been

felt, that in general it was merely a matter of pain to hear him even named.

How did we then emulate each other in calling to mind all his excellences!

"His abilities," cried Mr. Wyndham, "were gigantic, and always at hand; no matter for the subject, he had information ready for everything. He was fertile,—he was universal!"

My praise of him was of a still more solid kind,—his principles, his piety, his kind heart under all its rough coating: but I need not repeat what I said,—my dear friends know every word.

I reminded him of the airings, in which he gave his time with his carriage for the benefit of Dr. Johnson's health. "What an advantage!" he cried, "was all that to myself! I had not merely an admiration, but a tenderness for him,—the more I knew him, the stronger it became. We never disagreed; even in politics, I found it rather words than things in which we differed."

"And if you could so love him," cried I, "knowing him only in a general way, what would you have felt for him had you known him at Streatham?"

I then gave him a little history of his manners and way of life there,—his good humour, his sport, his kindness, his sociability, and all the many excellent qualities that, in the world at large, were by so many means obscured.

He was extremely interested in all I told him, and regrettingly said he had only known him in his worst days, when his health was upon its decline, and infirmities were crowding fast upon him.

"Had he lived longer," he cried, "I am satisfied I should have taken to him almost wholly. I should have taken him to my heart! have looked up to him, applied to him, advised with him in all the most essential occur-

rences of my life! I am sure, too,—though it is a proud assertion,—he would have liked me, also, better, had we mingled more. I felt a mixed fondness and reverence growing so strong upon me, that I am satisfied the closest union would have followed his longer life."

I then mentioned how kindly he had taken his visit to him at Lichfield during a severe illness. "And he left you," I said, "a book?"

"Yes," he answered, "and he gave me one, also, just before he died. 'You will look into this sometimes,' he said, 'and not refuse to remember whence you had it.'"

And then he added he had heard him speak of me,—and with so much kindness, that I was forced not to press a recapitulation: yet now I wish I had heard it.

Just before we broke up, "There is nothing," he cried, with energy, "for which I look back upon myself with severer discipline than the time I have thrown away in other pursuits, that might else have been devoted to that wonderful man!"

He then said he must be gone,—he was one in a Committee of the House, and could keep away no longer. "Yet I go," he cried, "to the driest work!—to the wool business!"

"What wool business?"

"Wool and worsted!" repeated he, with disgust, "the Bill now in debate. And to leave such an assembly, such society as this, for wool and worsted! for—for—" he hesitated and laughed, and then, in a whisper, added, "for Mr. Simkins and Mr. Hobson!"

I drew back,—but he leant forwarder, over the little partition, that divides the Chamberlain's Box from the House of Commons, and, with a very arch earnestness, exclaimed, "Nay, nay!—let me have this little retaliation! 'tis very little, indeed, for what I owe!"

I stopped him, however, by answering only to his wool and worsted lamentation: "Who," cried I, "shall pity the toils and labours of the poorer class of mankind, when a den such as that (pointing to the Managers' Box) can find such volunteers?"

He laughed and shook his head, and took his leave.

And certainly, thought I to myself, to earn daily bread may be less fatiguing than to earn daily abuse.

I then again joined in with Mrs. Crewe, who, meantime, had had managers without end to converse with her.

But, very soon after, Mr. Burke mounted to the House of Commons again, and took the place left by Mr. Wyndham.

I inquired very much after Mrs. Burke, and we talked of the spectacle, and its fine effect; and I ventured to mention, allusively, some of the digressive parts of the great speech in which I had heard him: but I saw him anxious for speaking more to the point, and as I could not talk to him—the leading prosecutor—with that frankness of opposing sentiments which I used to Mr. Wyndham, I was anxious only to avoid talking at all; and so brief was my speech, and so long my silences, that, of course, he was soon wearied into a retreat. Had he not acted such a part, with what pleasure should I have exerted myself to lengthen his stay!

Yet he went not in wrath: for, before the close, he came yet a third time, to say "I do not pity you for having to sit there so long, for, with you, sitting can now be no punishment."

"No," cried I, "I may take rest now for a twelvemonth back."

His son also came to speak to me; but, not long after, Mrs. Crewe called upon me to say, "Miss Burney, Mr.

Sheridan begs me to introduce him to you, for he thinks you have forgot him."

I did not feel very comfortable in this; the part he acts would take from me all desire for his notice, even were his talents as singular as they are celebrated. Cold, therefore, was my reception of his salutations, though as civil as I could make it. He talked a little over our former meeting at Mrs. Cholmondeley's, and he reminded me of what he had there urged and persuaded with all his might, namely, that I would write a comedy; and he now reproached me for my total disregard of his counsel and opinion.

I made little or no answer, for I am always put out by such sort of discourse, especially when entered upon with such abruptness.

Recollecting, then, that 'Cecilia' had been published since that time, he began a very florid flourish; saying he was in my debt greatly, not only for reproaches about what I had neglected, but for fine speeches about what I had performed. I hastily interrupted him with a fair retort, exclaiming—"O! if fine speeches may now be made, I ought to begin first—but know not where I should end!" I then asked after Mrs. Sheridan, and he soon after left me.

Mrs. Crewe was very obligingly solicitous our renewed acquaintance should not drop here; she asked me to name any day for dining with her, or to send to her at any time when I could arrange a visit: but I was obliged to decline it, on the general score of wanting time.

In the conclusion of the day's business there was much speaking, and I heard Mr. Fox, Mr. Burke, and several others; but the whole turned extremely in favour of the gentleman at the bar, to the great consternation of the accusers, whose own witnesses gave testimony, most unexpectedly, on the side of Mr. Hastings.

We came away very late; my dear James quite delighted with this happy catastrophe.

MARCH.—I have only memorandums of this month, as my dearest Fredy's being in town makes the chief part of its occurrences already known. What I have noted, take.

In our first journey to Windsor this month Mrs. Schwellenberg was still unable to go, and the party was Miss Planta, Colonel Welbred, Mr. Fairly, Sir Joseph Banks, and Mr. Turbulent.

Sir Joseph was so exceedingly shy that we made no sort of acquaintance at all. If instead of going round the world he had only fallen from the moon, he could not appear less versed in the usual modes of a tea-drinking party. But what, you will say, has a tea-drinking party to do with a botanist, a man of science, a president of the Royal Society?

I left him, however, to the charge of Mr. Turbulent, the two Colonels becoming, as usual, my joint supporters. And Mr. Turbulent, in revenge, ceased not one moment to watch Colonel Welbred, nor permitted him to say a word, or to hear an answer, without some most provoking grimace. Fortunately, upon this subject he cannot confuse me; I have not a sentiment about Colonel Welbred, for or against, that shrinks from examination.

To-night, however, my conversation was almost wholly with him. I would not talk with Mr. Turbulent; I could not talk with Sir Joseph Banks; and Mr. Fairly did not talk with me: he had his little son with him; he was grave and thoughtful, and seemed awake to no other pleasure than discoursing with that sweet boy.

I believe I have forgotten to mention that Mrs. Gwynn had called upon me one morning, in London, and left me a remarkably fine impression of Mr. Bunbury's 'Propagation of a Lie,' which I had mentioned when she was a Windsor, with regret at having never seen it. This I had produced here a month ago, to show to our tea-party, and just as it was in the hands of Colonel Welbred, his Majesty entered the room; and, after looking at it a little while, with much entertainment, he took it away to show it to the Queen and Princesses. I thought it lost; for Colonel Welbred said he concluded it would be thrown amidst the general hoard of curiosities, which, when once seen, are commonly ever after forgotten, yet which no one has courage to name and to claim.

This evening, however, the Colonel was successful, and recovered me my print. It is so extremely humorous that I was very glad to receive it, and in return I fetched my last sketches, which Mr. William Locke had most kindly done for me when here last autumn, and indulged Colonel Welbred with looking at them, charging him at the same time to guard them from a similar accident. I meant to show them myself to my royal mistress, who is all care, caution, and delicacy, to restore to the right owner whatever she receives with a perfect knowledge who the right owner is.

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MONDAY, MARCH 10TH—Was our nxet Windsor excursion.

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The rest of this month will be comprised in a few lines. The visit to Windsor at Easter, of my sweet and loved friends, has been related in the best manner to my Susannah by themselves.

All I saw of my dear Charlotte during the same

period, while in town, we have mentioned in more immediate communications.

My most loved, most revered Mrs. Delany I saw by every opportunity; and I received from her, at Easter, a letter written in her own hand, full of all the spirit, affection, fancy, and elegance with which she could have written at twenty-five. Dear, precious, invaluable lines! how shall I preserve and love them to my latest hour!

The second volume of the Letters of my reverenced Dr. Johnson was now lent me by her Majesty; I found in them very frequent mention of our name, but nothing to alarm in the reading it.

APRIL.—I have scarce a memorandum of this fatal month, in which I was bereft of the most revered of friends, and, perhaps, the most perfect of women. The two excellent persons to whom I write this will be the first to subscribe to her worth: nearest to it themselves, they are least conscious of the resemblance—but how consolatory to me is it to see and to feel it!

I am yet scarce able to settle whether to glide silently and resignedly—as far as I can—past all this melancholy deprivation, or whether to go back once more to the ever-remembered, ever-sacred scene that closed the earthly pilgrimage of my venerable, my sainted friend.

My beloved Susan and Fredy, I believe, know it all,—I had so recently parted with that sweet Fredy, and my Susan was waiting for me as I quitted the dying angel, just on the almost very moment of her beatitude. What a support to me was she in that awful, heart-piercing minute!—what a consolation!—what a blessing on the following mourning day!

I believe I heard the last words she uttered; I cannot

learn that she spoke after my reluctant departure. She finished with that cheerful resignation, that lively hope, which always broke forth when this last—awful—but, to her, most happy change seemed approaching.

Poor Miss P—— and myself were kneeling by her bedside. She had just given me her soft hand; without power to see either of us, she felt and knew us. O, never can I cease to cherish the remembrance of the sweet, benign, *holy* voice with which she pronounced a blessing upon us both! We kissed her; and, with a smile all beaming—I thought it so—of heaven, she seemed then to have taken leave of all earthly solicitudes. Yet then, even then, short as was her time on earth, the same soft human sensibility filled her for poor human objects. She would not bid us farewell—would not tell us she should speak with us no more—she only said, as she turned gently away from us, "And now—*I'll go to sleep!*"—But, O, in what a voice she said it! I felt what the sleep would be; so did poor Miss P——.

Poor, sweet, unfortunate girl! what deluges of tears did she shed over me! I promised her in that solemn moment my eternal regard, and she accepted this, my first protestation of any kind made to her, as some solace to her sufferings. Sacred shall I hold it!—sacred to my last hour. I believe, indeed, that angelic being had no other wish equally fervent.

How full of days and full of honours was her exit! I should blush at the affliction of my heart in losing her, could I ever believe excellence was given us here to love and to revere, yet gladly to relinquish. No, I cannot think it: the deprivation may be a chastisement, but not a joy. We may submit to it with patience; but we cannot have felt it with warmth where we lose it without pain. Outrageously to murmur, or sullenly to refuse

consolation—there, indeed, we are rebels against the dispensations of Providence—and rebels yet more weak than wicked; for what and whom is it we resist? what and who are *we* for such resistance?

She bid me—how often did she bid me—not grieve to lose her! Yet she said, in my absence, she knew I must, and sweetly regretted how much I must miss her. I teach myself to think of her felicity; and I never dwell upon that without faithfully feeling I would not desire her return. But, in every other channel in which my thoughts and feelings turn, I miss her with so sad a void! She was all that I dearly loved that remained within my reach; she was become the bosom repository of all the livelong day's transactions, reflections, feelings, and wishes. Her own exalted mind was all expanded when we met. I do not think she concealed from me the most secret thought of her heart; and while every word that fell from her spoke wisdom, piety, and instruction, her manner had an endearment, her spirits a native gaiety, and her smile, to those she loved, a tenderness so animated,—O, why do I go on entering into these details? Believe me, my dear friends, now—now that the bitterness of the first blow is over, and that the dreary chasm becomes more familiar to me, I *think* and *trust* I would not call her back.

What a message she left me! did you hear it? She told Mrs. Astley to say to me, when she was gone, how much comfort I must always feel in reflecting how much her latter days had been soothed by me.

Blessed spirit! sweet, fair, and beneficent on earth!—O, gently mayest thou now be at rest in that last home—to which fearfully I look forward, yet not hopeless; never that—and sometimes with fullest, fairest, sublimest expectations! If to her it be given to plead for those she

left, I shall not be forgotten in her prayer. Rest to her sweet soul! rest and everlasting peace to her gentle spirit! My dearest friends, I know not why I write all this; but I can hardly turn myself away and write anything else. You must not read a word of it to Mr. Locke.

I will now compile the heads of this sad month, and then end it with a conference long since promised with Mr. Wyndham, which may enliven it to my feeling friends and to my own pen.

I saw my poor lovely Miss P—— twice in every day, when in town, till after the last holy rites had been performed. I had no peace away from her; I thought myself fulfilling a wish of that sweet departed saint, in consigning all the time I had at my own disposal to solacing and advising with her beloved niece, who received this little offering with a sweetness that once again twined her round my heart.

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I was much blamed here, universally, for my conduct at this time, in keeping alive all my sorrow, by going so continually to that scene of distress. They knew not it was my only balm!—all for which I could willingly exert myself, and all that rested with me of power to pay the devotion of my heart to the revered manes of her who was gone.

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My poor Miss P—— came to Windsor to settle her affairs here, and again I spent with her every moment in my power, though, indeed, I could not enter that house with a very steady foot; but we could join our tears, and try to join promises and exhortations to submission.

Poor Mrs. Astley, the worthy humble friend, rather than servant, of the most excellent departed, was the

person whom, next to the niece, I most pitied. She was every way to be lamented: unfit for any other service, yet unprovided for in this, by the utter and most regretted inability of her much attached mistress, who frequently told me that leaving poor Astley unsettled hung heavy on her mind.

My dearest friends know the success I had in venturing to represent her worth and situation to my Royal Mistress. In the moment when she came to my room to announce His Majesty's gracious intention to pension Mrs. Astley here as housekeeper to the same house, I really could scarce withhold myself from falling prostrate at her feet: I never felt such a burst of gratitude but where I had no ceremonials to repress it.

Joseph, too, the faithful footman, I was most anxious to secure in some good service; and I related my wishes for him to General Cary, who procured for him a place with his daughter, Lady Amherst.

I forget if I have ever read you the sweet words that accompanied to me the kind legacies left me by my honoured friend—I believe not.

They were ordered to be sent me with the portrait of Sacharissa, and two medallions of their Majesties: they were originally written to accompany the legacy to the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd, as you may perceive by the style, but it was desired they might also be copied:—

> "I take this liberty, that my much esteemed and respected friend may sometimes recollect a person who was so sensible of the honour of $^{\text{his}}_{\text{her}}$ friendship, and who delighted so much in her conversation and works."

Need I—O, I am sure I need not—say with what tender, grateful, sorrowing joy I received these sweet pledges of her invaluable regard!

To these, by another codicil, was added the choice of one of her mosaic flowers. And, verbally, on the night but one before she died, she desired I might have her fine quarto edition of Shakspere, sweetly saying she had never received so much pleasure from him in any other way as through my reading.

What a heart overflowing with kindness, goodness, and benevolence was hers!—ever insensible to the noblest things she did; ever alive to the most trivial she received! She always appeared to me an angel before her time—O, may she now be a guardian, a guiding, and a pitying one!

All that voluntarily drew me from the lovely young sufferer at this time was my poor Mrs. Ord, who just now lost her youngest son, a very promising youth, who died in the East Indies.

This occasioned a division in my melancholy visits: I went to them both all that I was able, comforting to the best of my power my poor Miss P——, and receiving myself the most edifying lessons by witnessing the self-given comfort assumed by Mrs. Ord. She bore this stroke with a fortitude so truly religious, that I can never admire nor recollect it sufficiently. All her maternal feelings in this world were sunk in the superior maternal feelings of hoping her son happy, and beyond the reach of sublunary temptation to merited misery. She has a truly elevated mind—disinterested, sincere, pious, and firm. She admitted only Mr. and Mrs. Smelt and myself, and we passed several evenings all together, in moralizing sorrow.

My dear and kind Charlotte was in town all this month, and came to me with sweet and genuine affection every moment I could receive her, which was every mo-

ment that my attendance and these two houses of mourning did not engage me.

My friendly, anxious, and kind Miss Cambridge came to town also, to spend with me a consolatory morning, and I was truly grateful, and could not but revive the sooner for it. My beloved father came to me all he could—my dear Esther—all that I could covet to see on this sad event came.

The whole household, indeed, took a pitying interest in the great loss they knew me to sustain. I had messages, and inquiries, and visits from all.

But how sad was my re-entrance, and every re-entrance into Windsor!—bereft, irremediably, of all that could soften to me the total separation it causes between me and all my original and dearest friends.

It was, however, a very fortunate circumstance that for the two or three first comings Mr. Fairly happened to be of the King's party. Inured himself to sorrow, his soul was easily turned to pity; and far from censuring the affliction, or contemning the misfortunes, which were inferior to his own, his kind and feeling nature led him to no sensation but of compassion, which softened every feature of his face, and took place of all the hard traces of personal suffering which most severely had marked it. The tone of his voice was all in sympathy with this gentleness; and there was not an attention in his power to show me that he did not exert with the most benevolent and even flattering alacrity; interesting himself about my diet, my health, my exercise; proposing walks to me, and exhorting me to take them, and even intimating he should see that I did, were not his time all occupied by royal attendance.

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Poor Miss Baker lost her favourite nephew, George Drake, at the same time; and I went to spend one afternoon with her and her poor mother at the Salt-office, as Miss Cambridge thought it might a little revive them. There cannot be two more excellent people. I had never been able to manage a visit to them before, since I quitted home. We were now all in unison—all in sadness and seriousness, and fitted for being together.

The death of the worthy and ingenious Mr. Lightfoot happened also in this month, and just before that so deeply felt. It was very sudden; but I think he was a man so inwardly good and religious he was never unprepared.

Colonel Welbred's waiting was over with March: it would have been greatly to my regret had I been less unhappy. Colonel Manners succeeded; and with all his levity and spirits, showed a kind concern for me on this occasion that marked great good-nature and good-will.

Poor Mr. Bryant came once to dine with me, very sincerely joining in the lamentation of the month.

Mr. Turbulent during this period was so thrown from all his flights by my gravity and sadness, that he spent but little time with me, and seemed "therewith content;" yet he is a man of real good-nature, and ready and willing to take any trouble and labour, and run any hazard, and risk any expense, to serve or to oblige. But gravity is too much for him—he cannot support its weight—he had rather quarrel and be quarrelled with!

The part of this month in which my Susanna was in town I kept no journal at all. And I have now nothing to add but to copy those memorandums I made of the Trial on the day I went to Westminster Hall with my two friends, previously to the deep calamity on which I have dwelt. They told me they could not hear what

Mr. Wyndham said; and there is a spirit in his discourse more worth their hearing than any other thing I have now to write.

You may remember his coming straight from the managers, in their first procession to their box, and beginning at once a most animated attack—scarcely waiting first to say How do!—before he exclaimed "I have a great quarrel with you!—I am come now purposely to quarrel with you!—you have done me mischief irreparable—you have ruined me!"

"Have I?"

"Yes: and not only with what passed here, even setting that aside, though there was mischief enough here; but you have quite undone me since!"

I begged him to let me understand how.

"I will," he cried. "When the Trial broke up for the recess I went into the country, purposing to give my whole time to study and business; but, most unfortunately, I had just sent for a new set of 'Evelina;' and intending only to look at it, I was so cruelly caught that I could not let it out of my hands, and have been living with nothing but the Branghtons ever since!"

I could not but laugh, though on this subject 'tis always awkwardly.

"There was no parting with it," he continued; "I could not shake it off from me a moment!—see, then, every way, what mischief you have done me!"

He ran on to this purpose much longer, with great rapidity, and then, suddenly stopping, again said, "But I have yet another quarrel with you, and one you must answer. How comes it that the moment you have attached us to the hero and the heroine—the instant you have made us cling to them so that there is no getting disengaged—twined, twisted, twirled them round our very

heart-strings—how is it that then you make them undergo such persecutions? There is really no enduring their distresses, their suspenses, their perplexities. Why are you so cruel to all around—to them and their readers ?

I longed to say—Do *you* object to a persecution ?—but I know he spells it prosecution.

I could make no answer: I never can. Talking over one's own writings seems to me always ludicrous, because it cannot be impartially, either by author or commentator; one feeling, the other fearing, too much for strict truth and unaffected candour.

When we found the subject quite hopeless as to discussion, he changed it, and said "I have lately seen some friends of yours, and I assure you I gave you an excellent character to them: I told them you were firm, fixed, and impenetrable to all conviction!"

An excellent character, indeed! He meant to Mr. Francis and Charlotte.

Then he talked a little of the business of the day; and he told me that Mr. Anstruther was to speak.

"I was sure of it," I cried, "by his manner when he entered the Managers' Box. I shall know when you are to speak, Mr. Wyndham, before I hear you."

He shrugged his shoulders a little uncomfortably.

I asked him to name to me the various managers. He did; adding, "Do you not like to sit here, where you can look down upon the several combatants before the battle?"

When he named Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor, I particularly desired he might be pointed out to me, telling him I had long wished to see him, from the companion given to him in one of the Probationary Odes, where they have coupled him with my dear father, most impertinently and unwarrantably.

"That, indeed," he cried, "is a licentiousness in the press quite intolerable!—to attack and involve private characters in their public lampoons! To Dr. Burney they could have no right; but Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor is fair game enough, and likes that or any other way whatever of obtaining notice. You know what Johnson said to Boswell of preserving fame?"

"No."

"There were but two ways," he told him, "of preserving; one was by sugar, the other by salt. 'Now,' says he, 'as the sweet way, Bozzy, you are but little likely to attain, I would have you plunge into vinegar, and get fairly pickled at once.' And such has been the plan of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor. With the sweet he had, indeed, little chance, so he soused into the other, head over ears."

We then united forces in repeating passages from various of the Probationary Odes, and talking over various of the managers, till Mr. Anstruther was preparing to speak, and Mr. Wyndham went to his cell.

I am sure you will remember that Mr. Burke came also, and the panic with which I saw him, doubled by my fear lest he should see that panic.

When the speech was over, and evidence was filling up the day's business, Mr. Wyndham returned.

Some time after, but I have forgotten how, we were agreeing in thinking suspense, and all obscurity in expectation or in opinion, amongst the things most trying to bear in this mortal life, especially where they lead to some evil construction. "But then," cried he, "on the other hand, there is nothing so pleasant as clearing away a disagreeable prejudice; nothing so exhilarating as the dispersion of a black mist, and seeing all that had been black and gloomy turn out bright and fair."

"That, sir," cried I, "is precisely what I expect from thence," pointing to the prisoner.

What a look he gave me! yet he laughed irresistibly.

"However," I continued, "I have been putting my expectations from your speech to a kind of test."

"And how, for Heaven's sake?"

"Why, I have been reading—running over, rather—a set of speeches, in which almost the whole House made a part, upon the India Bill; and in looking those over I saw not one that had not in it something positively and pointedly personal, except Mr. Wyndham's."

"O, that was a mere accident!"

"But it was just the accident I expected from Mr. Wyndham. I do not mean that there was invective in all the others, for in some there was panegyric—plenty! but that panegyric was always so directed as to convey more of severe censure to one party than of real praise to the other. Yours was all to the business, and thence I infer you will deal just so by Mr. Hastings."

"I believe," cried he, looking at me very sharp, "you only want to praise me down. You know what it is to skate a man down?"

"No, indeed."

"Why, to skate a man down is a very favourite diversion among a certain race of wags. It is only to praise, and extol, and stimulate him to double and treble exertion and effort, till, in order to show his desert of such panegyric, the poor dupe makes so many turnings and windings, and describes circle after circle with such hazardous dexterity, that, at last, down he drops in the midst of his flourishes, to his own eternal disgrace, and their entire content."

I gave myself no vindication from this charge but a laugh; and we returned to discuss speeches and speakers,

and I expressed again my extreme repugnance against all personality in these public harangues, except in simply stating facts.

"What say you, then," cried he, "to Pitt?" He then repeated a warm and animated praise of his powers and his eloquence, but finished with this censure: "He takes not," cried he, "the grand path suited to his post as Prime Minister, for he is personal beyond all men; pointed, sarcastic, cutting; and it is in him peculiarly unbecoming. The Minister should be always conciliating; the attack, the probe, the invective, belong to the assailant."

Then he instanced Lord North, and said much more on these political matters and maxims than I can possibly write, or could at the time do more than hear; for, as I told him, I not only am no politician, but have no ambition to become one, thinking it by no means a female business.

When he went to the Managers' Box, Mr. Burke again took his place, but he held it a very short time, though he was in high good humour and civility. The involuntary coldness that results from internal disapprobation must, I am sure, have been seen, so thoroughly was it felt. I can only talk on this matter with Mr. Wyndham, who, knowing my opposite principles, expects to hear them, and gives them the fairest play by his good humour, candour, and politeness. But there is not one other manager with whom I could venture such openness.

That Mr. Wyndham takes it all in good part is certainly amongst the things he makes plainest, for again, after Mr. Burke's return to the Den, he came back.

"I am happy," cried I, "to find you have not betrayed me."

"Oh, no; I would not for the world."

"Oh, I am quite satisfied you have kept my counsel; for Mr. Burke has been with me twice, and speaking with a good humour I could not else have expected from him. He comes to tell me that he never pities me for sitting here, whatever is going forward, as the sitting must be rest; and, indeed, it seems as if my coming hither was as much to rest my frame as to exercise my mind."

"That's a very good idea, but I do not like to realize it; I do not like to think of you and fatigue together. Is it so? Do you really want rest?"

"O, no!"

"O, I am well aware yours is not a mind to turn complainer; but yet I fear, and not for your rest only, but your time. How is that; have you it, as you ought, at your own disposal?"

"Why, not quite," cried I, laughing. Good Heaven! what a question, in a situation like mine!

"Well, that is a thing I cannot bear to think of—that you should want time!"

"But the Queen," cried I, "is so kind."

"That may be," interrupted he, "and I am very glad of it: but still, time—and to you!"

"Yet, after all, in the whole, I have a good deal, though always uncertain; for, if sometimes I have not two minutes when I expect two hours, at other times I have two hours where I expected only two minutes."

"All that is nothing, if you have them not with certainty. Two hours are of no more value than two minutes, if you have them not at undoubted command."

Again I answered, "The Queen is so kind;" determined to sound that sentence well and audibly into Republican ears.

"Well, well," cried he, "that may be some compen-

sation to you; but to us, to all others, what compensation is there for depriving you of time?"

"Mrs. Locke, here," cried I, "always wishes time could be bought, because there are so many who have more than they know what to do with, that those who have less might be supplied very reasonably."

"'Tis an exceeding good idea," cried he; "and I am sure, if it could be purchased, it ought to be given to you by act of parliament, as a public donation and tribute."

There was a fine flourish!

A little after, while we were observing Mr. Hastings, Mr. Wyndham exclaimed, "He's looking up; I believe he is looking for you."

I turned hastily away, fairly saying, "I hope not."

"Yes, he is; he seems as if he wanted to bow to you."

I shrank back.

"No, he looks off; he thinks you in too bad company!"

"Ah, Mr. Wyndham," cried I, "you should not be so hard-hearted towards him, whoever else may; and I could tell you, and I will tell you if you please, a very forcible reason."

He assented.

"You must know, then, that people there are in this world who scruple not to assert that there is a very strong personal resemblance between Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Hastings; nay, in the profile, I see it myself at this moment; and therefore ought not you to be a little softer than the rest, if merely in sympathy?"

He laughed very heartily; and owned he had heard of the resemblance before.

"I could take him extremely well," I cried, "for your uncle."

"No, no; if he looks like my elder brother, I aspire at no more."

"No, no; he is more like your uncle; he has just that air; he seems just of that time of life. Can you then be so unnatural as to prosecute him with this eagerness?"

And then, once again, I ventured to give him a little touch of Molière's old woman, lest he should forget that good and honest dame; and I told him there was one thing she particularly objected to in all the speeches that had yet been made, and hoped his speech would be exempt from.

He inquired what that was.

"Why, she says she does not like to hear every orator compliment another; every fresh speaker say, he leaves to the superior ability of his successor the prosecution of the business."

"O, no," cried he very readily, "I detest all that sort of adulation. I hold it in the utmost contempt."

"And, indeed, it will be time to avoid it when your turn comes, for I have heard it in no less than four speeches already."

And then he offered his assistance about servants and carriages, and we all came away, our different routes; but my Fredy and Susan must remember my meeting with Mr. Hastings in coming out, and his calling after me, and saying, with a very comic sort of politeness, "I must come here to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Burney, for I see her nowhere else."

What a strange incident would have been formed had this rencontre happened thus if I had accepted Mr. Wyndham's offered services! I am most glad I had not; I should have felt myself a conspirator, to have been so met by Mr. Hastings.

I have nothing more to say of this month. Alas! that I had not had half as much.

MAY.—On the 17th of this month Miss P—— bade her sad and reluctant adieu to London. The Commemoration Handelian was held at the Pantheon the evening before, and my Royal Mistress most graciously gave me a ticket for her to accompany me thither. My dear father carried us. It was a most melancholy evening to us both.

I gave what time I could command from Miss P——'s departure to my excellent and maternal Mrs. Ord, who supported herself with unabating fortitude and resignation. But a new calamity affected her much, and affected me greatly also, though neither she nor I were more than distant spectators in comparison with the nearer mourners: the amiable and lovely Lady Mulgrave gave a child to her lord, and died, in her first dawn of youthful beauty and sweetness, and exactly a year after she became his wife. 'Twas, indeed, a tremendous blow. It was all our wonder that Lord Mulgrave kept his senses, as he had not been famed for patience or piety; but I believe he was benignly inspired with both, from his deep admiration of their excellence in his lovely wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Cholmley were in the deepest distress, and my dear Mr. and Mrs. Smelt sympathized in their sorrow with the most feeling tenderness. Mr. Smelt, indeed, was the prop and support of them all. His firm reliance on Providence, his strong and cheerful sense that all is directed for the best, give to him a force and resolution that no misfortune can shake, and that enable him wonderfully to sustain and assist all of feebler dependence or weaker minds.

Once I saw my dear Esther, and I gave her two pretty boys two tickets for the trial. They were given me by the Queen, with permission to dispose of them as I pleased if I did not wish to use them. My wish for using them was all over, save when they could procure me a morning with one of my sisters; for the great delight taken by my ever-animated Mrs. Delany in the accounts I brought her of those days had given a zest to them, which now, being over, made them no longer desirable except for that other purpose.

I made two or three afternoon visits to Chelsea. In one of them I met old Dr. Moncey, who desired to know if I was the Queen's Miss Burney? Yes, thought I, very decidedly!

* * * *

I must mention a laughable enough circumstance. Her Majesty inquired of me if I had ever met with Lady Hawke? Oh yes, I cried, and Lady Say and Sele too. "She has just desired permission to send me a novel of her own writing," answered her Majesty.

"I hope," cried I, "'tis not the Mausoleum of Julia!"

But yes, it proved no less! and this she has now published and sends about. You must remember Lady Say and Sele's quotation from it. Her Majesty was so gracious as to lend it me, for I had some curiosity to read it. It is all of a piece—all love, love, love, unmixed and unadulterated with any more worldly materials.

I read also the second volume of the 'Paston Letters,' and found their character the same as in the first, and therefore read them with curiosity and entertainment.

The greater part of the month was spent, alas! at Windsor, with what a dreary vacuity of heart and of pleasure I need not say. The only period of it in which my spirits could be commanded to revive was during two

of the excursions in which Mr. Fairly was of the party; and the sight of him—calm, mild, nay cheerful, under such superior sorrows—struck me with that sort of edifying admiration that led me, perforce, to the best exertion in my power for the conquest of my deep depression. If I did this from conscience in private, from a sense of obligation to him in public I reiterated my efforts, as I received from him all the condoling softness and attention he could possibly have bestowed upon me had my affliction been equal or even greater than his own.

A terrible period being put to the life of General Carpenter, who, in a fit, I doubt not, of sudden lunacy, destroyed himself, Colonel Goldsworthy became senior Equerry, and Major Garth was chosen to supply the vacancy. He came to Windsor on a visit, and to reconnoitre the field of action. He stayed a few days. He is sensible and intelligent. He has travelled much, and converses on the places he has seen very satisfactorily. Colonel Welbred seems gloomy enough now. I believe he wants courage to brave the world, more than inclination to stand the chance for himself. How people are always living for others, or rather not living at all, lest others should think they live unwisely!

* * * * * *

On one of the Egham race days the Queen sent Miss Planta and me on the course, in one of the royal coaches, with Lord Templeton and Mr. Charles Fairly for our beaus. Lady Templeton was then at the Lodge, and I had the honour of two or three conferences with her during her stay.

On the course we were espied by Mr. Crutchley, who instantly devoted himself to my service for the morning—taking care of our places, naming jockeys, horses, bets, plates, &c. &c., and talking between times of Streat-

ham and all the Streathamites, of Mrs. Piozzi, all the Miss Thrales, Mr. Seward, Mr. Selwin, Harry Cotton, Sophy Streatfield, Miss Owen, Sir Philip Clerk, Mr. Murphy, &c. &c.

We were both, I believe, very glad of this discourse. He pointed to me where his house stood, in a fine park, within sight of the race-ground, and proposed introducing me to his sister, who was his housekeeper, and asking me if, through her invitation, I would come to Sunning Hill Park. I assured him I lived so completely in a monastery that I could make no new acquaintance. He then said he expected soon Susan and Sophy Thrale on a visit to his sister, and he presumed I would not refuse coming to see them. I truly answered I should rejoice to do it if in my power, but that most probably I must content myself with meeting them on the Terrace. He promised to bring them there with his sister, though he had given up that walk these five years.

It will give me indeed great pleasure to see them again.

My two young beaus stayed dinner with us, and I afterwards strolled upon the lawn with them till tea-time. I could not go on the Terrace, nor persuade them to go by themselves. We backed as the royal party returned home; and when they had all entered the house, Colonel Welbred, who had stood aloof, quitted the train to join our little society. "Miss Burney," he cried, "I think I know which horse you betted upon! Cordelia!"

"For the name's sake you think it!" I cried; and he began some questions and comments upon the races, when suddenly the window of the tea-room opened, and the voice of Mr. Turbulent, with a most sarcastic tone, called out, "I hope Miss Burney and Colonel Welbred are well!"

We could neither of us keep a profound gravity, though really he deserved it from us both. I turned from the Colonel, and said I was coming directly to the tea-room.

Colonel Welbred would have detained me to finish our race discourse, for he had shut the window when he had made his speech, but I said it was time to go in. "Oh no," cried he, laughing a little, "Mr. Turbulent only wants his own tea, and he does not deserve it for this!"

In, however, I went, and Colonel Manners took the famous chair the instant I was seated. We all began race talk, but Mr. Turbulent, approaching very significantly, said, "Do you want a chair on the other side, ma'am? Shall I tell the—*Colonel*—to bring one?"

"No, indeed!" cried I, half seriously, lest he should do it.

He went away, but presently returning, and looking towards Colonel Manners, he exclaimed, "How easily a chair may be sat upon, yet not filled!"

He went on to the same purpose, but I made tea, and refused to answer him, till at last he said, "Do, ma'am, accept my proposal! the Colonel will like it extremely; you may take my word for it."

I then gravely begged him to be quiet, and he went his way; but Colonel Welbred, not knowing what had passed, came to that same other side, and renewed his conversation, saying, "I have recollected another horse Miss Burney may have betted upon, 'Rosina!'" and this led on to the race ground; and thence he proceeded to Madame Krumpholtz the harp-player, who was soon to have a concert, at which he wished me to hear her.

In the midst of all this Mr. Turbulent hastily advanced with a chair, saying, "Colonel Welbred, I cannot bear to see you standing so long."

I found it impossible not to laugh under my hat, though I really wished to bid him stand in a corner for a naughty boy. The Colonel, I suppose, laughed too, whether he would or not, for I heard no answer. However, he took the chair, and finding me wholly unembarrassed by this *polissonnerie*, though not wholly unprovoked by it, he renewed his discourse, and kept his seat till the party, very late, broke up; but Colonel Manners, who knew not what to make of all this, exclaimed, "Why, I see, ma'am, you cannot keep Mr. Turbulent in much order."

My two young beaus stayed as late as they could. Lord Templeton seems perfectly open and well disposed, and little Mr. Fairly has a countenance and manner that promise the fair inheritance of all his father's virtues.

JUNE.—Another Streatham acquaintance, Mr. Murphy, made much effort at this time for a meeting, through Charles, with whom he is lately become very intimate. So much passed about the matter, that I was almost compelled to agree that he should know when I was able to go to St. Martin's-street. He is an extremely agreeable and entertaining man, but of so light a character in morals that I do not wish his separate acquaintance; though, when I met with him at Streatham, as associates of the same friends, I could not but receive much advantage from his notice—amusement rather I should perhaps say, though there was enough for the higher word, *improvement*, in all but a serious way. However, where, in that serious way, I have no good opinion, I wish not to cultivate, but rather to avoid, even characters in other respects the most captivating. It is not from fearing contagion—they would none of them attack me: it is simply froman internal drawback to all pleasure in their

society, while I am considering their talents *at best* as useless.

Mrs. Schwellenberg came to Windsor with us after the Birth-day, for the rest of the summer.

Mr. Turbulent took a formal leave of me at the same time, as his wife now came to settle at Windsor, and he ceased to belong to our party. He only comes to the Princesses at stated hours, and then returns to his own home. He gave me many serious thanks for the time passed with me, spoke in flourishing terms of its contrast to former times, and vowed no compensation could ever be made him for the hours he had thrown away by compulsion on "The Oyster." His behaviour altogether was very well—here and there a little eccentric, but, in the main, merely good-humoured and high-spirited.

I am persuaded there is no manner of truth in the report relative to Mr. Fairly and Miss Fuzilier, for he led me into a long conversation with him one evening when the party was large, and all were otherwise engaged, upon subjects of this nature, in the course of which he asked me if I thought any second attachment could either be as strong or as happy as a first.

I was extremely surprised by the question, and quite unprepared how to answer it, as I knew not with what feelings or intentions I might war by any unwary opinions. I did little, therefore, but evade and listen, though he kept up the discourse in a very animated manner, till the party all broke up.

Had I spoken without any consideration but what was general and genuine, I should have told him that my idea was simply this, that where a first blessing was withdrawn by Providence, not lost by misconduct, it seemed to me most consonant to reason, nature, and mortal life,

to accept what could come second, in this as in all other deprivations. Is it not a species of submission to the Divine will to make ourselves as happy as we can in what is left us to obtain, where bereft of what we had sought? My own conflict for content in a life totally adverse to my own inclinations, is all built on this principle, and when it succeeds, to this owes its success.

I presumed not, however, to talk in this way to Mr. Fairly, for I am wholly ignorant in what manner or to what degree his first attachment may have rivetted his affections; but by the whole of what passed it seemed to me very evident that he was not merely entirely without any engagement, but entirely at this time without any plan or scheme of forming any; and probably he never may.

PART IV.

1788.

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PART IV.

1788.

JULY.—Early in this month the King's indisposition occasioned the plan of his going to Cheltenham, to try the effect of the waters drank upon the spot. It was settled that the party should be the smallest that was possible, as his Majesty was to inhabit the house of Lord Fauconberg, vacated for that purpose, which was very small. He resolved upon only taking his Equerry in waiting and pages, &c. Lord Courtown, his treasurer of the household, was already at Cheltenham, and therefore at hand to attend. The Queen agreed to carry her Lady of the Bedchamber in waiting, with Miss Planta and F. B., and none others but wardrobe-women for herself and the Princesses.

Mr. Fairly was here almost all the month previously to our departure. At first it was concluded he, and Colonel Gwynn, the Equerry in waiting, were to belong wholly to the same table with Miss Planta and me, and Mr. Fairly threatened repeatedly how well we should all know one another, and how well he would study and know us all *au fond*.

But before we set out the plan was all changed, for the King determined to throw aside all state, and make the two gentlemen dine at his own table. "We shall have, therefore," said Mr. Fairly, with a very civil regret, "no tea-meetings at Cheltenham."

This, however, was an opening to me of time and leisure such as I had never yet enjoyed.

As to all else I shall beg leave to skip, and bring you, my dear friends, to another part of the country.

CHELTENHAM, SUNDAY, JULY 13TH.—Now, my dearest friends, I open an account which promises at least all the charms of novelty, and which, if it fulfils its promise, will make this month rather an episode than a continuation of my prosaic performance.

So now for yesterday, Saturday, July 12.

We were all up at five o'clock; and the noise and confusion reigning through the house, and resounding all around it, from the quantities of people stirring, boxes nailing, horses neighing, and dogs barking, was tremendous.

I must now tell you the party :—

Their Majesties; the Princesses Royal, Augusta, and Elizabeth; Lady Weymouth, Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, Miss Planta, and a person you have sometimes met. Pages for King, Queen, and Princesses, Wardrobe-women for ditto, and footmen for all.

A smaller party for a royal excursion cannot well be imagined. How we shall all manage Heaven knows. Miss Planta and myself are allowed no maid; the house would not hold one.

The Royal party set off first, to stop and breakfast at Lord Harcourt's at Nuneham.

You will [illegible]ly believe Miss Planta and myself were not much discomfited in having orders to proceed straight forward. You know we have been at Nuneham!

Mrs. Sandys, the Queen's wardrobe-woman, and Miss Macentomb, the Princesses', accompanied us.

At Henley-on-Thames, at an inn beautifully situated,

we stopped to breakfast, and at Oxford to take a sort of half dinner.

The crowd gathered together upon the road, waiting for the King and Queen to pass, was immense, and almost unbroken from Oxford to Cheltenham. Every town and village within twenty miles seemed to have been deserted, to supply all the pathways with groups of anxious spectators. Yet, though so numerous, so quiet were they, and so new to the practices of a hackneyed mob, that their curiosity never induced them to venture within some yards of the Royal carriage, and their satisfaction never broke forth into tumult and acclamation.

In truth, I believe they never were aware of the moment in which their eagerness met its gratification. Their Majesties travelled wholly without guards or state; and I am convinced, from the time we advanced beyond Oxford, they were taken only for their own attendants.

When we came to Burford, where we stopped for horses, how I wished to have seen Mrs. Gast, my dear Mr. Crisp's sister! I knew she resided there, but had no power to visit her. I inquired after her of the inn-keeper, and sent her my most affectionate remembrances.

All the towns through which we passed were filled with people, as closely fastened one to another as they appear in the pit of the playhouse. Every town seemed all face; and all the way upon the road we rarely proceeded five miles without encountering a band of most horrid fiddlers, scraping "God save the King" with all their might, out of tune, out of time, and all in the rain; for, most unfortunately, there were continual showers falling all the day.

This was really a subject for serious regret, such numbers of men, women, and children being severely suffer-

ers; yet standing it all through with such patient loyalty, that I am persuaded not even a hail or thunder storm would have dispersed them.

The country, for the most part, that we traversed, was extremely pretty; and, as we advanced nearer to our place of destination, it became quite beautiful.

When we arrived at Cheltenham, which is almost all one street, extremely long, clean, and well paved, we had to turn out of the public way about a quarter of a mile, to proceed to Fauconberg Hall, which my Lord Fauconberg has lent for the King's use during his stay at this place.

It is, indeed, situated on a most sweet spot, surrounded with lofty hills beautifully variegated, and bounded, for the principal object, with the hills of Malvern; which, here barren, and there cultivated, here all chalk, and there all verdure, reminded me of Box-hill, and gave me an immediate sensation of reflected as well as of visual pleasure, from giving to my new habitation some resemblance of Norbury Park.

When we had mounted the gradual ascent on which the house stands, the crowd all around it was as one head! We stopped within twenty yards of the door, uncertain how to proceed. All the Royals were at the windows; and to pass this multitude,—to wade through it, rather,—was a most disagreeable operation. However, we had no choice: we therefore got out, and, leaving the wardrobe-women to find their way to the back-door, Miss Planta and I glided on to the front one, where we saw the two gentlemen, and where, as soon as we got up the steps, we encountered the King. He inquired most graciously concerning our journey; and Lady Weymouth came down-stairs to summon me to the Queen, who was in excellent spirits, and said she would show me her room.

"*This*, ma'am!" cried I, as I entered it—"is *this* little room for your Majesty?"

"O stay," cried she, laughing, "till you see your own before you call it little!"

Soon after, she sent me upstairs for that purpose; and then, to be sure, I began to think less diminutively of that I had just quitted. Mine, with one window, had just space to crowd in a bed, a chest of drawers, and three small chairs.

The prospect, however, from the window is extremely pretty, and all is new and clean. So I doubt not being very comfortable, as I am *senza Cerbera*,—though having no maid is a real evil to one so little her own mistress as myself. I little wanted the fagging of my own clothes and dressing, to add to my daily fatigues.

I began a little unpacking, and was called to dinner. Columb, happily, is allowed me, and he will be very useful, I am sure. Miss Planta alone dined with me, and we are to be companions constant at all meals, and *tête-à-tête*, during this *séjour*. She is friendly and well disposed, and I am perfectly content; and the more, as I know she will not take up my leisure unnecessarily, for she finds sauntering in the open air very serviceable to her health, and she has determined to make that her chief occupation. Here, therefore, whenever I am not in attendance or at meals, I expect the singular comfort of having my time wholly unmolested, and at my own disposal.

A little parlour, which formerly had belonged to Lord Fauconberg's housekeeper, is now called mine, and here Miss Planta and myself are to breakfast and dine. But for tea we formed a new plan: as Mr. Fairly had himself told me he understood there would be no tea-table at Cheltenham, I determined to stand upon no ceremony with Colonel Gwynn, but fairly and at once take and ap-

propriate my afternoons to my own inclinations. To prevent, therefore, any surprise or alteration, we settled to have our tea upstairs.

But then a difficulty arose as to where? We had each equally small bed-rooms, and no dressing-room; but, at length, we fixed on the passage, near a window looking over Malvern hills and much beautiful country.

This being arranged, we went mutually on with our unpackings, till we were both too thirsty to work longer. Having no maid to send, and no bell to ring for my man, I then made out my way downstairs, to give Columb directions for our tea-equipage.

After two or three mistakes, of peering into royal rooms, I at length got safe to my little parlour, but still was at a loss where to find Columb; and while parading in and out, in hopes of meeting with some assistant, I heard my name inquired for from the front door. I looked out, and saw Mrs. Tracy, senior Bedchamber-woman to the Queen.

She is at Cheltenham for her health, and came to pay her duty in inquiries, and so forth.

I conducted her to my little store-room, for such it looks, from its cupboards and short checked window curtains; and we chatted upon the place and the expedition, till Columb came to tell me that Mr. Fairly desired to speak with me.

I waited upon him immediately, in the passage leading to the kitchen stairs, for that was my *salle d'audience.*

He was with Lord Courtown; they apologised for disturbing me, but Mr. Fairly said he came to solicit leave that they might join my tea-table for this night only, as they would give orders to be supplied in their own apartments the next day, and not intrude upon me any more, nor break into my time and retirement.

This is literally the first instance I have met, for now two whole years, of being understood as to my own retiring inclinations; and it is singular I should first meet with it from the only person who makes them waver.

I begged them to come in, and ordered tea. They are well acquainted with Mrs. Tracy, and I was very glad she happened to stay.

Poor Miss Planta, meanwhile, I was forced to leave in the lurch; for I could not propose the bed-room passage to my present company, and she was undressed and unpacking.

Very soon the King, searching for his gentlemen, found out my room, and entered. He admired it prodigiously, and inquired concerning all our accommodations. He then gave Mr. Fairly a commission to answer an address, or petition, or some such thing, to the Master of the Ceremonies, and, after half an hour's chat, retired.

Colonel Gwynn found us out also, but was eager to find out more company, and soon left us to go and look over the books at the rooms, for the list of the company here.

After tea Mrs. Tracy went, and the King sent for Lord Courtown.

Mr. Fairly was going too, and I was preparing to return upstairs to my toils; but he presently changed his design, and asked leave to stay a little longer, if I was at leisure.

At leisure I certainly was not; but I was most content to work double tides for the pleasure of his company, especially where given thus voluntarily, and not accepted officially. What creatures are we all for liberty and freedom! Rebels *partout!*

> "Soon as the life-blood warms the heart,
> The love of liberty awakes!"

Ah, my dear friends! I wrote that with a sigh that might have pierced through royal walls!

From this circumstance we entered into discourse with no little spirit. I felt flattered, and he knew he had given me *de quoi;* so we were both in mighty good humour.

Our sociability, however, had very soon an interruption. The King re-entered; he started back at sight of our diminished party, and exclaimed, with a sort of arch surprise, "What! only you two?"

Mr. Fairly laughed a little, and I—smiled ditto! But I had rather his Majesty had made such a comment on any other of his establishment, if make it he must; since I am sure Mr. Fairly's aversion to that species of raillery is equal to my own.

The King gave some fresh orders about the letter, and instantly went away. As soon as he was gone, Mr. Fairly,—perhaps to show himself superior to that little sally,—asked me whether he might write his letter in my room?

"O yes!" cried I, with all the alacrity of the same superiority.

He then went in search of a page, for pen and ink, and told me, on returning, that the King had just given orders for writing implements for himself and Colonel Gwynn to be placed in the dining-parlour, of which they were, henceforth, to have the use as soon as the dinner-party had separated; and after to-night, therefore, he should intrude himself upon me no more.

I had half a mind to say I was very sorry for it! I assure you I felt so.

He pretended to require my assistance in his letter, and consulted and read over all that he writ. So I gave my opinion as he went on, though I think it really possible he might have done without me!

Away then he went with it, to dispatch it by a royal footman; and I thought him gone, and was again going myself, when he returned,—surprising me not a little by saying, as he held the door in his hand, "Will there be any—impropriety—in my staying here a little longer?"

I must have said no, if I had thought yes; but it would not have been so plump and ready a no! and I should not, with quite so courteous a grace, have added that his stay could do me nothing but honour.

On, therefore, we sat, discoursing on various subjects, till the twilight made him rise to take leave. He was in much better spirits than I have yet seen him, and I know not when I have spent an hour more socially to my taste. Highly cultivated by books, and uncommonly fertile in stores of internal resource, he left me nothing to wish, for the time I spent with him, but that "the Fates, the Sisters Three, and suchlike branches of learning," would interfere against the mode of future separation planned for the remainder of our expedition. Need I more strongly than this mark the very rare pleasure I received from his conversation?

Not a little did poor Miss Planta marvel what had become of me; and scarce less was her marvel when she had heard my adventures. She had told me how gladly the gentlemen would seize this opportunity of a new situation, to disengage themselves from the joint tea-table, and we had mutually agreed to use all means possible for seconding this partition; but I had been too well satisfied this night, to make any further efforts about the matter, and I therefore inwardly resolved to let the future take care of itself—certain it could not be inimical to me, since either it must give me Mr. Fairly in a party, or time for my own disposal in solitude.

This pleasant beginning has given a spirit to all my

expectations and my fatigues in this place; and though it cost me near two hours from my downy pillow to recover lost time, I stole them without repining, and arose —dead asleep!—this morning, without a murmur.

And now for to-day:

SUNDAY, JULY 13TH.—I was obliged to rise before six o'clock, that I might play the part of dresser to myself, before I played it to the Queen; so that did not much recruit the fatigues of yesterday's rising and journey!

Not a little was I surprised to be told, this morning, by her Majesty, that the gentlemen were to breakfast with Miss Planta and me, every morning, by the King's orders.

When I left the Queen, I found them already in my little parlour. Mr. Fairly came to the door to meet me, and hand me into the room, telling me of the new arrangement of the King, with an air of very civil satisfaction. Colonel Gwynn appeared precisely as I believe he felt,—perfectly indifferent to the matter.

Miss Planta joined us, and Columb was hurried to get ready, lest the King should summon his esquires before they had broken their fast.

Mr. Fairly undertook to settle our seats, and all the etiquette of the tea-table; and I was very well content, for when he had placed me where he conceived I should be most commodiously situated, he fixed upon the place next me for himself, and desired we might all keep to our posts.

It was next agreed, that whoever came first to the room should order and make the tea; for I must often be detained by my waiting, and the King is so rapid in his meals, that whoever attends him must be rapid also, or follow fasting. Mr. Fairly said he should already have hastened Columb, had he not apprehended it might

be too great a liberty; for they had waited near half an hour, and expected a call every half minute. I set him perfectly at his ease upon this subject, assuring him I should be very little at mine if he had ever the same scruple again.

He had been in waiting, he said, himself, ever since a quarter after five o'clock in the morning, at which time he showed himself under the King's window, and walked before the house till six! I was beginning to express my compassion for this harass, but he interrupted me with shrewdly saying, "O, this will save future fatigue, for it will establish me such a character for early rising and punctuality, that I may now do as I will: 'tis amazing what privileges a man obtains for taking liberties, when once his character is established for taking none!"

Neither Miss Planta nor myself could attempt going to church, we had both so much actual business to do for ourselves, in unpacking, and fitting up our rooms, &c. The rest of the day was all fagging, till the evening, and then—who should enter my little parlour, after all the speechifying of "only one night," made yesterday, but Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, and Lord Courtown!

Whether this, again, is by the King's command, or in consequence of the morning arrangement, I know not: but not a word more has dropped of "no evening tea-table;" so, whether we are to unite, or to separate, in future, I know not, and, which is far more extraordinary, I care not Nobody but you could imagine what a compliment that is, from me!

I had made Miss Planta promise, in case such a thing should happen, to come down; and she was very ready, and we had a very cheerful evening.

Great difficulties, however, arose about our tea-equipage. So few things are brought, or at least are yet arrived,

that Columb is forced to be summoned every other moment, and I have no bell, and dare not, for this short time, beg for one, as my man herds with the King's men; besides, I have no disposition to make a fuss here, where every body takes up with every thing that they get.

In lamenting, however, the incessant trouble I was obliged to give the gentlemen, of running after Columb, I told Mr. Fairly my obligation, at Windsor, to Colonel Welbred, for my bell there.

"O yes!" cried he, laughing, "I am not surprised; Colonel Welbred is quite the man for a 'belle!'"

"Yes," cried I, "that he is, indeed, and for a 'beau' too."

"O ho! you think him so, do you?" quoth he: to which my prompt assent followed.

* * * * *

The Royal Family had all been upon the walks. I have agreed with myself not to go thither till they have gone through the news-mongers' drawing up of them and their troop. I had rather avoid all mention; and after a few days, I may walk there as if not belonging to them, as I am not of place or rank to follow in their train.

But let me give you, now, an account of the house and accommodations.

On the ground-floor there is one large and very pleasant room, which is made the dining-parlour. The King and Royal Family also breakfast in it, by themselves, except the Lady-in-waiting, Lady Weymouth. They sup there also, in the same manner. The gentlemen only dine with them, I find. They are to breakfast with us, to drink tea where they will, and to sup—where they can; and I rather fancy, from what I have yet seen, it will be commonly with good Duke Humphrey.

A small, but very neat dressing-room for his Majesty is on the other side the hall, and my little parlour is the third and only other room on the ground-floor: so you will not think our Monarch, his Consort and offspring, take up too much of the land called their own!

Over this eating-parlour, on the first floor, is the Queen's drawing-room, in which she is also obliged to dress and to undress!—for she has no toilette apartment! Who, after that, can repine at any inconvenience here for the household?

Here, after breakfast, she sits, with her daughters and her lady, and Lady Courtown, who, with her Lord, is lodged in the town of Cheltenham. And here they drink tea, and live till supper-time.

Over the King's dressing-room is his bed-room, and over my store-room is the bed-room of the Princess-Royal.

And here ends the first floor.

The second is divided and sub-divided into bed-rooms, which are thus occupied:—Princess Augusta and Princess Elizabeth sleep in two beds, in the largest room. Lady Weymouth occupies that next in size. Miss Planta and myself have two little rooms, built over the King's bed-room; and Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macentomb, and Lady Weymouth's maid, have the rest.

This is the whole house!

Not a man but the King sleeps in it!

A house is taken in the town for Mr. Fairly and Colonel Gwynn, and there lodge several of the servants, and among them Columb. The pages sleep in out-houses. Even the house-maids lodge in the town, a quarter of a mile or more from the house!

Lord Courtown, as Comptroller of the Household, acts here for the King, in distributing his royal bounty to the

Wells, Rooms, Library, and elsewhere. He has sent around very magnificently.

We are surrounded by pleasant meadows, in which I mean to walk a great deal. They are so quiet and so safe, I can go quite alone; and when I have not a first-rate companion, my second best is—none at all! But I expect, very soon, my poor Miss P——, and I shall have her with me almost constantly.

MONDAY, JULY 14TH.—This morning I was again up at five o'clock, Miss Planta having asked me to accompany her to the Wells. The Queen herself went this morning, at six o'clock, with his Majesty. It is distant about a quarter of a mile from Lord Fauconberg's.

I tasted the water, for once; I shall spare myself any such future regale, for it is not prescribed to me, and I think it very unpleasant.

This place and air seem very healthy; but the very early hours, and no maid! I almost doubt how this will do. The fatigue is very great indeed.

We were too soon for company, except the Royals. We met them all, and were spoken to most graciously by every one.

We all came back to breakfast much at the same time, and it was very cheerful.

I spent all the rest of the day in hard fagging, at work and business, and attendance; but the evening amply recompensed it all. Lord Courtown, Mr. Fairly, Colonel Gwynn, and Miss Planta, came to tea. My Lord and Colonel Gwynn retired after it, to go to the rooms; Mr. Fairly said he would wait to make his bow to his Majesty, and see if there were any commands for him.

And then we had another very long conversation, and

if I did not write in so much haste, my dear friends would like to read it.

Our subject to-night—his subject, rather—was, the necessity of participation, to every species of happiness. "His" subject, you may easily believe; for to him should I never have dared touch on one so near and so tender to him. Fredy, however, could join with him more feelingly — though he kept perfectly clear of all that was personal, to which I would not have led for a thousand worlds. He seems born with the tenderest social affections; and, though religiously resigned to his loss—which, I have been told, the hopeless sufferings of Lady —— rendered, at last, even a release to be desired —he thinks life itself, single and unshared, a mere melancholy burthen, and the wish to have done with it appears the only wish he indulges.

I could not perceive this without the deepest commiseration, but I did what was possible to conceal it; as it is much more easy, both to the hearer and the speaker, to lead the discourse to matters more lively, under an appearance of being ignorant of the state of a sad heart, than with a betrayed consciousness.

We talked of books, and not a little I astonished him by the discovery I was fain to make, of the number of authors I have never yet read. Particularly he instanced Akenside, and quoted from him some passages I have heard selected by Mr. Locke.

I told him, fairly, that though in general my little reading was the effect of little opportunity, not of choice, yet here, in respect to works of imagination and sentiment, to poetry and to favourite authors, my inclination had had some share in my tardiness, as one of the first gratifications of my life was such reading with those who

had an equal pleasure in it; and as, though now deprived of it, I had tasted that indulgence so highly, with a certain sister, in all my early life, that I know not how to fix its relinquishment, by going on without her.

"True!" answered he, mournfully, "there is no interest where there is no sympathy!"

Then we talked of the country, of landscapes, of walking, and then, again, came back the favourite proposition,—participation! That, he said, could make an interest in anything,—everything; and O, how did I agree with him! There is sympathy enough, Heaven knows, in our opinions on this subject!

But not in what followed. I am neither good nor yet miserable enough to join with him in what he added, —that life, taken all in all, was of so little worth and value, it could afford its thinking possessor but one steady wish,—that its duration might be short!

Alas! thought I, that a man so good should be so unhappy!

We then came back again to books, and he asked us if we had read a little poem called the 'Shipwreck?' Neither of us had even heard of it. He said it was somewhat too long, and somewhat too technical, but that it contained many beautiful passages. He had it with him, he said, and proposed sending Columb for it, to his house, if we should like to read it. We thanked him, and off marched Columb. It is in a very small duodecimo volume, and he said he would leave it with me.

Soon after, Miss Planta said she would stroll round the house for a little exercise.

When she was gone, he took up the book, and said, "Shall I read some passages to you?" I most gladly assented, and got my work,—of which I have no small store, believe me!—morning caps, robins, &c. &c., all

to prepare from day to day; which, with my three constant and long attendances, and other official company ceremonies, is no small matter.

The passages he selected were really beautiful: they were chiefly from an episode, of Palemon and Anna, excessively delicate, yet tender in the extreme, and most touchingly melancholy.

One line he came to, that he read with an emotion extremely affecting—'tis a sweet line—

"He felt the chastity of silent woe."

He stopped upon it, and sighed so deeply that his sadness quite infected me.

Then he read various characters of the Ship's Company, which are given with much energy and discrimination. I could not but admire every passage he chose, and I was sensible each of them owed much obligation to his reading, which was full of feeling and effect.

How unwillingly did I interrupt him, to go upstairs and wait my night's summons! But the Queen has no bell for me, except to my bed-room.

He hastily took the hint, and rose to go.

"Shall I leave the poem," he cried, "or take it with me, in case there should be any leisure to go on with it to-morrow?"

"Which you please," cried I, a little stupidly, for I did not, at the moment, comprehend his meaning; which, however, he immediately explained by answering, "Let me take it, then;—let me make a little interest in it to myself, by reading it with you."

And then he put it in his pocket, and went to his home in the town, and up stairs went I to my little cell, not a little internally simpering, to see a trait so like what so often I have done myself,—carrying off a favourite

book, when I have begun it with my Susanna, that we might finish it together, without leaving her the temptation to peep beforehand.

TUESDAY, JULY 15TH.—This morning, at breakfast, the gentlemen brought in presents which they had received from the Queen. All the Royals go to the walks and the rooms as private company, with only Lady Weymouth and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly and Colonel Gwynn; and they now amuse themselves with looking over the toys brought thither, and making purchases.

Mr. Fairly's gift was a little inkstand; such a one as my dear friends may have seen of mine, from the same royal hand. He said he should give it to his little daughter; but would beg leave, now, that it might remain in my parlour, for occasional use; and he asked me to get it fitted up for him. "You," he said, "who have so many friends in this house—as I am sure you must have, if you are at all known to them—can easily manage it for me."

You may think I would not lose such a compliment by declining the little commission, and I made Columb carry it to one of the pages for materials.

Colonel Gwynn had a very pretty little box, and he destined it for his beautiful wife.

My Lord Courtown never comes to breakfast: he has apartments in the town, or a house of his own.

* * * * *

While the Royals were upon the walks, Miss Planta and I strolled in the meadows, and who should I meet there but Mr. Seward! This was a great pleasure to me. I had never seen him since the first day of my coming to St. James's, when he handed me into my father's coach, in my sacque and long ruffles. You may think

how much we had to talk over. He had a gentleman with him, fortunately, who was acquainted with Miss Planta's brother, so that we formed two parties without difficulty. All my aim was to inquire about Mrs. Piozzi, — I must, at last, call her by her now real name!—and of her we conversed incessantly. He told me Mr. Baretti's late attack upon her, which I heard with great concern. It seems he has broken off all intercourse with her, and not from his own desire, but by her evident wish to drop him. This is very surprising; but many others of her former friends, once highest in her favour, make the same complaint.

We strolled so long, talking over this ever-interesting subject, that the Royals were returned before us, and we found Mr. Fairly waiting tea in my parlour. The rest soon joined.

Mr. Seward had expected to be invited; but it is impossible for me to invite any body while at Cheltenham, as there is neither exit nor entrance but by passing the King's rooms, and as I have no place but this little common parlour in which I can sit, except my own room.

Neither could I see Mr. Seward anywhere else, as my dear friends will easily imagine, when they recollect all that has passed, on the subject of my visitors, with her Majesty and with Mr. Smelt. He told me he had strolled in those meadows every day, to watch if I were of the party.

Mr. Fairly again out-stayed them all. Lord Courtown generally is summoned to the royal party after tea, and Colonel Gwynn goes to the town in quest of acquaintance and amusement. Mr. Fairly has not spirit for such researches; I question, indeed, if he ever had taste for them.

When Miss Planta went off for her exercise, he again

proposed a little reading, which again I thankfully accepted. He took out the little poem, and read on the mournful tale of Anna, with a sensibility that gave pathos to every word.

How unexpected an indulgence—a luxury, I may say, to me, are these evenings now becoming! While I listen to such reading, and such a reader, all my work goes on with an alacrity that renders it all pleasure to me. I have had no regale like this for many and many a grievous long evening! never since I left Norbury Park, —never since my dear Fredy there read Madame de Sévigné. And how little could I expect, in a royal residence, a relief of this sort! Indeed, I much question if there is one other person, in the whole establishment, that, in an equal degree, could afford it.

Miss Planta, though extremely friendly, is almost wholly absorbed in the cares of her royal duties, and the solicitude of her ill-health: she takes little interest in anything else, whether for conversation or action. We do together perfectly well, for she is good, and sensible, and prudent, and ready for any kind office: but the powers of giving pleasure are not widely bestowed: we have no right to repine that they are wanting where the character that misses them has intrinsic worth; but, also, we have no remedy against weariness, where that worth is united with nothing attractive.

I was forced again, before ten o'clock, to interrupt his interesting narrative, that I might go to my room.

He now said he would leave me the book to look over and finish at my leisure, upon one condition, which he begged me to observe: this was, that I would read with a pen or pencil in my hand, and mark the passages that pleased me most as I went on. I readily promised this.

He then gave it me, but desired I would keep it to

myself, frankly acknowledging that he did not wish to have it seen by any other, at least not as belonging to him. There was nothing, he said, of which he had less ambition than a character for bookism and pedantry, and he knew if it was spread that he was guilty of carrying a book from one house to another, it would be a circumstance sufficient for branding him with these epithets.

I could not possibly help laughing a little at this caution, but again gave him my ready promise.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH.—This morning we had the usual breakfast, and just as it was over I received a note from Miss Palmer, saying she was uncertain whether or not I was at Cheltenham, by not meeting me on the walks or at the play, but wrote to mention that she was with Lady D'Oyley, and hoped, if I was one of the royal suite, my friends might have some chance to see me here, though wholly denied it in town.

I sent for answer that I would call upon her; and as no objection was made by her Majesty, I went to Sir John D'Oyley's as soon as the royal party rode out.

I found Miss Palmer quite thoroughly enraged. We had never met since I left the paternal home, though I am always much indebted to her warm zeal.

Sir John and Lady D'Oyley are a mighty gentle pair. Miss Palmer could make them no better present than a little of her vivacity.

Miss Elizabeth Johnson, her cousin, is of their party: she is pretty, soft, and pleasing; but, unhappily, as deaf as her uncle, Sir Joshua; which, in a young female, is a real misfortune.

To quiet Miss Palmer as much as I was able, I agreed to-night that I would join her on the walks. Accordingly, at the usual time I set out with Miss Planta, whom I was to introduce to the D'Oyleys.

Just as we set out we perceived the King and his three gentlemen, for Lord Courtown is a constant attendant every evening. We were backing on as well as we could, but his Majesty perceived us, and called to ask whither we were going.

We met Mr. Seward, who joined us.

There is nothing to describe in the walks: they are straight, clay, and sided by common trees, without any rich foliage, or one beautiful opening. The meadows, and all the country around, are far preferable; yet here everybody meets. All the D'Oyley party came, and Miss Planta slipped away.

The King and Queen walked in the same state as on the terrace at Windsor, followed by the three Princesses and their attendants. Everybody stopped and stood up as they passed, or as they stopped themselves to speak to any of the company.

In one of these stoppings, Lord Courtown backed a little from the suite to talk with us, and he said he saw what benefit I reaped from the waters! I told him I supposed I might be the better for the excursion, according to the definition of a water-drinking person by Mr. Walpole, who says people go to those places well, and then return cured!

Mr. Fairly afterwards also joined us a little while, and Miss Palmer said she longed to know him more, there was something *si fine* in his countenance.

They invited me much to go home with them to tea, but I was engaged. We left the walks soon after the Royal Family, and they carried me near the house in Sir John D'Oyley's coach.

I walked, however, quietly in by myself; and in my little parlour I found Mr. Fairly. The others were gone

off to the play without tea, and the moment it was over Miss Planta hurried to her own stroll.

This whole evening I spent *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Fairly. There is something singular in the perfect trust he seems to have in my discretion, for he speaks to me when we are alone with a frankness unequalled; and something very flattering in the apparent relief he seems to find in dedicating what time he has to dispose of to my little parlour.

In the long conference of this evening I found him gifted with the justest way of thinking and the most classical taste. I speak that word only as I may presume to judge it by English literature.

"I have another little book," he said, "here, which I am sure you would like, but it has a title so very silly that nobody reads or names it: 'Original Love-Letters;'—from which you might expect mere nonsense and romance, though, on the contrary, you would find in them nothing but good sense, moral reflections, and refined ideas, clothed in the most expressive and elegant language."

How I longed to read a book that had such a character!—yet, laughable and prudish as it may seem to you, I could not bring myself to accept the half-offer, or make any other reply than to exclaim against the injudiciousness of the title-page.

Yet, whatever were our subjects, books, life, or persons, all concluded with the same melancholy burthen—speed to his existence here, and welcome to that he is awaiting! I fear he has been unfortunate from his first setting out.

SATURDAY, JULY 19TH.—The breakfast missed its best regale: Mr. Fairly was ill, and confined to his room all day.

The royal party went to Lord Bathurst's, at Ciren-

cester, and the Queen commanded Miss Planta and me to take an airing to Gloucester, and amuse ourselves as well as we could.

Miss Planta had a previous slight acquaintance with Mr. Raikes; and to his house, therefore, we drove.

Mr. Raikes was the original founder of the Sunday-schools—an institution so admirable, so fraught, I hope, with future good and mercy to generations yet unborn, that I saw almost with reverence the man who had first suggested it.

He lives at Gloucester with his wife and a large family. They all received us with open arms. I was quite amazed, but soon found some of the pages had been with them already, and announced our design; and as we followed the pages, perhaps they concluded we also were messengers, or *avant-courières*, of what else might be expected.

Mr. Raikes is not a man that, without a previous disposition towards approbation, I should greatly have admired. He is somewhat too flourishing, somewhat too forward, somewhat too voluble; but he is worthy, benevolent, good-natured, and good-hearted, and therefore the overflowing of successful spirits and delighted vanity must meet with some allowance.

His wife is a quiet and unpretending woman: his daughters common sort of country misses. They seem to live with great hospitality, plenty, and good cheer. They gave us a grand breakfast, and then did the honours of their city to us with great patriotism. They carried us to their fine old cathedral, where we saw the tomb of poor Edward the Second, and many more ancient. Several of the Saxon princes were buried in the original cathedral, and their monuments are preserved. Various of the ancient nobility, whose names and families were

extinct from the wars of the Roses, have here left their worldly honours and deposited their last remains. It was all interesting to see, though I will not detail it, for any Gloucester Guide would beat me hollow at that work.

Next they carried us to the Jail, to show in how small a space, I suppose, human beings can live, as well as die or be dead. This jail is admirably constructed for its proper purposes—confinement and punishment. Every culprit is to have a separate cell; every cell is clean, neat, and small, looking towards a wide expanse of country, and, far more fitted to his speculation, a wide expanse of the heavens. Air, cleanliness, and health seem all considered, but no other indulgence. A total seclusion of all commerce from accident, and an absolute impossibility of all intercourse amongst themselves, must needs render the captivity secure from all temptation to further guilt, and all stimulus to hardihood in past crimes, and makes the solitude become so desperate that it not only seems to leave no opening for any comfort save in repentance, but to make that almost unavoidable.

The Jail is of white stone, and yet unfinished. The debtors also are considered, as they ought to be, with far more favour than the other offenders, and, of course, perfectly guarded from all intercourse with them.

After this they carried us to the Infirmary, where I was yet more pleased, for the sick and the destitute awaken an interest far less painful than the wicked and contemned.

Cleanliness again here shone with even a lustre of benevolence: every poor patient was visibly benefited by it, and the whole building rendered so pleasant and salutary, that there was not one apartment to which there could be any objection to entering; yet all were

occupied, though not one was crowded. The tenderness, too, with which every poor sufferer seemed treated, the ease of their accommodations, the order running through the whole, the quiet, yet close attendance of the nurses —all these were observations not to be made without the most sensible pleasure, even in the midst of the sad commiseration excited by their occasion.

We went entirely over the house, and then over the City, which has little else to catch notice. The Pin manufactory we did not see, as they discouraged us by an account of its dirt.

Mr. Raikes is a very principal man in all these benevolent institutions; and while I poured forth my satisfaction in them very copiously and warmly, he hinted a question whether I could name them to the Queen. "Beyond doubt," I answered; "for these were precisely the things which most interested her Majesty's humanity." The joy with which he heard this was nothing short of rapture.

The King and Queen intend going to Gloucester soon.

We returned home to a late dinner.

SUNDAY, JULY 20TH.—Colonel Gwynn again brought but a bad account of his companion, who was now under the care of the Cheltenham apothecary, Mr. Clerke.

I had appointed in the evening to go on the walks with Miss Palmer. I scarce ever passed so prodigious a crowd as was assembled before the house when I went out. The people of the whole county seemed gathered together to see their Majesties; and so quiet, so decent, so silent, that it was only by the eye they could be discovered, though so immense a multitude. How unlike a London mob!

The King, kindly to gratify their zealous and respectful

curiosity, came to his window, and seeing me go out, he called me to speak to him, and give an account of my intentions.

The people, observing this graciousness, made way for me on every side, so that I passed through them with as much facility as if the meadows had been empty.

The D'Oyleys and Miss Johnson and Miss Palmer made the walking party, and Mr. Seward joined us.

Mr. Raikes and all his family were come from Gloucester to see the Royal Family on the walks, which were very much crowded, but with the same respectful multitude, who never came forward, but gazed and admired at the most humble distance.

Mr. Raikes introduced me to the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Halifax, and afterwards, much more to my satisfaction, to the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, the famous author of 'Cui bono.' I was very glad to see him: he is past eighty, and has a most shrewd and keen old face.

I went afterwards to tea with the D'Oyleys and Miss Palmer, and Mr. Seward again accompanied us. Miss Palmer brought me home in Sir John's carriage, making it drive as near as possible to the house.

But just before we quitted the walks I was run after by a quick female step:—"Miss Burney, don't you know me?—have you forgot Spotty?"—and I saw Miss Ogle. She told me she had longed to come and see me, but did not know if she might. She is here with her mother and two younger sisters. I promised to wait on them. Mrs. Ogle was daughter to the late Bishop of Winchester, who was a preceptor of the King's: I knew, therefore, I might promise with approbation.

MONDAY, JULY 21ST.—I was very much disappointed this morning to see Colonel Gwynn come again alone to

breakfast, and to hear from him that his poor colleague was still confined.

The royal party all went at ten o'clock to Tewkesbury.

About noon, while I was writing a folio letter to my dear father, of our proceedings, Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, came into my little parlour, and said "If you are at leisure, ma'am, Mr. Fairly begs leave to ask you how you do."

I was all amazement, for I had concluded his confinement irremediable for the present.

I was quite happy to receive him; he looked very ill, and his face is still violently swelled. He had a handkerchief held to it, and was muffled up in a great coat; and indeed he seemed unfit enough for coming out.

He apologized for interrupting me. I assured him I should have ample time for my letter. "What a letter!" cried he, looking at its size; "it is just such a one as I should like to receive, and not——"

"Read," cried I.

"No, no!—and not answer!"

He then sat down, and I saw by his manner he came with design to make a sociable visit to me. He was serious almost to sadness, but with a gentleness that could not but raise in whomsoever he had addressed an implicit sympathy.

He led almost immediately to those subjects on which he loves to dwell—Death and Immortality, and the assured misery of all stations and all seasons in this vain and restless world.

I ventured not to contradict him with my happier sentiments, lest I should awaken some fresh pain. I heard him, therefore, in quiet and meditative silence, or made but such general answers as could hazard no allusions. Yet, should I ever see him in better spirits, I shall not

scruple to discuss, in such a way as I can, this point, and to vindicate as well as I am able my opposite opinion.

He told me he had heard a fifth week was to be now added to this excursion, and he confessed a most anxious solicitude to be gone before that time. He dropped something, unexplained, yet very striking, of a peculiar wish to be away ere some approaching period.

I felt his meaning, though I had no key to it; I felt that he coveted to spend in quiet the anniversary of the day on which he lost his lady.

You may believe I could say nothing to it; the idea was too tender for discussion; nor can I divine whether or not he wishes to open more on this subject, or is better pleased by my constant silence to his own allusions. I know not, indeed, whether he thinks I even understand them.

We then talked over Cheltenham and our way of life, and then ran into discourse upon Courts and Court life in general. I frankly said I liked them not, and that, if I had the direction of any young person's destination, I would never risk them into such a mode of living; for, though vices might be as well avoided there as anywhere, and in this Court particularly, there were mischiefs of a smaller kind, extremely pernicious to all nobleness of character, to which this Court, with all its really bright examples, was as liable as any other,—the mischiefs of jealousy, narrowness, and selfishness.

He did not see, he said, when there was a place of settled income and appropriated business, why it might not be filled both with integrity and content in a Court as well as elsewhere. Ambition, the desire of rising, those, he said, were the motives to that envy which set such little passions in motion. One situation, however, there was, he said, which he looked upon as truly

dangerous, and as almost certain to pervert the fairest disposition; it was one in which he would not place any person for whom he had the smallest regard, as he looked upon it to be the greatest hazard a character could run. This was, being Maid of Honour.

TUESDAY, JULY 22ND.—To-day, at noon, I had a surprise with which I was very much pleased. His Majesty opened the door of my little parlour, called out, "Come, come in;" and was followed by Major Price.

He was just arrived from his little farm in Herefordshire, and will stay here some days. It is particularly fortunate just now, when another gentleman was really required to assist in attendance upon the Royal party.

Mr. Seward, with a good-humoured note, sent me the Magazine with Baretti's strictures on Mrs. Thrale. Good heaven, how abusive! It can hardly hurt her—it is so palpably meant to do it. I could not have suspected him, with all his violence, of a bitterness of invective so cruel, so ferocious!

I well remember his saying to me, when first I saw him after the discovery of 'Evelina,' "I see what is it you can do, you little witch—it is, that you can hang us all up for laughing-stocks; but hear me this one thing—don't meddle with me. I see what they are, your powers; but remember, when you provoke an Italian you run a dagger into your own breast!"

I half shuddered at the fearful caution from him, because the dagger was a word of unfortunate recollection: but, good heaven! it could only be a half shudder when the caution was against an offence I could sooner die than commit, and which, I may truly say, if personal attack was what he meant, never even in sport entered

my mind, and was ever, in earnest, a thing I have held in the deepest abhorrence.

I must do, however, the justice to his candour to add, that upon a nearer acquaintance with me, which immediately followed, he never repeated his admonition; and when 'Cecilia' came out, and he hastened to me with every species of extravagant encomium, he never hinted at any similar idea, and it seemed evident he concluded me, by that time, incapable of meriting such a suspicion; though, to judge by his own conduct, a proceeding of this sort may to him appear in a very different light. He thinks, at least, a spirit of revenge may authorize any attack, any insult. How unhappy and how strange! to join to so much real good nature as this man possesses when pleased, a disposition so savagely vindictive when offended.

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THURSDAY, JULY 24TH.—"Pray, Miss Burney," cried Colonel Gwynn, "do you think Mr. Fairly will ever marry again?"

"I think it very doubtful," I answered, "but I hope he will, for, whether he is happy or not in marrying, I am sure he will be wretched in singleness; the whole turn of his mind is so social and domestic. He is by no means formed for going always abroad for the relief of society; he requires it more at hand."

"And what do you think of Miss Fuzilier?"

"That he is wholly disengaged with her and with everybody."

"Well, I think it will be, for I know they correspond; and what should he correspond with her for else?"

"Because, I suppose, he has done it long before

this could be suggested as the motive. And, indeed, the very quickness of the report makes me discredit it; 'tis so utterly impossible for a man whose feelings are so delicate to have taken any steps towards a second connexion at so early a period."

"Why, I know he's very romantic; but I should like to know your opinion."

"I have given it you," cried I, "very exactly."

Not long after, when all the party was broke up from my little parlour, though not yet set out for Gloucester, who should again surprise me by entering but Mr. Fairly!

I was quite rejoiced by his sight. He was better, though not well. His face is almost reduced to its natural size. He had a letter for her Majesty from Lord Aylesbury, and had determined to venture bringing it himself.

He said he would carry it in to the Queen, and then return to my parlour, if I would give him some breakfast. You may suppose I answered "No!" But, afterwards, fearing he might be detained and fatigued, he asked me to present it for him, and only say he was waiting in my room for commands.

I was forced to say "Yes," though I had rather not.

Her Majesty was much surprised to hear he was again out so unexpectedly, and asked if he thought of going to Gloucester?

"No," I said, "I believed he was not equal to that."

She bid me tell him she would see him before she went.

I returned with this message, and would then have ordered him fresh breakfast; but he declared if I was fidgety he should have no comfort, and insisted on my

sitting quietly down, while he drew a chair by my side, and made his own cold tea, and drank it weak and vapid, and eat up all the miserable scraps, without suffering me to call for plate, knife, bread, butter, or anything for replenishment. And when he had done, and I would have made some apology, he affected me for him a good deal by gravely saying, "Believe me, this is the pleasantest breakfast I have made these six days."

He then went on speaking of his late confinement, and its comfortless circumstances, in very strong terms, dwelling on its solitude and its uselessness, as if those only formed its disagreeability, and the pain went for nothing. Social and kind is his heart, and finely touched to the most exquisite sensations of sympathy; and, as I told Colonel Gwynn, I must needs wish he may yet find some second gentle partner fitted to alleviate his sorrows, by giving to him an object whose happiness would become his first study.

He brought me back the few books I had procured him; but I had no fresh supply. He spoke again of the favourite 'Letters,' and said he felt so sure I should be pleased with them, that he was desirous I should look at them, adding, "There is no person into whose hands I would not put them, not even my daughter's."

It was now impossible to avoid saying I should be glad to see them: it would seem else to doubt either his taste or his delicacy, while I have the highest opinion of both.

In talking them over he told me he believed them to be genuine; "But the woman," he said, "throughout the whole correspondence, is too much the superior. She leaves the man far behind. She is so collected, so composed, so constantly mistress of herself, so un-

biassed by her passions, so rational, and so dignified, that I would even recommend her as an example to any young woman in similar circumstances to follow."

He was summoned to her Majesty, in the dining-parlour. But when they were all set out on the Gloucester expedition, he returned to my little parlour, and stayed with me a considerable time.

Grave he came back—grave quite to solemnity, and almost wholly immersed in deep and sad reflections. He spoke little, and that little with a voice so melancholy, yet so gentle, that it filled me with commiseration.

At length, after much silence and many pauses, which I never attempted to interrupt or to dissipate, continuing my work as if not heeding him, he led himself—distantly, yet intelligibly—to open upon the immediate state of his mind.

I now found that the King's staying on at Cheltenham a fifth week was scarcely supportable to him; that the 16th of next month was the mournful anniversary of his loss, and that he had planned to dedicate it in some peculiar manner to her memory, with his four children. Nothing of this was positively said; for

"He feels the chastity of silent woe!"

But all of it was indubitably comprised in the various short but pointed sentences which fell from him.

"To a certain extent," he said, "we can all go, and support and sustain ourselves with firmness; but beyond it we falter. And where once the mind is made up to wait to a certain period for its relief—or, perhaps, I should say indulgence—it can bear anything during that time of probation without sinking, and without repining; but that denied or disappointed, it can bear nothing.

Take from it that promised staff—that purposed term of ease—and all is over."

I was so much affected for him I could scarce forbear offering to represent his situation to her Majesty; but when I considered that he had access to her at his pleasure, from his so much higher office, I feared it might seem unseasonable and officious, and therefore I was deterred.

He told me he had already, however, gone so far as to beg leave to decline being present at the ball, which was to be given on the 19th, at Windsor. And, afterwards, with a heartfelt sigh, he found, he said, that we were to travel on the 16th.

Well might he sigh! What a day for him to go through such fatigue, such public parade, such requisite and unavoidable exertion!

"And to dine," he added, "at Nuneham, all the party, at Lord Harcourt's:" and to this, with a yet deeper sigh, he acknowledged himself wholly unequal.

He then walked about the room in total silence for some minutes; after which, repeating that he could not go through with it, he uttered almost to himself, "Her Majesty must know what the 16th is to me." And then, almost immediately, he wished me good morning, and went away; leaving me so much touched by the mournful state of his excellent mind, and so gratefully impressed by the kind confidence he seemed to feel that he spoke to a safe and a sympathising well-wisher, that I could not, for the whole day through, turn my thoughts to any other subject.

I would I could tell whether it is his wish I should openly enter into his affairs and situation, with that frank and avowed friendship to which all his conduct seems to lead, and which my high opinion of his character

disposes me to meet half way; or whether he is better satisfied, and more relieved, by thus breaking out occasionally and incidentally into such communication only as arises from time to time, from the impulse of the moment, with no other stimulus than a general disposition to think well of the person who hears him.

This is just the point on which I would wish to consult my two beloved friends. I sometimes fear, by my continued silence and backwardness, to seem insensible—at least insipid; and yet I prefer even that to the risk of coming forward, without a greater certainty it might prove to him some consolation. O, no, I cannot give him that; some relief would be sufficient for me. No two casuists in the world, perhaps, would judge so properly in a point of such minute delicacy; but I am so cruelly in arrears in all accounts, that I shall never know your opinions till all occasion for them is past, except the constant pleasure to myself of hearing them, and comparing notes.

I must be guided, meanwhile, as I can, by what strikes at the moment.

Friday, July 25th.—Again, to a very late breakfast came Mr. Fairly, which again he made for himself, when the rest were dispersed, of all the odd remnants, eatable and drinkable.

He was much better, and less melancholy. He said he should be well enough to join the royal party to-morrow, who were to dine and spend the whole day at Lord Coventry's, at Coombe.

I had, afterwards, a letter from Mrs. Hawkins, written in the name of all the 'Burnean System' in these parts, to inquire if I could not join their party, if I accompanied the royal group to the Worcester music meeting. I have great hope I shall be able to arrange this.

In the afternoon, while Miss Planta and myself were sitting over our dessert, a gentle rap at the parlour-door preceded Mr. Fairly. How we both started!

He was muffled up in a great coat, and said he came quite *incog.*, as he was not well enough to dine anywhere but in his private apartment, nor to attend the Royals to the walks, whither they go every evening. He had only strolled out for a walk by himself.

I could not persuade him to sit down; he said he must be gone immediately, lest he should be seen, and the King, not aware of his unfitness, should order his attendance.

Miss Planta, presently, was obliged to go to the Princesses, and wait with them till the promenade took place.

Quietly, then, he drew a chair to the table, and I saw he had something to say; but, after a little general talk he rose and was going: when, hearing by the dogs the Royal Family were just in motion, he pulled off his great coat and seated himself again.

And then, he took from his pocket a small volume, which he said he had taken this opportunity to bring me.

You will be sure it was the 'Original Letters.'

I took them, and thanked him: he charged me with a very grave air to keep them safe, and I put them into my work-box—my dear Fredy's work-box—which here is my universal repository of small goods and chattels, and useful past all thanks.

By the time they were set off, however, we were entered into conversation, and he said he would venture to stay tea; "though, as I tell you," he added, "what I do not tell every body, I must confess I have upon me some certain symptoms that make me a little suspect these

Cheltenham waters are going to bring me to a fit of the gout."

And then he told me that that dreadful disorder had been frequently and dangerously in his family, though he had himself never had it but once, which was after a very bad fall from his horse when hunting with the King.

Miss Planta now joined us, looking not a little surprised to find Mr. Fairly still here, and I ordered tea.

After it was over, she went to take her usual evening exercise; and then Mr. Fairly, pointing to my work-box, said, "Shall I read a little to you?"

Certainly, I said, if it would not too much fatigue him; and then, with the greatest pleasure in renewing again a mode in which I had taken so much delight, I got my work and gave him his book.

Unluckily, however, it was the second volume; the first, having read, he had left in town.

"It is quite, however," he said, "immaterial whether you begin with the first volume or the second; the story is nothing; the language and the sentiments are all you can care for."

I did not quite agree in this, but would not say so, lest he should think of me as Colonel Gywnn does of him, "that I am very romantic;" which, however, I am not, though I never like to anticipate an end ere I know a beginning.

Indeed, he had not praised them too highly, nor raised my expectations beyond what could answer them. They are full of beauties—moral, elegant, feeling, and rational.

He seemed most unusually gratified by seeing me so much pleased with them. "I am so glad," he cried, "you like them, for I thought you would!" But we began so late that he could only get through two letters, when the time of my retiring arrived. I was sorry also

to have him out so late after his long confinement; but he wrapped himself up in his great-coat, and did not seem to think he should suffer from it.

Miss Planta came to my room upstairs, to inquire how long Mr. Fairly had stayed, and I was quite happy to appease her astonishment that he should come without sending in to the King, by assuring her he was only nursing for the next day, when he meant to attend the Coombe party.

I thought it so absolutely right to mention his visit to the Queen, lest, hearing of it from the Princesses through Miss Planta, she should wonder yet more, that I put aside the disagreeable feel of exciting that wonder myself, and told her he had drank tea here, when I attended her at night.

She seemed much more surprised than pleased, till I added that he was preparing and hardening himself for the Coombe expedition the next day, and then she was quite satisfied.

SATURDAY, JULY 26TH.—The Royal party were to be out the whole day, and I had her Majesty's permission to go to the play at night with Miss P—— and her friends, and to introduce Miss Planta to them for the same purpose.

The breakfast was at seven o'clock; we were all up at half after five. How sorry was I to see Colonel Gwynn enter alone, and to hear that Mr. Fairly was again ill!

Soon after the King came into the room and said, "So, no Mr. Fairly again?"

"No, sir; he 's very bad this morning."

"What 's the matter? His face?"

"No, sir; he has got the gout. These waters, he thinks, have brought it on."

"What, in his foot?"

"Yes, sir; he is quite lame; his foot is swelled prodigiously."

"So he's quite knocked up! Can't he come out?"

"No, sir; he's obliged to order a gouty shoe and stay at home and nurse."

The King declared the Cheltenham waters were admirable friends to the constitution, by bringing disorders out of the habit. Mr. Fairly, he said, had not been well some time, and a smart fit of the gout might set him all to rights again.

Alas, thought I, a smart fit of the gout in a lonely lodging at a water-drinking place!

They all presently set off; and so fatigued was my poor little frame, I was glad to go and lie down; but I never can sleep when I try for it in the daytime; the moment I cease all employment, my thoughts take such an ascendence over my morphetic faculty, that the attempt always ends in a deep and most wakeful meditation.

About twelve o'clock I was reading in my private loan book, when, hearing the step of Miss Planta on the stairs, I put it back in my work-box, and was just taking thence some other employment, when her voice struck my ear almost in a scream—"Is it possible? Mr. Fairly!"

My own with difficulty refrained echoing it when I heard his voice answer her; and in a few minutes they parted, and he rapped at the door and entered my little parlour.

He came in hobbling, leaning on a stick, and with a large cloth shoe over one of his feet, which was double the size of the other.

We sat down together, and he soon inquired what I had done with his little book.

I had only, I answered, read two more letters.

"Have you read two?" he cried, in a voice rather disappointed; and I found he was actually come to devote the morning, which he knew to be unappropriated on my part, to reading it on to me himself. Then he took up the book and read on from the fifth letter. But he read at first with evident uneasiness, throwing down the book at every noise, and stopping to listen at every sound. At last he asked me if any body was likely to come?

Not a soul, I said, that I knew or expected.

He laughed a little at his question and apparent anxiety; but with an openness that singularly marks his character, he frankly added, "I must put the book away, pure as it is, if any one comes; or, without knowing a word of the contents, they will run away with the title alone, exclaiming, 'Mr. Fairly reading love letters to Miss Burney!' A fine story that would make!"

'Pon honour, thought I, I would not hear such a tale for the world. However, he now pursued his reading more at his ease.

I will not tell you what we said of them in talking them over. Our praise I have chiefly given—our criticism must wait till you have read them yourselves. They are well worth your seeking. I am greatly mistaken if you do not read them with delight.

In the course of the discussion he glided, I know not how, upon the writings of another person, saying he never yet had talked them over with me.

"It is much kinder not!" cried I hastily.

"How much," said he, "you must hear of them!"

"Too much," cried I, "for I had ever rather not?"

"But here," said he, "now, in this quiet way."

Very fidgety, as he calls it, I made a search in my work-box, and spoke of something else.

"Well, but," cried he, laughing, "may I find a fault? Will you hear a criticism, if nothing of another sort?"

I was forced to accede to this.

He told me, then, there was one thing he wholly disallowed and wished to dispute, which was, Cecilia's refusing to be married on account of the anonymous prohibition to the ceremony. He could not, he said, think such an implied distrust of Delvile, after consenting to be his, was fair or generous.

"To that," cried I, "I cannot judge what a man may think, but I will own it is what most precisely and indubitably I could not have resisted doing myself. An interruption so mysterious and so shocking I could never have had the courage to pass over."

This answer rather silenced him from politeness than convinced him from reason, for I found he thought the woman who had given her promise was already married, and ought to run every risk rather than show the smallest want of confidence in the man of her choice.

I could have said more upon the peculiar situation of the already reluctant and distressed Cecilia, but I feared he might think I defended rather the composition than the circumstance; and to have repaid the frankness of his objection by a tenacious justification might have prevented similar fair dealing from him in future.

The subject, however, being always embarrassing to me except taken *en passant,* I silenced it away; for with Mr. Fairly, as with every high-bred character, that is a method infallible.

Columb now soon came in to inquire what time I should dine, but a ghost could not have made him stare more than Mr. Fairly, whose confinement with the gout had been spread all over the house by Colonel Gwynn.

I ordered an early dinner on account of the play.

"Will you invite me," cried Mr. Fairly, laughing, "to dine with you?"

"Oh yes!" I cried, "with the greatest pleasure;" and he said he would go to his home and dress, and return to my hour.

* * * *

As he was at leisure, I had bespoke the Queen's hair-dresser, on account of the play; but Miss Planta came to inform me that she could not be of that party, as she had received a letter from Lady Charlotte Finch, concerning Princess Mary, that she must stay to deliver herself.

I told her she would have a beau at dinner. "Well," she exclaimed, "'tis the oddest thing in the world he should come so when the King and Queen are away! I am sure, if I was you, I would not mention it."

"O yes, I shall," cried I; "I receive no visitors in private; and I am sure if I did, Mr. Fairly is the last who would condescend to make one of them."

Such was my proud, but true speech, for him and for myself.

At dinner we all three met; Mr. Fairly in much better spirits than I have yet seen him at Cheltenham. He attacks Miss Planta upon all her little prejudices, and rallies her into a defence of them, in a manner so sportive 'tis impossible to hurt her, yet so nearly sarcastic that she is frequently perplexed whether to take it in good or ill part. But his intentions are so decidedly averse to giving pain, that even when she is most alarmed at finding the laugh raised against her, some suddenly good-humoured or obliging turn sets all to rights, and secures any sting from remaining, even where the bee has been most menacing to fix itself.

I believe Mr. Fairly to possess from nature high ani-

mal spirits, though now curbed by misfortune; and a fine vein of satire, though constantly kept in order by genuine benevolence. He is still, in mixed company, gay, shrewd, and arch; foremost in *badinage*, and readiest for whatever may promote general entertainment. But in chosen society his spirits do not rise above cheerfulness; he delights in moral discourse, on grave and instructive subjects, and though always ready to be led to the politics or business of the day, in which he is constantly well versed and informing, I never observe him to lead but to themes of religion, literature, or moral life.

When dinner and a very sociable dessert were over, we proposed going to the King's dining-parlour, while the servants removed the things, &c., against tea. But the weather was so very fine we were tempted by the open door to go out into the air. Miss Planta said she would take a walk; Mr. Fairly could not, but all without was so beautiful he would not go into the parlour, and rather risked the fatigue of standing, as he leant against the porch, to losing the lovely prospect or sweet air.

And here, for near two hours, on the steps of Fauconberg Hall, we remained; and they were two hours of such pure serenity, without and within, as I think, except in Norbury Park, with its loved inhabitants and my Susan, I scarce ever remember to have spent. Higher gaiety and greater happiness many and many periods of my life have at different times afforded me; but a tranquillity more perfect has only, I think, been lent to me in Norbury Park, where, added to all else that could soothe and attract, every affection of my heart could be expanded and indulged.

But what have I to do with a comparison no longer cherished but by memory!

The time I have mentioned being passed, Miss Planta

returned from her walk, and we adjourned to the little parlour, where I made tea, and then I equipped myself for the play.

The sweet Miss P—— received me with her usual kind joy, and introduced me to her friends, who are Mr. Delabere, the master of the house, and chief magistrate of Cheltenham, and his family.

We all proceeded to the play-house, which is a very pretty little theatre. Mrs. Jordan played the "Country Girl," most admirably; but the play is so disagreeable in its whole plot and tendency, that all the merit of her performance was insufficient to ward off disgust. My principal end, however, was wholly answered, in spending the evening with my poor M——.

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Lady Harcourt is come to take the place of Lady Weymouth, whose waiting is over; and Lord Harcourt will lodge in the town of Cheltenham. We have no room here for double accommodations.

I have had two or three little visits, in my little parlour, from Lady Weymouth. She is a sensible, plain, unaffected woman, but hard and unpleasant in her manners, and so inferior to her charming mother, the late Duchess of Portland, who was all courtesy and grace and dignity in her demeanour, without a shadow of pride or self-importance, that I cannot see her without surprise as well as disappointment.

SUNDAY, JULY 27TH.—This morning in my first attendance I seized a moment to tell her Majesty of yesterday's dinner. "So I hear!" she cried; and I was sorry any one had anticipated my information, nor can I imagine who it might be.

"But pray, ma'am," very gravely, "how did it happen? I understood Mr. Fairly was confined by the gout."

"He grew better, ma'am, and hoped by exercise to prevent a serious fit."

She said no more, but did not seem pleased. The fatigues of a Court attendance are so little comprehended, that persons known to be able to quit their room and their bed are instantly concluded to be qualified for all the duties of their office.

We were again very early, as their Majesties meant to go to the cathedral at Gloucester, where the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Halifax, was to preach to them. But I was particularly glad, before our breakfast was over, to see Mr. Fairly enter my little parlour. He was still in his gouty shoe, and assisted by a stick, but he had not suffered from his yesterday's exertion. He was, however, quite unfit for any attendance; but as Lord Salisbury was here, and joined the suite, he was the less wanted.

Before the things were removed a page opened the door, and all the Royal Family—King, Queen, and three Princesses—came into the room to see Mr. Fairly and inquire how he did.

I hardly know with which of the five he is most in favour, or by which most respected, and they all expressed their concern for this second attack, in the kindest terms.

The King, however, who has a flow of spirits at this time quite unequalled, would fain have turned the whole into ridicule, and have persuaded him he was only fanciful.

"Fanciful, sir?" he repeated, a little displeased; and the good King perceiving it, graciously and good-humouredly drew back his words, by saying "Why I should wonder indeed if you were to be that!"

When they all decamped I prepared for church. I

had appointed to go with Miss P——, and to meet her on the road.

Mr. Fairly said, if I would give him leave, he would stay and write letters in my little parlour. I supplied him with materials, and emptied my Queen's writing-box for a desk, as we possess nothing here but a low dining-table. So away went journals, letters, memorandums, &c. &c., into the red portfolio given me by my dear father.

As soon as I presented him with this, not at all aware of the goods and chattels removed for the occasion, he said it was so very comfortable he should now write all his letters here, for at his lodgings he had such a miserable low table he had been forced to prop it up by brickbats! He writes very much, and his first pleasure seems receiving and answering his letters. Here it may well have such precedence.

We went on to the church, which is large and commodious enough. Mr. Boulby, father of Lady Courtown, received us into his daughter's pew.

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Mr. Fairly sealed and made up his dispatches, and then said he would stroll a little out to put his foot in motion. "And what," he asked, "shall you do?"

I had a great mind to say, Why, stroll with you; for that, I think, was the meaning of his question; but I feared it might prevent my being dressed against the return of the Queen, and I do not think she would have thought it an adequate excuse!

The Royals came home to an exceeding late dinner. The gouty shoe being readily admitted, Mr. Fairly resumed his seat at the King's table.

On the walks we met Miss Palmer, Miss Ogle, &c., and a multitude of new comers—starers rather—but all

perfectly well-behaved and quiet. The King and Queen stopped to speak to Mrs. Granville and Miss P—— very graciously.

MONDAY, JULY 28TH.—Miss Ogle acquainted me that this was the last day of her remaining at Cheltenham, and I promised to drink tea with her in the afternoon; and the Queen honoured me with a commission to bring Mrs. Ogle on the walks, as his Majesty wished again to see her.

Mr. Fairly very slowly amending, came again late to breakfast, but was not well enough to ride out with the Royal party. He remained some time with me when they were gone, but almost entirely silent, leaving me to pursue my work, of which, I assure you, I have plenty, while he pursued his reflections. Melancholy ones they seemed, and sad the mind whence they flowed.

It became quite painful to me to refrain from proposing to assist him, in all that now could alleviate his suffering, which was, obtaining him leave of absence previous to our general departure; but the fear of officiousness forced me to be quiet.

I recollected some letters I had been shown formerly by Mr. Astle, a collector, antiquary, &c., through the means of Mrs. Thrale, in which a part of Mr. Fairly's family were much concerned. They were copies, and all addressed to Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Some were from the Duke of Newcastle, when in the late King's ministry; others from Lord Essex and Lord Holland; but the chief of the collection were from Lord ——.

"Could you allow," I cried, "to be asked anything by halves, where previously told that you must make no inquiries after the whole?"

"Yes," cried he, a little smiling, "'tis what I wish."

I then asked him what relation to himself that Lord —— might be, and gave him a little account of the letters, but told him I could not inform him who was their possessor, nor how I came to see them, as I was intrusted secretly.

It was possible, he said, it might be his eldest brother, who was many years older than himself; or, perhaps, his grandfather, the late Lord. His own father died before he came to the title.

I related to him a character given, in these letters, of the late Mr. Pitt, which, I remember, finished with these words, after much of praise and much of censure—"He is inflexible, impracticable, invincible!"

This led to a little talk of his family, in which he named his mother with the most filial reverence. He told me she had left him her executor, and that then all the letters and papers of his father and grandfather were in his possession; but as he conceived they might turn to some possible mischief, by falling into incautious or evil hands, he had burned them all, and now forgot even what they were.

* * * * *

I found Mrs. Ogle and her daughters all civility and good humour. Poor Mrs. Ogle has lately (by what means I do not know) wholly lost her eye-sight; but she is perfectly resigned to this calamity, and from motives just such as suit a Bishop's daughter. When I told her who desired her to be on the walks, she was extremely gratified. Spotty is a complete rebel, according to the principles of her republican father, and protested it would only be a folly and fuss to go, for *their* notice! The younger sisters are bred rebels too; but the thought of guiding their mother, when such royal distinction was intended her, flattered and fluctuated them. There was

another lady with them, who told me that Dr. Warton, of Winchester, had desired her to make acquaintance with me; but I have forgotten her name, and have no time to refresh my memory with it.

To the walks we went, the good and pious Mrs. Ogle between her two young daughters, and Spotty and I together. Spotty begged me to go to the ball with her, but I had neither licence nor inclination.

The Queen immediately espied Mrs. Ogle, by seeing me, as I heard her say to the King; and they approached the spot where we stood, in the most gracious manner. The King spoke with such kindness to Mrs. Ogle, and with such great regard of her late father, that the good lady was most deeply affected with pleasure. I believe they stayed half an hour with her, talking over old scenes and circumstances. Spotty kept pulling me all the time, to decamp; but I kept "invincible,"—not quite like Mr. Pitt, yet "invincible." At last the King spoke to her: this confused her so much, between the pleasure of the notice, and the shame of feeling that pleasure, that she knew not what she either did or said, answered everything wrong, and got out of the line, and stood with her back to the Queen, and turned about she knew not why, and behaved like one who had lost her wits.

When they left us, Mrs. Ogle expressed her grateful sense of the honour done her, almost with tears; the two young ones said, they had never conceived the King and Queen could be such sweet people; and poor Spotty was so affected and so constrained in denying them praise, and persisting that she thought it "all a bore," that I saw the republican heart was gone, though the tongue held its ground.

A second time, after a few more turns, the same gracious party approached, with fresh recollections and

fresh questions concerning interesting family matters. This was more than could be withstood; Mrs. Ogle was almost overpowered by their condescension; the young ones protested they should never bear to hear anything but praise of them all their lives to come; and poor Spotty was quite dumb! She could not, for shame, join the chorus of praise, and to resist it she had no longer any power.

We did not, however, stop here; for still a third time they advanced, and another conference ensued, in which Mrs. Ogle's sons were inquired for, and their way of life, and designs and characters.

This ended and completed the whole; Mrs. Ogle no longer restrained the tears of pleasure from flowing; her little daughters declared, aloud, the King and Queen were the two most sweet persons in the whole world, and they would say so as long as they lived; and poor Spotty, colouring and conscious, said—"But I hope I did not behave so bad this time as the first?"

Nay, so wholly was she conquered, that, losing her stubbornness more and more by reflection, she would not let me take leave till she obliged me to promise I would either call the next morning, before their departure, or write her a little note, to say if they found out or mentioned her ungraciousness.

I was too well pleased in the convert to refuse her this satisfaction; and so full was her mind of her new loyalty, that when she found me steady in declining to go with her to the ball, she gave it up herself, and said she would go home with her mother and sisters, to talk matters over.

I was very much pleased, indeed, with this whole business.

TUESDAY, JULY 29TH.—Our breakfast this morning was

again in the original style. Mr. Fairly came at the usual hour, eight o'clock, with Colonel Gwynn, and afterwards attended his Majesty on horseback. His gout has ended without a serious fit; though I am sorry to find he seems to think his general health would more have benefited by its quitting him less abruptly.

* * * * * *

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30TH.—In the afternoon I went again to the play, with Miss P—— and the Delaberes and Granvilles. It was "Sir Harry Wildair," and Mrs. Jordan performed it extremely well, but very little to my satisfaction. It is a very disagreeable play,.and wholly abounding in all that can do violence to innocence and morality; but it gave me an evening with that sweet young friend, and we neither of us cared much for the stage, while both had so much to communicate and to hear, of nearer interest.

It was for the benefit of Mrs. Jordan; and all our household had taken tickets, at the request of Mrs. Milbanke, a lady here who patronizes all the players.

THURSDAY, JULY 31ST.—Mr. Fairly joined Miss Planta and me at tea. "And here," cried he, "after all the toils and bustle of the day, here we meet, to finish with our quiet dish of tea the last, and not, to me, least pleasant part of the day's business."

We talked much upon letter-writing, perfectly agreeing in holding it the first of all enjoyments, in the absence of those first in our affections. He has many correspondents, for he has many friends, and loves to keep up a constant intercourse with them. 'Tis a rule with him to destroy his letters almost as soon as they are answered. Here, certainly, we agreed not so perfectly.

"You do not," cried he, "burn your letters?"

I was too fairly detected for evasion, but I assured him I kept none dishonourably—none that I was bid to destroy.

He then said he thought it a bad and dangerous custom to keep them.

"But what fortitude," cried I, "does it not require to burn them, when they are written by those we wish to write them!"

"And what," cried he, "is to become of yours, if any thing happens? Think but how they will be seized; everybody will try to get some of them; what an outcry there will be! Have you seen Miss Burney's letters? Have you got any? I have a bit! and I have another! and I! and I! will be the cry all round."

No, no; I assured him I was not quite so inconsiderate of consequences. All my papers would fall into the hands of one of the most honourable characters in the world, though a pretty near relation of mine,—a certain sister, in whose discretion and delicacy I had a reliance the most perfect; and I was sure, I said, I might depend upon the Queen that they should be safely transmitted to her; I could not, therefore, conceive there could be either danger or crime, so situated, in retaining them.

He did not, however, quite acquit me: his sincerity is proof against everything but the fullest conviction; and he told me it was commonly a mere visionary notion, that of reading over letters in future times; those times brought their own letters and avocations, and all such hoards were as generally useless as they were frequently hazardous.

O, could he see my hoards, what a conflagration would he make for me! However, he has really, by his reasoning, wrought upon me a resolution to take a general review of my manuscript possessions, and to

make a few gentle flames, though not to set fire to the whole.

Miss Planta said the Duke of York was expected the next day. This led to much discourse on the Princes, in which Mr. Fairly, with his usual but most uncommon openness, protested there was something in the violence of their animal spirits that would make him accept no post and no pay to live with them. Their very voices, he said, had a loudness and force that wore him.

Immediately after he made a little attack—a gentle one, indeed—upon me, for the contrary extreme, of hardly speaking, among strangers at least, so as to be heard. "And why," cried he, "do you speak so low? I used formerly not to catch above a word in a sentence from you."

This is a fault it is high time to conquer; but—but, whenever embarrassment comes voice goes! and what can I do? Amend, however, I will, as fast as I can. How would Mr. Cambridge have delighted in hearing this mentioned to me! he has so often murmured upon the subject.

In talking on about the Princes, he asked me how I managed with them.

Not at all, I said, for since I had resided under the Royal roof they were rarely there, and I had merely seen them two or three times.

He congratulated me that I had not been in the family in earlier days, when they all lived together; and Miss Planta enumerated various of their riots, and the distresses and difficulties they caused in the household.

I was very glad, I said, to be out of the way, though I did not doubt but I might have kept clear of them had I been even then a resident.

"O no, no," cried Mr. Fairly; "they would have come

to you, I promise you; and what could you have done —what would have become of you?—with Prince William in particular? Do you not think, Miss Planta, the Prince of Wales and Prince William would have been quite enough for Miss Burney? Why she would have been quite subdued!"

I assured him I had not a fear but I might always have avoided them.

"Impossible! They would have come to your tea-room."

"I would have given up tea."

"Then they would have followed you—called for you —sent for you—the Prince of Wales would have called about him, 'Here! where's Miss Burney?'"

"O, no, no, no!" cried I; "I would have kept wholly out of the way, and then they would never have thought about me."

"O, ho!" cried he, laughing, "never think of seeing Miss Burney! Prince William, too! what say you to that, Miss Planta?"

She agreed there was no probability of such escape.

I was only the more glad to have arrived in later times.

Here a page came to call Mr. Fairly to backgammon with his Majesty.

And here ends July, 1788.

PART V.

1788.

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PART V.

1788.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1ST.—This was a very busy day; the Duke of York was expected, and his fond father had caused a portable wooden house to be moved from the further end of Cheltenham Town up to join to Falconberg Hall. The task had employed twenty or thirty men almost ever since our arrival, and so laborious, slow, difficult, and all but impracticable had it proved, that it was barely accomplished before it was wanted. There was no room, however, in the King's actual dwelling, and he could not endure not to accommodate his son immediately next himself.

His joy upon his arrival was such joy as I have only seen here when he arrived first from Germany; I do not mean it was equally violent, or, alas! equally unmixed, but yet it was next and nearest to that which had been most perfect.

Mr. Bunbury attended his Royal Highness. We had all dispersed from breakfast, but the King came in, and desired me to make him some. Mr. Fairly had brought him to my little parlour, and, having called Columb, and assisted in arranging a new breakfast, he left us, glad, I suppose, of a morning to himself, for his Majesty was wholly engrossed by the Duke.

We talked over his usual theme—plays and players—and he languished to go to the theatre and see Mrs.

Jordan. Nor did he languish in vain: his Royal Master, the Duke, imbibed his wishes, and conveyed them to the King; and no sooner were they known than an order was hastily sent to the play-house, to prepare a royal box.

The Queen was so gracious as to order Miss Planta and myself to have the same entertainment. We went into a box near the stage, which is always appropriated for Mr. Delabere, as chief magistrate, whenever he chooses to make use of it.

Very vexatiously, however, my message arrived so late, that my dear Miss P—— and her aunt, &c., were out. Mr. Delabere and the sweet little Anne Dewes accompanied us to their box.

The delight of the people that their King and Queen should visit this country theatre was the most disinterested I ever witnessed; for though they had not even a glance of their Royal countenances, they shouted, huzzaed, and clapped, for many minutes. The managers had prepared the front boxes for their reception, and therefore the galleries were over them. They made a very full and respectable appearance in this village theatre. The King, Queen, Duke of York, and three Princesses, were all accommodated with front seats; Lord Harcourt stood behind the King, Lady Harcourt and Mr. Fairly behind the Queen; Lord and Lady Courtown and Lady Pembroke behind the Princesses; and, at the back, Colonel Gwynn and Mr. Bunbury; Mr. Boulby and Lady Mary were also in the back group.

I was somewhat taken up in observing a lady who sat opposite to me, Miss W——. My Susanna will remember that extraordinary young lady at Bath, whose conduct and conversation I have either written or repeated to her.

'I could not see her again without being much struck by another recollection, of more recent and vexatious date. Mrs. Thrale, in one of the letters she has published, and which was written just after I had communicated to her my singular rencontre with this lady, says to Dr. Johnson, "Burney has picked up an infidel, and recommended to her to read 'Rasselas.'"

This has a strange sound, but when its circumstances are known, its strangeness ceases; it meant Miss W——, and I greatly fear, from the date and the book, she cannot but know the "infidel" and herself are one. I was truly concerned in reading it, and I now felt almost ashamed as well as concerned in facing her, though her infidelity, at that time, was of her own public avowal. Mr. Bunbury is particularly intimate with her, and admires her beyond all women.

The Duke of York, so long expected, declared he could stay but one night; he was forced to be in town on Sunday, by military business; but he would travel all Saturday night, that he might defer his setting off till the day was over.

'I wonder," cried Mr. Fairly very gravely, "how these Princes, who are thus forced to steal even their travelling from their sleep, find time to say their prayers!"

You may imagine, nobody stopped to make out how that might be managed.

Notwithstanding, however, this violent fatigue, the Duke agreed to attend their Majesties on the Saturday to Hartlebury, beyond Worcester, whither they had graciously engaged themselves to the Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Hurd.

When they were gone, Miss Planta and myself, by the Queen's direction, went in a chaise to see Tewkesbury.

We were carried to several very beautiful points of view, all terminating with the noble hills of Malvern; and we visited the cathedral, which is very ancient, and contains many of the unhappy warriors in the battles of the Two Roses;—Lord Warwick, the Duke of Clarence, &c. The pews of this cathedral seem the most unsafe, strange, and irregular that were ever constructed; they are mounted up, story after story, without any order, now large, now small, now projecting out wide, now almost indented in back, nearly to the very roof of the building. They look as if, ready made, they had been thrown up, and stuck wherever they could, entirely by chance.

We returned home just in time to be hastily dressed before the Royals came back. I was a little, however, distressed on being told, as I descended to dinner, that Mr. Richard Burney was in my parlour. The strict discipline observed here, in receiving no visits, made this a very awkward circumstance, for I as much feared hurting him by such a hint, as concurring in an impropriety by detaining him. Miss Planta suffers not a soul to approach her to this house; and Lady Harcourt has herself told me she thinks it would be wrong to receive even her sisters, Miss Vernons, so much all-together is now the house and household!

My difficulty was still increased, when, upon entering the parlour, I found him in boots, a riding dress, and hair wholly without curl or dressing. Innocently, and very naturally, he had called upon me in his travelling garb, never suspecting that in visiting me he was at all in danger of seeing or being seen by any one else. Had that indeed been the case, I should have been very glad to see him; but I knew, now, his appearance must prove every way to his disadvantage, and I felt an added anxiety to acquaint him with my situation.

Miss Planta looked all amazement; but he was himself all ease and sprightly unconsciousness.

We were obliged to sit down to dinner; he had dined. I was quite in a panic the whole time, lest any of the Royals should come in before I could speak; but, after he had partaken of our dessert, as much *en badinage* as I could, I asked him if he felt stout enough to meet the King? and then explained to him, as concisely as I had power, that I had here no room whatsoever at my own disposal, in such a manner as to enable my having the happiness to receive any of my private friends; even Miss P——, though known to all the Royal Family, I could never venture to invite, except when they were abroad: such being, at present, the universal practice and forbearance of all the attendants in this tour.

He heard me with much surprise, and much laughter at his own elegant equipment for such encounters as those to which he now found himself liable; but he immediately proposed decamping, and I could not object.

Yet, to soften this disagreeable explanation, I kept him a few minutes longer, settling concerning our further meeting at the concerts at Worcester, and, in this little interval, we were startled by a rap at my door.

He laughed, and started back; and I, alarmed, also retreated. Miss Planta opened the door, and called out —"'Tis Mr. Fairly."

I saw him in amaze at sight of a gentleman; and he was himself immediately retiring, concluding, I suppose, that nothing less than business very urgent could have induced me to break through rules so rigidly observed by himself and all others. I would not, however, let him go; but as I continued talking with Richard about the music meeting and my cousins, he walked up to the window with Miss Planta.

I now kept Richard as long as I well could, to help off his own embarrassment at this interruption; at length he went.

Hearing now the barking of the dogs, I knew the Royals must be going forth to their promenade; but I found Mr. Fairly either did not hear or did not heed them; for, upon my having asked some question about Hartlebury, he said, "If you'll give me leave, I'll sit down and tell you the whole of the expedition."

He then gave a most interesting narration of the excursion of their Majesties, and of their delighted reception by the county of Worcester. So immense and so respectful a crowd Mr. Fairly declared he had never seen, and confessed he had been extremely affected by their loyal joy, though now accustomed to such scenes. Their extreme good behaviour had induced him, occasionally, to hang a little back from the Royal group, in order to satisfy the curiosity he heard them expressing, of knowing who was who; and he declared he never saw people so obliged as they all showed themselves, that one of the "uniforms" would come among them, to point out one princess from another, and tell the names of the whole party.

While I expected him every moment to recollect himself, and hasten to the walks, he quietly said, "They are all gone but me. I shall venture, to-night, to shirk;—though the King will soon miss me. But what will follow? He will say—'Fairly is tired! How shabby!' Well! let him say so; I *am* tired!"

Miss Planta went off, soon after, to her walk.

He then said, "Have you done with my little book?"

"O yes!" I cried, "and this morning I have sent home the map of Gloucester you were so good as to send us.

Though, I believe, I have kept both so long, you will not again be in any haste to lend me either a map of the land, or a poem of the sea!"

I then gave him back the 'Shipwreck.'

"Shall I tell you," cried I, "a design I have been forming upon you?"

"A design upon me?"

"Yes; and I may as well own it, for I shall be quite as near success as if I disguise it."

I then went to my little drawer and took out 'Akenside.'

"Here," I cried, "I intended to have had this fall in your way, by pure accident, on the evening you were called to the conjurer, and I have planned the same ingenious project every evening since, but it has never taken, and so now I produce it fairly!"

"That," cried he, taking it, with a very pleased smile, "is the only way in all things!"

He then began reading 'The Pleasures of the Imagination,' and I took some work, for which I was much in haste, and my imagination was amply gratified.

How sweet a poem, in parts, it is! I rejoiced never to have read it sooner, unless, indeed, I had read it with my Susan or Fredy. But anything highly beautiful I have almost an aversion to reading alone.

He only looked out for favourite passages, as he has the poem almost by heart, and he read them with a feeling and energy that showed his whole soul penetrated with their force and merit.

After the first hour, however, he grew uneasy; he asked me when I expected the King and Queen from their walk, and whether they were likely to come into my room?

"All," I said, "was uncertain."

"Can nobody," he cried, "let you know when they are coming?"

"Nobody," I answered, "would know till they were actually arrived."

"But," cried he, "can you not bid somebody watch?"

'Twas rather an awkward commission, but I felt it would be an awkwardness still less pleasant to me to decline it, and therefore I called Columb, and desired he would let me know when the Queen returned.

He was then easier, and laughed a little, while he explained himself, "Should they come in and find me reading here before I could put away my book, they would say we were two blue stockings!"

I am always ready enough to enter into any caution to save that pedantic charge, and therefore we were perfectly agreed. And perhaps he was a little the more anxious not to be surprised to-night, lest his being too tired for walking should be imputed to his literary preference of reading to *a blue*.

At tea Miss Planta again joined us, and instantly behind him went the book. He was very right; for nobody would have thought it more odd—or more blue.

During this repast they returned home, but all went straight upstairs, the Duke wholly occupying the King; and Mr. Bunbury went to the play. When Miss Planta, therefore, took her evening stroll, 'Akenside' again came forth, and with more security.

"There is one ode here," he cried, "that I wish to read to you, and now I think I can."

I told him I did not in general like Akenside's odes, at least what I had chanced to read, for I thought they were too inflated, and filled with "liberty cant." "But this, however," cried he, "I must read to you, it is so pretty, though it is upon love!"

'Tis addressed to Olympia: I dare say my dearest Fredy recollects it. It is, indeed, most feelingly written;

but we had only got through the first stanza when the door suddenly opened, and enter Mr. Bunbury.

After all the precautions taken, to have him thus appear at the very worst moment! Vexed as I was, I could really have laughed; but Mr. Fairly was ill disposed to take it so merrily. He started, threw the book forcibly behind him, and instantly took up his hat, as if decamping.

I really believe he was afraid Mr. Bunbury would caricature us! "The sentimental readers!" or what would he have called us?

Luckily this confusion passed unnoticed. Mr. Bunbury had run away from the play to see after the horses, &c. for his Duke, and was fearful of coming too late.

Plays and players now took up all the discourse, with Miss W——, till the Duke was ready to go.

They then left me together, Mr. Fairly smiling drolly enough in departing, and looking at 'Akenside' with a very arch shrug, as who should say "What a scrape you had nearly drawn me into, Mr. Akenside!"

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3RD.—This morning I was so violently oppressed by a cold, which turns out to be the influenza, it was with the utmost difficulty I could dress myself. I did indeed now want some assistant most wofully.

The Princess Royal has already been some days disturbed with this influenza. When the Queen perceived it in me she told his Majesty, who came into the room just as she was going to breakfast. Without making any answer, he himself went immediately to call Mr. Clerk, the apothecary, who was then with the Princess Royal.

"Now, Mr. Clerk," cried he, "here's another patient for you."

Mr. Clerk, a modest, sensible man, concluded, by the King himself having called him, that it was the Queen he had now to attend, and he stood bowing profoundly before her; but soon observing she did not notice him, he turned in some confusion to the Princess Augusta, who was now in the group.

"No, no! it's not me, Mr. Clerk, thank God!" cried the gay Princess Augusta.

Still more confused, the poor man advanced to Princess Elizabeth.

"No, no; it's not her!" cried the King.

I had held back, having scarce power to open my eyes, from a vehement head-ache, and not, indeed, wishing to go through my examination till there were fewer witnesses. But his Majesty now drew me out: "Here, Mr. Clerk," he cried, "this is your new patient!"

He then came bowing up to me, the King standing close by, and the rest pretty near.

"You—you are not well, ma'am?" he cried in the greatest embarrassment.

"No, sir, not quite," I answered in ditto.

"O, Mr. Clerk will cure you!" cried the King.

"Are—are you feverish, ma'am?"

"Yes, sir, a little."

"I—I will send you a saline draught, ma'am."

"If you please."

And then he bowed and decamped.

Did you ever hear a more perfectly satisfactory examination? The poor modest man was overpowered by such Royal listeners and spectators, and I could not possibly relieve him, for I was little better myself.

I went down to breakfast, but was so exceedingly oppressed I could not hold up my head; and as soon as I could escape I went to my own room, and laid down

till my noon attendance, which I performed with so much difficulty I was obliged to return to the same indulgence the moment I was at liberty.

* * * * *

Down at last I went, slow and wrapped up. I found Mr. Fairly alone in the parlour, reading letters with such intentness that he did not raise his head, and with an air of the deepest dejection.

I remained wholly unnoticed a considerable time; but at last he looked up, and with some surprise, but a voice of extreme sadness, he said "Is that Miss Burney? I thought it had been Miss Planta."

I begged him to read on, and not mind me; and I called for tea.

When we had done tea, "See, ma'am," he cried, "I have brought you Carr; and here is a sermon upon the text I mean, when I preach, to choose:—'Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right; for that will bring a man peace at the last.'"

Sincerely I commended his choice; and we had a most solemn discussion of happiness, not such as coincides with gaiety here, but hope of salvation hereafter. His mind has so religious a propensity, that it seems to me, whenever he leaves it to its natural bent, to incline immediately and instinctively to subjects of that holy nature.

Humility, he said, in conclusion, humility was all in all for tranquillity of mind; with that, little was expected and much was borne, and the smallest good was a call for gratitude and content.

How could this man be a soldier? Might one not think he was bred in the cloisters?

"Well," cried he, again taking up the volume of Carr,

"I will just sit and read this sermon, and then quietly go home."

He did so, feelingly, forcibly, solemnly; it is an excellent sermon; yet so read—he so sad, and myself so ill—it was almost too much for me, and I had some difficulty to behave with proper propriety.

To him subjects of this sort, ill or well, bring nothing, I believe, but strength as well as comfort. The voice of dejection with which he began changed to one of firmness ere he had read three pages.

Something he saw of unusual sinking, notwithstanding what I hid; and, with a very kind concern, when he had finished the sermon, he said, "Is there anything upon your spirits?"

"No," I assured him, "but I was not well; and mind and body seemed to go together sometimes, when they did not."

"But they do go together," cried he, "and will."

However, he took no further notice: he is like me, for myself, in that—that whatever he thinks only bodily is little worth attention; and I did not care to risk explaining to his strong and virtuous mind the many fears and mixed sensations of mine, when brought to a close disquisition of awaiting eternity.

I never, but with Mrs. Delany and Dr. Johnson, have entered so fully and so frequently upon this awful subject as with Mr. Fairly. My dear and most revered Mrs. Delany dwelt upon it continually, with joy, and pure, yet humble hope. My ever-honoured Dr. Johnson recurred to it perpetually, with a veneration compounded of diffidence and terror, and an incessant, yet unavailing plan, of amending all errors, and rising into perfection. Mr. Fairly leans upon it as the staff of his strength—the trust, the hope, the rest of his soul—too big for satis-

faction in aught this world has given, or can reserve for him.

He did not, however, "go quietly home" when he had finished the sermon; on the contrary, he revived in his spirits, and animated in his discourse, and stayed on.

In speaking of the King he suddenly recollected some very fine lines of Churchill, made on his accession to the throne. I wish I could transcribe them, they are so applicable to that good king, from that moment of promise to the present of performance. But I know not in what part of Churchill's works they may be found.

Finding me unacquainted with his poems he then repeated several passages, all admirably chosen; but among them his memory called forth some that were written upon Lord H——, which were of the bitterest severity I ever heard:—whether deserved or not, Heaven knows; but Mr. Fairly said he would repeat them, for the merit of the composition. There was no examining his opinion of their veracity, and he made no comments; but this Lord H——, was the famous man so often in the House of Commons accused of expending, or retaining, unaccounted millions!

Having run through all he could immediately recollect, he said, with a very droll smile, "Come, now I'll finish our ode," and went to my drawer for 'Akenside.'

His fears of surprise, however, again came upon him so strongly while reading it, that he flung away the book in the utmost commotion at every sound, lest any one was entering, always saying in excuse, "We must not be called two blue stockings;" and, "They are so glad to laugh; the world is so always on the watch for ridicule."

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I know not by what means, but after this we talked over Mr. Hastings' trial. I find he is very much ac-

quainted with Mr. Wyndham, and I surprised him not a little, I saw, by what I told him of part of my conferences with that gentleman.

This matter having led us from our serious subjects, he took up 'Akenside' once more, and read to me the first book throughout. What a very, very charming poem is the 'Pleasures of the Imagination!' He stayed to the last moment, and left me all the better for the time he thus rescued from feverish lassitude and suffering.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5TH.—This morning at breakfast I was much vexed to hear Mr. Fairly, during the whole repast, speaking with that unguarded openness which requires the most perfect understanding of his character, before one who heard all with a literal acceptation, and concluded him next to a rebel, though he is, perhaps, one of the most zealously devoted of rational subjects. But neither his zeal nor his devotion blind him; nor do I think they ever could to any object under heaven—so clear seems his perception of good and ill, so unbiassed his mind by either partiality or prejudice.

He sat with us some minutes, giving an account of the route we were to take, and what was worth our looking for, and various other useful, though local matters. We were to travel in the evening on account of the heat; we should pass through much beautiful scenery, and there were some parts for which he bid us look, in which he desired us "not to let a blade of grass pass unnoticed."

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Miss Planta and I followed, as usual, in the last royal coach, the two wardrobe-women joining us.

The journey to Worcester was very pleasant, and the country through which we passed extremely luxuriant and pretty. We did not go in by the Barborne road; but all the road, and all avenues leading to it, were

lined with people, and when we arrived at the city we could see nothing but faces; they lined the windows from top to bottom, and the pavement from end to end.

We drove all through the city to come to the palace of Bishop Hurd, at which we were to reside. Upon stopping there, the King had an huzza that seemed to vibrate through the whole town; the Princess Royal's carriage had a second, and the Equerries a third; the mob then, as ours drew on in succession, seemed to deliberate whether or not we also should have a cheer: but one of them soon decided the matter by calling out, "These are the Maids of Honour!" and immediately they gave us an huzza that made us quite ashamed, considering its vicinity.

Mr. Fairly and Colonel Goldsworthy having performed the royal attendance, waited to hand us out of the carriage; and then the former said he believed he should not be wanted, and would go and make a visit in the town. I should have much liked walking off also, and going to my cousins at Barborne Lodge; but I was no free agent, and obliged to wait for commands.

The Bishop received the Royal Family and all the suite; but lodged himself out of the house, the better to accommodate them.

The house is old and large; part of it looks to the Severn; but the celebrated "Fair Sabrina" was so thick and muddy, that at this time her vicinity added but little to the beauty of the situation.

The utmost care and attention was paid by the good Bishop to the convenience and comfort of his royal guests, and all their people. Our party in this mansion consists of all the Royals, Lady Harcourt, Miss Planta, and myself, with pages, &c. Lady Pembroke, Lord and Lady Courtown, Mr. Fairly, Colonels Goldsworthy

and Gwynn, are all lodged in the town. Lord Coventry, as Recorder of Worcester, is here to receive the King, and Lord Oxford is come as Lord in Waiting.

My bed-room is pleasant, with a view of the distant country and the Severn beneath it; but it is through that of the Princess Royal; which is an inconvenience her Royal Highness submits to with a grace that would make me ashamed to call it one to myself. The parlour for our eating is large and dark, and old-fashioned. I made tea in it to-night for Lord Courtown and the two Colonels, and Miss Planta, and was so much the better for my journey, that I felt the influenza nearly conquered.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6TH.—I had the pleasure to arrange going to the music meeting with my own family. Notes were immediately interchanged from and to Barborne Lodge, and the Queen was very well pleased that I should have this opportunity of joining my friends. Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins and Betsy called for me at the Bishop's.

I was heartily glad to see Betsy and Mrs. Hawkins; I introduced Miss Planta to them, who was of our party. We sat in what are called the Stewards' places, immediately under their Majesties. The performance was very long, and tolerably tedious, consisting of Handel's gravest pieces and fullest choruses, and concluding with a sermon concerning the institution of the charity, preached by Dr. Langhorne. I was, however, so glad to be with my cousins, that the morning was very comfortable and pleasant to me. Richard and James joined us occasionally; the rest of the family are at Shrewsbury.

It was over very late, and we then went about the church, to see King John's tomb, &c. They were very earnest with me to go to Barborne; but it was impossible.

I promised, however, to accompany them to the concert at night, and be of their party to all the morning meetings at the cathedral.

My parlour at the Bishop's afforded me a good deal of entertainment, from observing the prodigious concourse of people from all the tops of houses, and looking over the walls to watch his Majesty' sentrance into the courtyard. Poor Lord Courtown, on account of his star, was continually taken for the King, and received so many huzzas and shouts, that he hardly dared show himself except when in attendance.

I was looking at the window after dinner when his Lordship was forced to come out with the other gentlemen, to wait for the King, whom they were all going to attend to the china and other manufactories. Mr. Fairly saw me, and instantly came up to the window, to inquire how I did, and what was become of my influenza? The rest followed, and among them Lord Oxford, and they all stayed, chatting upon Worcester, &c., till his Majesty appeared. The Queen then came also to peep in and see how I was accommodated. The perfect good humour and graciousness of all the Royal Family in these excursions there is no describing. The Princess Royal regularly, during this Worcester visit, parted the orgeat given her for her own influenza, and with her own fair hands placed half of it by my bedside, where I always found it at night. Could anything be more sweetly condescending?

My cousins called in the evening, and we accompanied them to the concert, where I was much more pleased than in the morning, but obliged to come away at the end of the first act, as it was already ten o'clock; so late did they begin the performance.

When we came home I found my parlour filled with

the gentlemen; the crowd had pressed so hard upon the Royal Family in their walk to the manufactories, that they had been obliged to order carriages and return home. It was merely eagerness to see them, for all was perfectly civil and loyal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7TH.—This afternoon I could have contrived to go to Barborne Lodge, as all the party attended their Majesties in an expedition to see sights; but my cousins themselves were at the concert, and I would not keep them away.

Poor Lady Harcourt had now the influenza with great severity, and was confined to the house, and till the evening, to her room, which was immediately within my parlour. When she found all were out except myself, (for even Miss Planta was gone off shopping and walking.) she sent to propose spending the evening with me. I could not but accept the honour, and she came, muffled up in cloaks and night-caps, and stayed with me, *tête-à-tête,* three hours—that is, till I was summoned to the Queen.

We talked over Mr. Mason, Mrs. Montagu, and Mr. Walpole, all of whom she happened to know had admitted me of their acquaintance. She was very courteous indeed, but the native stiffness of her character and deportment never wears away, and its effect upon me was, I am afraid, sympathetic. How long may a *tête-à-tête* seem, and how short! Time never goes so quick or so slow as in such duettos.

I had several little conferences with the Bishop of Worcester in the course of the day, which were extremely pleasant to me. He made me sundry little visits, while in waiting at different times for their Majesties.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 8TH.—The Recorder of Worcester, Lord Coventry, and the Mayor and Aldermen, &c.,

arrived early this morning to conduct the King to the Town Hall, which he had settled to see. His Majesty came to the Queen while I was with her, to desire her to look at the procession from the window. She graciously bid me look also; and the King proposed bringing in Mr. Fairly, who had, I believe, some business with her. He came to my window to look on; and when the procession was passed I left the room and went down to a cold breakfast, Miss Planta having had hers; for we were here in more confusion as to meals, times, dressings, and meetings, than anywhere.

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My cousins came at the usual time, and we all went again to the cathedral. Mara sung very finely, but she is not a favourite singer of my heart's; I had not, therefore, any very exquisite delight, for I am sure there was no other chance for it.

In the evening the Royal Family determined to gratify the Worcester City by appearing at the concert. We were all to attend it also, and obliged to make up caps, forsooth, on the occasion, there having yet been none that required any dress without a hat.

Of course I went with my cousins. Miss Planta joined a lady of her acquaintance, Mrs. Fountain.

The box for the Royals was prepared upstairs, and made very handsome; but there was no sort of resting-place considered for their attendants, who were forced to stand perpendicular the whole time.

Mrs. Hawkins, Betsy, and myself, had places immediately behind the royal box. The King, Queen, and Princesses had very handsome large chairs; their poor standing attendants were Lady Harcourt, Lord Oxford, Mr. Fairly, and the two Colonels to fill up; for in form and order the Equerries are never admitted into the

Royal box, but in the country this etiquette is cast aside. Lord Oxford is in waiting as Lord of the Bedchamber.

I was so near them as occasionally to speak with them all, and even to receive from Colonel Goldsworthy one of the royal books of the words of the concert.

Poor Lady Harcourt was so weakened by her influenza that she was ready to drop, and after the first act was forced to entreat permission to resign her place to Lady Pembroke, who was in the gallery, and, being another Lady of the Bedchamber, was equally proper for it.

The concert was very Handelian, though not exclusively.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9TH.—Her Majesty this morning a little surprised me by gravely asking me what were Mr. Fairly's designs with regard to his going away? I could not tell her I did not know what I was really acquainted with; yet I feared it might seem odd to her that I should be better informed than herself, and it was truly unpleasant to me to relate anything he had told me without his leave. Her question, therefore, gave me a painful sensation; but it was spoken with an air so strongly denoting a belief that I had power to answer it, that I felt no choice in making a plain reply. Simply, then, "I understand, ma'am," I said, "that he means to go to-morrow morning early."

"Will he stay on to-night, then, at Worcester?"

"N—o, ma'am, I believe not."

"I thought he meant to leave us to-day? He said so."

"He—intended it, ma'am,—he would else not have said it."

"I know I understood so, though he has not spoke to me of his designs this great while."

I saw an air bordering upon displeasure as this was

said; and how sorry I felt!—and how ashamed of being concluded the person better informed! Yet, as he had really related to me his plan, and I knew it to be what he had thought most respectful to herself, I concluded it best, thus catechised, to speak it all, and therefore, after some hesitation uninterrupted by her, I said, "I believe, ma'am, Mr. Fairly had intended fully to begin his journey to-day, but, as your Majesty is to go to the play to-night, he thinks it his duty to defer setting out till to-morrow, that he may have the honour to attend your Majesty as usual."

This, which was the exact truth, evidently pleased her.

Here the inquiry dropped; but I was very uneasy to relate it to Mr. Fairly, that the sacrifice I knew he meant to make of another day might not lose all its grace by wanting to be properly revealed.

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Our journey back to Cheltenham was much more quiet than it had been to Worcester, for the royal party took another route to see Malvern Hills, and we went straight forward.

Miss Planta having now caught the influenza, suffered very much all the way, and I persuaded her immediately to lie down when we got to Falconberg Hall. She could not come down to dinner, which I had alone. The Princess Elizabeth came to me after it, with her Majesty's permission that I might go to the play with my usual party; but I declined it, that I might make some tea for poor Miss Planta, as she had no maid, nor any creature to help her. The Princess told me they were all going first upon the walks, to *promener* till the play time.

I sat down to make my solitary tea, and had just sent up a basin to Miss Planta, when, to my equal surprise

and pleasure, Mr. Fairly entered the room. "I come now," he said, "to take my leave."

They were all, he added, gone to the walks, whither he must in a few minutes follow them, and thence attend to the play, and the next morning, by five o'clock, be ready for his postchaise.

Seeing me, however, already making tea, with his usual and invariable sociability he said he would venture to stay and partake, though he was only come, he gravely repeated, to take his leave.

"And I must not say," cried I, "that I am sorry you are going, because I know so well you wish to be gone that it makes me wish it for you myself."

"No," answered he, "you must not be sorry; when our friends are going to any joy we must think of them, and be glad to part with them."

Readily entering into the same tone, with similar plainness of truth I answered, "No, I will not be sorry you go, though miss you at Cheltenham I certainly must."

"Yes," was his unreserved assent, "you will miss me here, because I have spent my evenings with you; but you will not long remain at Cheltenham."

Oimè! thought I, you little think how much worse will be the quitting it. He owned that the bustle and fatigue of this life were too much both for his health and his spirits.

I told him I wished it might be a gratification to him, in his toils, to hear how the Queen always spoke of him; with what evident and constant complacency and distinction. "And you may credit her sincerity," I added, "since it is to so little a person as me she does this, and when no one else is present."

He was not insensible to this, though he passed it over without much answer. He showed me a letter from his second son, very affectionate and natural. I congratulated him, most sincerely, on his approaching happiness in collecting them all together. "Yes," he answered, "my group will increase, like a snow-ball, as I roll along, and they will soon all four be as happy as four little things know how to be."

This drew him on into some reflections upon affection and upon happiness. "There is no happiness," he said, "without participation; no participation without affection. There is, indeed, in affection a charm that leaves all things behind it, and renders even every calamity that does not interfere with it inconsequential; and there is no difficulty, no toil, no labour, no exertion, that will not be endured where there is a view of reaping it."

My concurrence was too perfect to require many words.

"And affection there sometimes is," he continued, "even in this weak world, so pure, so free from alloy, that one is tempted to wonder, without deeply considering, why it should not be permanent, and why it should be vain."

Here I did not quite comprehend his conclusion; but it was a sort of subject I could not probe, for various reasons. Besides, he was altogether rather obscure.

He ruminated some time, and then told me of a sermon he had heard preached some months ago, sensibly demonstrating the total vanity and insufficiency, even for this world, of all our best affections, and proving their fallibility from our most infirm humanity.

My concurrence did not here continue: I cannot hold this doctrine to be right, and I am most sure it is not

desirable. Our best affections, I must and do believe, were given us for the best purposes, for every stimulation to good, and every solace in evil.

But this was not a time for argument. I said nothing, while he, melancholy and moralizing, continued in this style as long as he could venture to stay.

He then rose and took his hat, saying, "Well, so much for the day; what may come to-morrow I know not; but, be it what it may, I stand prepared."

I hoped, I told him, that his little snowball would be all he could wish it, and I was heartily glad he would so soon collect it.

"We will say," cried he, "nothing of any regrets," and bowed, and was hastening off.

The "we," however, had an openness and simplicity that drew from me an equally open and simple reply. "No," I cried, "but I will say—for that you will have pleasure in hearing—that you have lightened my time here in a manner that no one else could have done, of this party."

To be sure this was rather a circumscribed compliment, those he left considered; but it was strict and exact truth, and therefore like his own dealing.

He said not a word of answer, but bowed, and went away, leaving me firmly impressed with a belief that I shall find in him a true, an honourable, and even an affectionate friend, for life.

Soon after I went up to poor Miss Planta, and sat with her great part of the evening; and the rest was passed in a visit from Lady Harcourt, who had not been well enough for the play.

SUNDAY, AUG., 10TH.—Major Price was of the breakfast party this morning, to my great contentment. I heartily wish he was again in the King's household, he is

so truly attached to his Majesty, and he so earnestly himself wishes for a restoration, not to the Equerryship, which is too laborious an office, but to any attendance upon the King's person of less fatigue.

He opened to me very much upon his situation and wishes. He has settled himself in a small farm near the house of his eldest brother, but I could see too plainly he has not found there the contentment that satisfies him. He sighs for society; he owns books are insufficient for everything, and his evenings begin already to grow wearisome. He does not wish it to be talked of publicly, but he is solicitous to return to the King, in any place attached to his person, of but mild duty. Not only the King, he said, he loved, but all his society, and the way of life in general; and he had no tie whatsoever to Herefordshire that would make him hesitate a moment in quitting it, if any other place could be made adequate to his fortune. His income was quite too small for any absence from his home of more than a few weeks, in its present plight; and therefore it could alone be by some post under government that he must flatter himself with ever returning to the scenes he had left.

How rarely does a plan of retirement answer the expectations upon which it is raised! He fears having this suspected, and therefore keeps the matter to himself; but I believe he so much opened it to me, in the hope I might have an opportunity to make it known where it might be efficacious; for he told me, at the same time, he apprehended his Majesty had a notion his fondness for Herefordshire, not his inability to continue Equerry, had occasioned his resignation.

I shall certainly make it my business to hint this to the Queen. So faithful and attached a servant ought

not to be thrown aside, and, after nine years service, left unrewarded, and seem considered as if superannuated.

When I came from her Majesty, just before she went down to dinner, I was met by a servant who delivered me a letter, which he told me was just come by express. I took it in some alarm, fearing that ill news alone could bring it by such haste, but, before I could open it, he said, "'Tis from Mr. Fairly, ma'am."

I hastened to read, and will now copy it:—

"*Miss Burney, Falconberg Hall.*

"Northleach, Aug. 10th, 1788.

"Her Majesty may possibly not have heard that Mr. Edmund Waller died on Thursday night. He was Master of St. Catherine's, which is in her Majesty's gift. It may be useful to her to have this early intelligence of this circumstance, and you will have the goodness to mention it to her. Mr. W. was at a house upon his own estate within a mile and a-half of this place. Very truly and sincerely yours,

"S. FAIRLY."

How to communicate this news, however, was a real distress to me. I know her Majesty is rather scrupulous that all messages immediately to herself should be conveyed by the highest channels, and I feared she would think this ought to have been sent through her Lady then in waiting, Lady Harcourt. Mr. Fairly, too, however superior to such small matters for himself, is most punctiliously attentive to them for her. I could attribute this only to haste. But my difficulty was not alone to have received the intelligence—the conclusion of the note I was sure would surprise her. The rest, as a message to herself, being without any beginning, would not strike

her; but the words "very truly and sincerely yours," come out with such an abrupt plainness, and to her, who knows not with what intimacy of intercourse we have lived together so much during this last month, I felt quite ashamed to show them.

While wavering how to manage, a fortunate circumstance seemed to come in to my relief; the Princess Elizabeth ran up hastily to her room, which is just opposite to mine, before she followed the Queen down to dinner; I flew after her, and told her I had just heard of the death of Mr. Waller, the master of St. Catherine's, and I begged her to communicate it to her Majesty.

She undertook it, with her usual readiness to oblige, and I was quite delighted to have been so speedy without producing my note, which I determined now not even to mention unless called upon, and even then not to produce; for now, as I should not have the first telling, it might easily be evaded by not having it in my pocket.

The moment, however, that the dinner was over, Princess Elizabeth came to summon me to the Queen. This was very unexpected, as I thought I should not see her till night; but I locked up my note and followed.

She was only with the Princesses. I found the place was of importance, by the interest she took about it. She asked me several questions relative to Mr. Waller. I answered her all I could collect from my note, for further never did I hear; but the moment I was obliged to stop she said, "Pray have you known him long?"

"I never knew him at all, ma'am."

"No? Why, then, how came you to receive the news about his death?"

Was not this agreeable? I was forced to say, "I heard of it only from Mr. Fairly, ma'am."

Nothing could exceed the surprise with which she now

lifted up her eyes to look at me. "From Mr. Fairly?—Why did he not tell it me?"

O, worse and worse! I was now compelled to answer, "He did not know it when he was here, ma'am; he heard it at Northleach, and, thinking it might be of use to your Majesty to have the account immediately, he sent it over express."

A dead silence so uncomfortable ensued, that I thought it best presently to go on further, though unasked.

"Mr. Fairly, ma'am, wrote the news to me, on such small paper, and in such haste, that it is hardly fit to be shown to your Majesty; but I have the note upstairs."

No answer; again all silent; and then Princess Augusta said, "Mamma, Miss Burney says she has the note upstairs."

"If your Majesty pleases to see it"—

She looked up again, much more pleasantly, and said, "I shall be glad to see it," with a little bow.

Out I went for it, half regretting I had not burned it, to make the producing it impossible.

When I brought it to her, she received it with the most gracious smile, and immediately read it aloud, with great complacency, till she came to the end; and then, with a lowered and somewhat altered tone, the "very truly and sincerely yours," which she seemed to look at for a moment with some doubt if it were not a mistake, but in returning it she bowed again, and simply said, "I am very much obliged to Mr. Fairly."

You will be sure how much I was pleased during this last week to hear that the place of the Master of St. Catherine's was given by her Majesty to Mr. Fairly. It is reckoned the best in her gift, as a sinecure. What is the income I know not: reports differ from 400*l.* to 800*l.* per annum.

The night before we left Cheltenham we all went to the play. Miss P—— and myself had far rather have passed the evening together; but it was concluded we should be pleased to go to the theatre, and declining intended kindness is always an ungrateful task.

I was introduced in the box, by his desire, to Lord Mountmorris, who sat behind me, chatting all the night with the freedom of a long acquaintance. He is clever and agreeable, but not very reserved or diffident.

One thing surprised me from him very much. When all was over he offered to hand me out, but as I had a chair bespoke, without a servant, Columb being already set out for Windsor, I wished to decline troubling him, that I might keep back to the last moment with Miss P——. He would not, however, be excused, taking the hand I did not hold out, and when I said I must have my chair called first, "O," he cried, "I know your chair!" and then, with a most audible voice, he pronounced "Here, number twenty-four!" and instantly a chair appeared, which I knew to be right.

How he had got at this number is odd enough. Perhaps, indeed, he had tried to bespeak it for himself, and so might hear how it was engaged. He has declared a violent resolution for making this acquaintance some time; and he certainly determined the opportunity should not be thrown away. Yet he is not an ill-bred, though a bold man; on the contrary, he is really polite for a character of that sort.

Lord Mountmorris told me some very curious anecdotes of Mrs. Vesey and her *coterie* in former days, particularly of the Russian Princess Daschkoff, who, he assured me, was meant by O'Keeffe for the Princess Rusty Fusty, in the 'Agreeable Surprise!'

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—We left Cheltenham

early this morning. Major Price breakfasted with us, and was so melancholy at the King's departure he could hardly speak a word. All Cheltenham was drawn out into the High-street, the gentles on one side and the commons on the other, and a band, and 'God save the King,' playing and singing.

My dear Miss P——, with all her friends, was there for a last look, and a sorrowful one we interchanged; Mr. Seward also, whom again I am not likely to meet for another two years at least.

The journey was quite without accident or adventure.

And thus ends the Cheltenham episode. May I not justly call it so, different as it is to all the mode of life I have hitherto lived here, or alas! am in a way to live henceforward?

Melancholy—most melancholy—was the return to Windsor; destitute of all that could solace, compose, or delight; replete with whatever could fatigue, harass, and depress! Ease, leisure, elegant society, and interesting communication, were now to give place to arrogant manners, contentious disputation, and arbitrary ignorance! Oh, Heaven! my dearest friends, what scales could have held and have weighed the heart of your F. B. as she drove past the door of her revered, lost comforter, to enter the apartment inhabited by such qualities!

But before I quit this journey let me tell one very pleasant anecdote. When we stopped to change horses at Burford I alighted and went into the inn, to meet Mrs. Gast, to whom I had sent by Mrs. Frodsham a request to be there as we passed through the town.

I rejoiced indeed to see again the sister of our first and wisest friend. My Susanna, who knows her too enthusiastic character, will easily suppose my reception. I was folded in her arms, and bathed in her tears

all my little stay, and my own, from reflected tenderness for her ever-honoured, loved, and lamented brother, would not be kept quite back; 'twas a species of sorrowful joy—painful, yet pleasing—that seemed like a fresh tribute to his memory and my affection, and made the meeting excite an emotion that occupied my mind and reflections almost all the rest of my journey.

She inquired most kindly after my dear father and my Susanna, and separately and with interest of all the rest of the family; but her surprise to see me now, by this most unexpected journey, when she had concluded me inevitably shut up from her sight for the remainder of her life, joined to the natural warmth of her disposition, seemed almost to suffocate her. I was very sorry to leave her, but my time was unavoidably short and hurried. I inquired after Chesington, and heard very good accounts.

WINDSOR, SUNDAY, AUGUST 17TH.—This day, after our arrival, began precisely the same as every day preceding our journey. The 'Sleeping Beauty in the Wood' could not awake more completely to the same scene; yet I neither have been asleep, nor am *quite* a beauty! O! I wish I were as near to the latter as the former at this minute!

We had all the set assembled to congratulate his Majesty on his return—Generals and Colonels without end. I was very glad while the large party lasted, its diminution into a solitary pair ending in worse than piquet—a *tête-à-tête!*—and such a one, too! after being so spoiled!

MONDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—Well, now I have a new personage to introduce to you, and no small one; ask else the stars, moon, and planets! While I was surrounded with bandboxes, and unpacking, Dr. Shepherd

was announced. Eager to make his compliments on the safe return, he forced a passage through the back avenues and stairs, for he told me he did not like being seen coming to me at the front door, as it might create some jealousies amongst the other Canons! A very commendable circumspection! but whether for my sake or his own he did not particularize.

M. de Lalande, he said, the famous astronomer, was just arrived in England, and now at Windsor, and he had expressed a desire to be introduced to me.

Well, while he was talking this over, and I was wondering and evading, entered Mr. Turbulent. What a surprise at sight of the reverend Canon! The reverend Canon, also, was interrupted and confused, fearing, possibly, the high honour he did me might now transpire amongst his brethren, notwithstanding his generous efforts to spare them its knowledge.

Mr. Turbulent, who looked big with heroics, was quite provoked to see he had no chance of giving them vent. They each outstayed the patience of the other, and at last both went off together.

Some hours after, however, while I was dressing, the Canon returned. I could not admit him, and bid Goter tell him at the door I was not visible. He desired he might wait till I was ready, as he had business of importance. I would not let him into the next room, but said he might stay in the eating-parlour.

When I was dressed I sent Goter to bring him in. She came back, grinning and colouring: she had not found him, she said, but only Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was there alone, and had called her in to know what she wanted. She answered she came to see for a gentleman.

"There's no gentleman," she cried, "to come into my parlour! it is not permit. When he comes I will have it locked up."

O, ho, my poor careful Canon! thought I. However, soon after a tap again at my door introduced him. He said he had been waiting below in the passage, as he saw Madame Schwellenberg in the parlour, and did not care to have her know him; but his business was to settle bringing M. de Lalande to see me in the evening.

I told him I was much honoured, and so forth, but that I received no evening company, as I was officially engaged.

He had made the appointment, he said, and could not break it without affronting him; besides, he gave me to understand it would be an honour to me for ever to be visited by so great an astronomer.

I agreed as to that, and was forced, moreover, to agree to all the rest, no resource remaining.

I mentioned to her Majesty the state of the case. She thought the Canon very officious, and disapproved the arrangement, but saw it was unavoidable.

But when the dinner came I was asked by the *présidente*, "What for send you gentlemen to my parlour?"

"I was dressing, ma'am, and could not possibly receive company in mine, and thought the other empty."

"Empty or full is the same! I won't have it. I will lock up the room when it is done so. No, no, I won't have no gentleman here; it is not permit, perticklere when they won't not speak to me!"

I then heard that "a large man, what you call," had entered that sacred domain, and seeing there a lady, had quitted it "bob short!"

I immediately explained all that had passed, for I had

no other way to save myself from an imputation of favouring the visits and indiscretion of this most gallant Canon.

"Vell, when he comes so often he might like you. For what won't you not marry him?"

This was coming to the point, and so seriously, I found myself obliged to be serious in answer, to avoid misconstruction, and to assure her, that were he Archbishop of Canterbury, and actually at my feet, I would not become Archbishopess.

"Vell, you been right when you don't not like him; I don't not like the men neither: not one from them!"

So this settled us very amicably till tea-time, and in the midst of that, with a room full of people, I was called out by Westerhaults to Dr. Shepherd!

Mrs. Schwellenberg herself actually *te-he'd* at this, and I could not possibly help laughing myself, but I hurried into the next room, where I found him with his friend, M. de Lalande. What a reception awaited me! how unexpected a one from a famed and great astronomer! M. de Lalande advanced to meet me—I will not be quite positive it was on tiptoe, but certainly with a mixture of jerk and strut that could not be quite flat-footed. He kissed his hand with the air of a *petit-maître,* and then broke forth into such an harangue of Eloges, so solemn with regard to its own weight and importance, and so *fade* with respect to the little personage addressed, that I could not help thinking it lucky for the planets, stars, and sun, they were not bound to hear his comments, though obliged to undergo his calculations.

On my part sundry profound reverences, with now and then an "*O, monsieur!*" or "*c'est trop d'honneur,*" acquitted me so well, that the first harangue being finished, on the score of general and grand reputation,

Eloge the second began, on the excellency with which "*cette célèbre demoiselle*" spoke French!

This may surprise you, my dear friends; but you must consider M. de Lalande is a great *discoverer*.

Well, but had you seen Dr. Shepherd! he looked lost in sleek delight and wonder, that a person to whom he had introduced M. de Lalande should be an object for such fine speeches.

This gentleman's figure, meanwhile, corresponds no better with his discourse than his scientific profession, for he is an ugly little wrinkled old man, with a fine showy waistcoat, rich lace ruffles, and the grimaces of a dentist. I believe he chose to display that a Frenchman of science could be also a man of gallantry.

I was seated between them, but the good doctor made no greater interruption to the florid professor than I did myself: he only grinned applause, with placid, but ineffable satisfaction.

Nothing therefore intervening, *Eloge the third* followed, after a pause no longer than might be necessary for due admiration of Eloge the second. This had for *sujet* the fair female sex; how the ladies were now all improved; how they could write, and read, and spell; how a man now-a-days might talk with them and be understood, and how delightful it was to see such pretty creatures turned rational!

And all this, of course, interspersed with particular observations and most pointed applications; nor was there in the whole string of compliments which made up the three *bouquets*, one single one amongst them that might have disgraced any *petit maître* to utter, or any *petite maîtresse* to hear.

The third being ended, a rather longer pause ensued. I believe he was dry, but I offered him no tea. I would

not voluntarily be accessory to detaining such great personages from higher avocations. I wished him next to go and study the stars: from the moon he seemed so lately arrived there was little occasion for another journey.

I flatter myself he was of the same opinion, for the fourth eloge was all upon his unhappiness in tearing himself away from so much merit, and ended in as many bows as had accompanied his entrance.

I suppose, in going, he said, with a shrug, to the canon, "*M. le Docteur, c'est bien gênant, mais il faut dire des jolies choses aux dames!*"

He was going the next day to see Dr. Maskelyne's observatory. Well! I have had him first in mine!

I was obliged on my return to the tea-room to undergo much dull raillery from my fair companion, and much of wonder that "since the Canon had soch good preferment" I did not "marry him at once," for he "would not come so often if he did not want it."

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18TH.—The Duke of York's birthday was kept this day, instead of Saturday, that Sunday morning might not interfere with the ball.

The Prince of Wales arrived early, while I was yet with the Queen. He kissed her hand, and she sent for the Princesses. Only Princess Elizabeth and Princess Sophia were dressed. Her Majesty went into the next room with Mrs. Sandys, to have her shoes put on, with which she always finishes. The Prince and Princesses then chatted away most fluently. Princess Elizabeth frequently addressed me with great sweetness; but the Prince only with curious eyes. Do not, however, understand that his looks were either haughty or impertinent; far from it; they were curious, however, in the extreme.

The rest of the day was almost all devoted to dressing and attendance, except a dinner, an afternoon, a tea, and an evening *tête-à-tête!*

I had a most restless and feverish night, attempting to lie down at twelve o'clock and rising at four. The Queen came home from the Castle, where the ball and supper were given, about five; and at six I again laid down till near eight.

* * * * *

We returned to Kew; and in the evening I received my good Mr. Cambridge, who was all kindness and cordiality. I was truly happy in his company, and gave him the history of our journey very fully. His excellent daughter was at Lavant, with both her brothers.

We proceeded to Windsor without Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was unwell, and went to town for advice.

Poor Madame La Fîte was my first visitor, and I made her as welcome as possible, to console her a little for the accident that happened to her poor son, at a place where she might reasonably expect nothing but good—dear Norbury.

For the remainder of this month we had General Budé, Colonel Manners, and Mr. Bunbury, on visits most of the time, to aid the Equerry in Waiting, Colonel Goldsworthy.

Colonel Manners made me laugh as if I had been at a farce, by his history of the late Westminster election, in which Lord John Townshend conquered Lord Hood. Colonel Manners is a most eager and active partisan on the side of the Government, but so indiscreet, that he almost regularly gets his head broke at every contested election; and he relates it as a thing of course.

I inquired if he pursued his musical studies, so happily begun with Colonel Welbred? "Why," answered he, "not much, because of the election; but the thing is, to get an ear: however, I think I have got one, because I know a tune when I hear it, if it's one that I've heard before a good many times; so I think that's a proof. But I can never get asked to a concert, and that keeps me a little behind."

"Perhaps," cried I, "your friends conclude you have music enough in your three months' waiting to satisfy you for all the year?"

"O, ma'am, as to that, I'd just as lief hear so many pots and pans rattled together; one noise is just as well as another to me."

I asked him whether his electioneering with so much activity did not make his mother, Lady Robert, a little uneasy?—N.B. She is a Methodist.

"O, it does her a great deal of good," cried he; "for I could never get her to meddle before; but when I'd had my head broke, it provoked her so, she went about herself canvassing among the good people, and she got us twenty votes."

"So then," cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "there are twenty good people in the world? That's your calculation, is it?"

Mr. Fisher, who just then came in, and knew nothing of what had passed, starting the election, said to Colonel Manners, "So, sir, you have been beat, I hear!"

He meant only his party; but his person having shared the same fate, occasioned a violent shout among the rest at this innocent speech, and its innocent answer; for Colonel Manners, looking only a little surprised, simply said, "Yes, I was beat, a little."

"A little, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Fisher, "no, a great deal; you were shamefully beat—thrashed thoroughly."

In the midst of a violent second shout, Colonel Manners only said, "Well, I always hated all that party, and now I hate them worse than ever."

"Ay, that I'll be bound for you," cried Colonel Goldsworthy.

"Yes, for having been so drubbed by them," cried Mr. Fisher.

As I now, through all his good humour, saw Colonel Manners colour a little, I said in a low voice to Mr. Fisher, "Pray is it in innocence, or in malice, that you use these terms?"

I saw his innocence by his surprise, and I whispered him the literal state of all he said; he was quite shocked, and coloured in his turn, apologising instantly to Colonel Manners, and protesting he had never heard of his personal ill usage, but only meant the defeat of his party.

* * * * * *

Everybody was full of Mr. Fairly's appointment, and spoke of it with pleasure. General Budé had seen him in town, where he had remained some days, to take the oaths, I believe, necessary for his place. General Budé has long been intimate with him, and spoke of his character exactly as it has appeared to me; and Colonel Goldsworthy, who was at Westminster with him, declared he believed a better man did not exist. "This, in particular," cried General Budé, "I must say of Fairly: whatever he thinks right he pursues straightforward; and I believe there is not a sacrifice upon earth that he would not make, rather than turn a moment out of

the path that he had an opinion it was his duty to keep in."

They talked a good deal of his late lady; none of them knew her but very slightly, as she was remarkably reserved. "More than reserved," cried General Budé, "she was quite cold. Yet she loved London and public life, and Fairly never had any taste for them; in that they were very *mal assortie,* but in all other things very happy."

"Yes," cried Colonel Goldsworthy, "and how shall we give praise enough to a man that would be happy himself, and make his wife so too, for all that difference of opinion? for it was all his management, and good address, and good temper. I hardly know such another man."

General Budé then related many circumstances of his most exemplary conduct during the illness of his poor suffering wife, and after her loss; everybody, indeed, upon the occasion of this new appointment, has broke forth to do justice to his deserving it. Mrs. Ariana Egerton, who came twice to drink tea with me on my being *senza Cerbera,* told me that her brother-in-law, Colonel Masters, who had served with him at Gibraltar, protested there was not an officer in the army of a nobler and higher character, both professional and personal.

She asked me a thousand questions of what I thought about Miss Fuzilier? She dislikes her so very much, she cannot bear to think of her becoming Mrs. Fairly. She has met with some marks of contempt from her in their official meetings at St. James's, that cannot be pardoned. Miss Fuzilier, indeed, seemed to me formerly, when I used to meet her in company, to have an uncertainty of disposition that made her like two persons;

now haughty, silent, and supercilious—and then gentle, composed, and interesting. She is, however, very little liked, the worst being always what most spreads abroad.

* * * * *

The Queen was all graciousness, unmixed, to me, during this recess of *La Compagne;* whenever she did not attend the early prayers she almost regularly gave to me their time, coming to my room, and there staying till the King returned. She lent me books, talked them over, and opened upon a thousand confidential topics; and the excellence of her understanding and acuteness of her observation never fail to make all discourse with her lively and informing.

I saw all I could see of my poor Mrs. Astley, who is settled, by way of keeping the house, in the loved mansion of the most venerable and perfect of human beings—human now no longer—but perfect, I trust, with a perfection above our comprehension! Nothing, however, is yet arranged as to her pension, &c., which grieves and distresses me beyond measure.

Lady Courtown has had a new place not merely given, but created for her. She was so useful and pleasant to the Queen at Cheltenham, that she has been appointed Lady in Waiting in the Country; by which means she will now regularly attend her Majesty in all country excursions, and during all residences at Windsor and Kew. I am very glad of it, for she is constantly cheerful and obliging, and seems invariably in good humour and good spirits.

* * * * * *

I have been reading a volume of D'Alembert's 'Eloges,' with very great pleasure; the accounts of Massillon, Boileau, Fenelon, De la Motte, and many others, were highly interesting to me, though I cannot

but think of what Mr. Fairly said when he borrowed this volume at Cheltenham, in the mere desperation of having no other reading. "I do not like," he said, "these 'Eloges;' they contain what one modest man never could say to another—nor of another." However, I fancy he had read some other author's 'Eloges,' for these are by no means so adulatory: far otherwise; indeed, they are full of criticism, and, I think, candid strictures.



PART VI.

1788.

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PART VI.

1788.

SEPTEMBER 1ST.—Peace to the manes of the poor slaughtered partridges!

I finished this morning the 'Memoirs of the Baron Trenck,' which have given me a great deal of entertainment; I mean in the first volume, the second containing not more matter than might fill four pages. But the singular hardiness, gallantry, ferocity, and ingenuity of this copy of the knights of ancient times, who has happened to be born since his proper epoch, have wonderfully drawn me on, and I could not rest without finishing his adventures. They are reported to be chiefly of his own invention; but I really find an air of self-belief in his relations, that inclines me to think he has but narrated what he had persuaded himself was true. His ill-usage is such as to raise the utmost indignation in every reader; and if it really affected his memory and imagination, and became thence the parent of some few embellishments and episodes, I can neither wonder nor feel the interest of his narrative diminished.

Mrs. Ariana Egerton and her mother drank tea with me. I like them on these occasions, when I want lady assistants in doing tea honours.

SEPTEMBER 2ND.—To-day I went to Kew, with the usual three, Mr. Turbulent, Mr. de Luc, and Miss Planta.

Mr. Turbulent was in high rage that I was utterly

invisible since my return from Cheltenham; he protested he had called seven times at my door without gaining admission, and never was able to get in but when "Dr. Shepherd had led the way."

He next began a mysterious attack upon the proceedings of Cheltenham. He had heard, he said, strange stories of flirtations there. I could not doubt what he meant, but I would not seem to understand him: first, because I know not from whom he has been picking up this food for his busy spirit, since no one there appeared collecting it for him; and secondly, because I would not degrade an acquaintance which I must hope will prove as permanent as it is honourable, by conceiving the word flirtation to be possibly connected with it.

By every opportunity, in the course of the day, he renewed this obscure raillery; but I never would second it, either by question or retort, and therefore it cannot but die away unmeaningly as it was born. Some effect, however, it seems to have had upon him, who has withdrawn all his own heroics, while endeavouring to develop what I have received elsewhere.

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—To-day there was a drawing-room, and I had the blessing of my dearest father while it lasted; but not *solus*—he was accompanied by my mother; and my dear Esther and her little innocent Sophy spent part of the time with us. I am to be godmother to the two little ones, Esther's and James's. Heaven bless them!

We returned to Kew to a late dinner; and, indeed, I had one of the severest evenings I ever passed, where my heart took no share in unkindness and injustice. I was wearied in the extreme, as I always am on these drawing-room days, which begin with full hair-dressing

at six o'clock in the morning, and hardly ever allow any breakfast time, and certainly only standing, except while frizzing, till the drawing-room commences; and then two journeys in that decked condition—and then another dressing, with three dressing attendances—and a dinner at near seven o'clock.

Yet, not having power to be very amusing after all this, I was sternly asked by Mrs. Schwellenberg, "For what I did not talk?" I answered simply, "Because I was tired."

"You tired!—what have you done? when I used to do so much more—you tired! what have you to do but to be happy?—have you the laces to buy? have you the wardrobe to part? have you—you tired? Vell, what will become next, when you have every happiness!—you might not be tired. No, I can't bear it."

This, and so much more than it would be possible to write, all uttered with a haughtiness and contempt that the lowest servant could not have brooked receiving, awoke me pretty completely, though before I was scarce able to keep my eyelids a moment open; but so sick I turned, that indeed it was neither patience nor effort that enabled me to hear her; I had literally hardly strength, mental or bodily, to have answered her. Every happiness mine!—O gracious heaven! thought I, and is this the companion of my leisure—the associate of my life! Ah, my dear friends, I will not now go on—I turn sick again.

I kept on no more journal till my most loved friends arrived, the 10th of this month, and departed, the 16th. O, they will here see, by those last few words, how seasonable was their sweet visit; how necessary to cheer the mournful murmurings of such a livelong life.

* * * * * *

Mr. Turbulent is very quiet, and begins, therefore, to grow such an addition to the party—such a life to it, indeed—as his abilities and intelligence must always render him when his flights do not interfere. One little fit of the old style was just beginning, upon my remaining alone in the parlour at Kew; but on my rising to go to my room upstairs—for I am not at Kew, as at Windsor, forced to keep in the same accessible apartment—he protested he would be perfectly lamb-like if I would stay.

"With all my heart," I answered, "on that condition; for I had great pleasure in thinking you grown quite tame and good."

"So I am," cried he, "and so you shall find me."

He was as good as his word, and I sat still all the evening, working. His talk was all general, and full of observation and entertainment. Something, however, has occurred, but what I know not, to determine him on keeping a strict guard over himself. I rejoice, be it what it may. He gave me some hints to this purpose, but I could not comprehend them, and did not choose to ask, or let him know I thought any caution or guard necessary; for now, indeed, I flatter myself, not only our scenes of violence and rhodomontading are over, but that his volatile temper will soon lead him to forget they ever passed. He may then prove a truly pleasant acquaintance to me, and a most able relief to the mental monotony of our internal society.

September 22nd.—This day was all dressing again, to commemorate the Coronation. I hate the parade and trouble of these days, but must surely bear it, for a memorial of the period that gave us such a King—so good he is, so benevolent, so disinterested, so amiable.

All are in preparation for Princess Royal, whose birth-

day concludes this month; that is, keeping it one day, and resting from it another.

SEPTEMBER 27TH.—Mrs. Schwellenberg not being well enough to come down to tea, I invited Madame de la Fîte, as I knew there would be a larger party to be ready for Monday's birth-day. And, accordingly, added to Colonel Goldsworthy, who has now his three months' waiting, were General Budé, Mr. Blomberg, and Colonel Welbred.

It quite lightened me to see this last, and he was more lively and animated than usual. He took his old seat, Mr. Turbulent not being present, and gave me a full history how he had passed his summer; which, as usual, was in following up beautiful prospects, and bringing home their principal points.

He had been also, he said, to Cheltenham, since our departure: "And there I was very happy to see how beautiful a view you had from your room upstairs."

I laughed heartily, and asked "How he should know my room?"

"I know both your rooms," he cried.

"It would be hard to say which was least worth your knowing," cried I, "for one was a garret, the other a store-room."

"Yes, I was sorry for your parlour, but above-stairs the view might compensate for the smallness of the apartment."

He told me the house was now shown to all travellers, with the names of every inhabitant during the Royal visit.

SEPTEMBER 29TH.—The birth-day of our lovely eldest Princess. It happens to be also the birth-day of Miss Goldsworthy; and her Majesty, in a sportive humour, bid me, as soon as she was dressed, go and bring down

the two "Michaelmas geese." I told the message to the Princess Augusta, who repeated it in its proper words. I attended them to the Queen's dressing-room, and there had the pleasure to see the *cadeaux* presentations. The birth-days in this house are made extremely interesting at the moment, by the reciprocations of presents and congratulations in this affectionate family. Were they but attended with less of toil (I hate to add *ette,* for I am sure it is not little toil), I should like them amazingly.

At noon I received a note from Mrs. Majendie, begging a hint how to come dressed, as Mrs. Schwellenberg had invited her to dinner.

Mrs. Schwellenberg being too much indisposed to come downstairs, I could not but marvel at her not acquainting me she had invited company to the table of which, perforce, I must be deputy-receiver. However, the marvel rested not here; for when dinner was called, and I opened my door to be ready to follow Mrs. Majendie, as she descended from making her compliments upstairs to Mrs. Schwellenberg—not Mrs. Majendie alone had I to follow—Mr. and Mrs. Majendie, Miss Goldsworthy, Madame La Fîte, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Mawr, Mr. Turbulent, and Mdlle. Montmollin.

I disguised my surprise at this great group as well as I could, lest to them it should prove as awkward as to me; and I passed them, to take my seat, with all the ease I could assume. But I think it was a tolerable stroke of power, to invite such a party to a table at which another must preside, without the slightest hint of her purpose.

The dinner, however, was cheerful and lively: they were all intimate with one another, and none pretended to be saddened at the absence.

SEPTEMBER 30TH.—This month concluded with a very singular confidence. I had a private visit from Miss Mawr: she came to borrow a book to while away some of the time she spent in waiting till Mrs. Schwellenberg could receive her, who always summoned her some time before she was ready. But she besought me not to mention she had called; "For, to tell you the truth," she said, "I should never be forgiven if it was known I called for a moment!"

I could not doubt the truth of this, though its plainness surprised me; but she said, relying on my honour, she must tell me something more, that had struck her with such an indignation for me she could not conceal it. The day before, when all her company was assembled upstairs, before dinner, she publicly asked Miss Goldsworthy to do the honours of her table, as she was not well enough to do them herself!

"I was quite glad," she added, "that you knew nothing of it, and so passed on so innocently to your proper place; and I'm sure they were all glad, for everybody stared. But I must beg you never so much as to say I ever called upon you, for she can't bear it! she's so jealous. And now I must go; for if she should hear me here she'll never forgive it, and she's always listening what voices she can hear in your room."

She then confessed she often thought me strangely used in many ways, and slighted, and contradicted, and dealt with very rudely, but it was all from jealousy, and so must be passed over. Yet she owned, for herself, it was a life not to be endured; that the greatest penance she ever suffered was making these visits, which, also, she never consented to till she had refused as often as she dared.

Something there is, I know not what, of unhappy obli-

gation to her, that compels this intercourse; but she assured me, were it of a sort to last, she should break it, to live on bread and water in preference! and she pitied me, with a good-nature that quite made me friends with her, for so sad a lot as falling into such hands.

To live upon bread and water—ah! were that my only difficulty!

I am glad, however, I did not know this intended affront; it would highly have embarrassed me how to act, and I was embarrassed enough without it. Two years ago I should have rejoiced at any proposition that took from me the presidency of the table; but now, after two years keeping it, whenever its first claimant was absent, it would have been a disgrace in the eyes of the whole house to have had it thus suddenly taken away; and such was its palpable meaning.

After we all came downstairs, except Miss Mawr, she inquired whether Miss Goldsworthy had sat at the head of the table. Miss Mawr was afraid to answer, and she asked Westerhaults, who said No; and she expressed great anger and displeasure that her commands were thus disregarded at her own table!

She felt, however, too strongly, that she here attempted an exertion of caprice and power beyond her right, to venture at speaking of it to me; she knew it was a trial of tyranny as unauthorized as it wás unprovoked, and that it could not stand the test of resistance even from the person whom she thinks an object for her to trample upon. She has become, however, both colder and fiercer ever since: I cannot now even meet her eyes—they are almost terrifying.

Nothing upon earth having passed between us, nor the most remote subject of offence having occurred, I have only one thing on which to rest my conjectures, for the

cause of this newly-awakened evil spirit, and this is from the gentlemen. They had all of late been so wearied that they could not submit even for a quarter of an hour to her society: they had swallowed a dish of tea and quitted the room all in five minutes, and Colonel Goldsworthy in particular, when without any companion in his waiting, had actually always fallen asleep, even during that short interval, or at least shut his eyes, to save himself the toil of speaking.

This she brooked very ill, but I was esteemed innocent, and therefore made, occasionally, the confidant of her complaints. But lately, that she has been ill, and kept upstairs every night, she has always desired me to come to her as soon as tea was over, which, she observed, "need not keep me five minutes." On the contrary, however, the tea is now at least an hour, and often more.

I have been constantly received with reproaches for not coming sooner, and compelled to declare I had not been sooner at liberty. This has occasioned a deep and visible resentment, all against them, yet vented upon me, not in acknowledged displeasure—pride there interfered—but in constant ill-humour, ill-breeding, and ill-will.

At length, however, she has broken out into one inquiry, which, if favourably answered, might have appeased all; but truth was too strongly in the way. A few evenings after her confinement she very gravely said, "Colonel Goldsworthy always sleeps with me! sleeps he with you the same?"

In the midst of all my irksome discomfort, it was with difficulty I could keep my countenance at this question, which I was forced to negative.

The next evening she repeated it. "Vell, sleeps he yet with you—Colonel Goldsworthy?"

"Not yet, ma'am," I hesitatingly answered.

"O! ver vell! he will sleep with nobody but me! O, I von't come down."

And a little after she added, "I believe he vill marry you!"

"I believe not, ma'am," I answered.

And then, very gravely, she proposed him to me, saying he only wanted a little encouragement, for he was always declaring he wished for a wife, and yet wanted no fortune—"so for what won't you not have him?"

I assured her we were both perfectly well satisfied apart, and equally free from any thoughts of each other.

"Then for what," she cried, "won't you have Dr. Shepherd?"

She is now in the utmost haste to dispose of me! and then she added she had been told that Dr. Shepherd would marry me!

She is an amazing woman! Alas, I might have told her I knew too well what it was to be tied to a companion ill-assorted and unbeloved, where I could not help myself, to make any such experiment as a volunteer!

If she asks me any more about Colonel Goldsworthy and his sleeping, I think I will answer I am too near-sighted to be sure if he is awake or not!

However, I cannot but take this stroke concerning the table extremely ill; for though amongst things of the very least consequence in itself, it is more openly designed as an affront than any step that has been taken with me yet.

I have given the Colonel a hint, however,—that he may keep awake in future.

Perhaps a part of this increased ill-will may arise from my having been of the Cheltenham party, where she could not go, from want of room for her four servants. And however little I may have to do with these regula-

tions, I am quite the most convenient person to receive the ill fruits of her disappointments.

Well, the month is passed however, and here ends its recital.

OCTOBER 2ND.—What a sweet noon had I this day—my beloved father, my tender Susanna, my little darling Fanny!—How should I love the drawing-room days, with all their toil, had they more frequently such cheers. Dearest, dearest Susanna! O, how my heart dwelt upon the little sight all the rest of the softened day! And I had leisure for repose to the poor mind, since I returned to Kew *senza Cerbera.*

Mrs. Schwellenberg, very ill indeed, took leave of the Queen at St. James's, to set off for Weymouth, in company with Mrs. Hastings. I was really very sorry for her; she was truly in a situation of suffering, from bodily pain, the most pitiable. I thought, as I looked at her, that if the ill-humours I so often experience could relieve her, I would consent to bear them unrepining, in preference to seeing or knowing her so ill. But it is just the contrary; spleen and ill-temper only aggravate disease, and while they involve others in temporary participation of their misery, twine it around themselves in bandages almost stationary. She was civil, too, poor woman. I suppose when absent she could not well tell why she had ever been otherwise.

OCTOBER 3RD.—We returned to Windsor at noon. Mrs. de Luc sent me a most pressing invitation to tea, and to hear a little music. Two young ladies, Misses S——, were to perform at her house in a little concert.

I am always happy to see this excellent woman, and I could make myself much comfort from her kindness, which is of the very warmest sort; but she also fears to show it, lest it involve Mr. de Luc in ill-consequences.

She therefore only comes to me by stealth, making all her public visits abovestairs, and then gliding softly down, as carefully, though not quite so terrified, as Miss Mawr.

The Misses S—— I had seen formerly at Brighthelmstone, and their mother, who came to remind me of having there met her.

Dr. Herschel was there, and accompanied them very sweetly on the violin: his new-married wife was with him, and his sister. His wife seems good-natured: she was rich too! and astronomers are as able as other men to discern that gold can glitter as well as stars.

Dr. Hunter was also there, who has lately written a Biographical Commentary on the Bible, but I had no conversation with him.

This little visit was not quite so well understood as I had expected, so I shall take the same step no more—that's all!

October 6th.—General Grenville is now stationed here, his own regiment being quartered at Windsor. I begin to find I shall like him better; his extreme *ennui* and shy indolence do him injustice: there seems worth and good-humour, and even a disposition to sport, veiled under this listless mist.

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October 9th.—I go on now pretty well; and I am so much acquainted with my party, that when no strangers are added, I begin to mind nothing but the first *entrée* of my male visitants. My Royal mistress is all sweetness to me; Miss Planta is most kind and friendly; General Budé is ever the same, and ever what I do not wish to alter; Colonel Goldsworthy seems coming round to good-humour; and even General Grenville begins to grow sociable. He has quitted the corner into which he used to cast his long figure, merely to yawn and lounge; and

though yawn and lounge he does still, and must, I believe, to the end of the chapter, he yet does it in society, and mixes between it loud sudden laughter at what is occasionally said, and even here and there a question relative to what is going forward. Nay—yesterday he even seated himself at the tea-table, and amused himself by playing with my work-box, and making sundry inquiries about its contents.

So now, I believe, I am entered into good-fellowship with them all. I have also a good deal of leisure, and it is quiet and uncontrolled. So, altogether, things never have been smoother, though serenity cannot well have less of interest in it. Serenity, however, it is, and gratefully I welcome it.

OCTOBER 10TH.—This evening, most unwittingly, I put my new neighbour's good-humour somewhat to the test. He asked me whether I had walked out in the morning? Yes, I answered, I always walked. "And in the Little Park?" cried he. Yes, I said, and to Old Windsor, and round the park wall, and along the banks of the Thames, and almost to Beaumont Lodge, and in the avenue of the Great Park, and in short, in all the vicinage of Windsor. "But in the Little Park?" he cried.

Still I did not understand him, but plainly answered, "Yes, this morning; and indeed many mornings."

"But did you see nothing—remark nothing there?"

"No, not that I recollect, except some soldiers drilling."

You never heard such a laugh as now broke forth from all—for, alas for my poor eyes, there had been in the Little Park General Grenville's whole regiment, with all his officers, and himself at their head!

Fortunately it is reckoned one of the finest in the

King's service: this I mentioned, adding that else I could never again appear before him.

He affected to be vehemently affronted, but hardly knew how, even in joke, to appear so; and all the rest helped the matter on, by saying they should know now how to distinguish his regiment, which henceforth must always be called "the drill."

The truth is, as soon as I perceived a few red-coats I had turned another way, to avoid being marched at, and therefore their number and splendour had all been thrown away upon me.

SUNDAY, 12TH.—At the cathedral this morning the good Madlle. Montmollin told me she had just got thirteen Swiss friends who were come to Windsor to see her, and they all would like to see me. I made my excuse pretty honestly, but she urged me to do it with a simplicity very amusing, crying, "O, if you won't know my friends, you don't love me! my dear Miss Burney! and that is very a little ingrate, for I love you so moch! 'pon m'honneur, my dear Miss Burney!"

Still I assured her I could not encounter so many strangers. "Well, look then, now, and they will see you a littel!" I told her I could not distinguish them across the cathedral.

"O," she said, "you have such short eyes!"

I have made Madame la Fîte very happy by inviting her for next Friday evening to tea, to meet Mr. Fairly. He is the only person of the establishment that she thinks has any merit beyond the chace; and she can never forget his having said of her, just before we went to Cheltenham, "Why, what have you done to Madame la Fîte? she used to be so prim! and now she is foremost in conversation." She is charmed to have a change remarked that she is always addressing to me as a compliment, and

she says, in return, *que ce M. Fairly a le même goût, puisque* she never remembered him so full of discourse.

TUESDAY, 14TH.—This evening I had again one of my old newspaper vexations. I observed my beaux communicating something one from the other, but softly. just as they were retiring to the concert-room Colonel Goldsworthy marched up to my tea-table, and hastily saying "There, ma'am," he put a newspaper on the table, and hurried out of the room with the greatest speed.

I read this paragraph :—"The literary silence of Miss Burney at present is much to be regretted. No novelist of the present time has a title to such public commendation as that lady; her characters are drawn with originality of design and strength of colouring, and her morality is of the purest and most elevated sort."

You will say, perhaps, Why be vexed? Why, my dearest friends, because every mention alarms me; I know not what may follow; and the original repugnance to being known returns with every panic. Indeed the more and the longer I look around me, the greater appears the danger of all public notice! Panegyric is as near to envy as abuse is to disgrace.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17TH.—Our return to Windsor is postponed till to-morrow. The King is not well; he has not been quite well some time, yet nothing I hope alarming, though there is an uncertainty as to his complaint not very satisfactory; so precious, too, is his health.

Miss Cambridge spent the whole morning with me, in kindness and confidence. My true value for her makes me always tenderly rejoice to see her.

I passed much of the day with the sweet Queen, who is now reading Hunter's 'Lectures'* with me. They are very good, though not very striking.

Saturday, Oct. 18th.—The King was this morning better. My royal mistress told me Sir George Baker was to settle whether we returned to Windsor to-day or to-morrow.

Sunday, Oct. 19th.—The Windsor journey is again postponed, and the King is but very indifferent. Heaven preserve him! there is something unspeakably alarming in his smallest indisposition.

I am very much with the Queen, who, I see, is very uneasy, but she talks not of it. She reads Hunter's 'Discourses,' and talks chiefly upon them.

I showed her to-day an excellent and very original letter I have received from good Mr. Hutton; but he concludes it, "I am, dear miss, your affectionate humble servant."

"Affectionate?" she repeated, "I did not know he was so tender."

* * * * * *

We are to stay here some time longer, and so unprepared were we for more than a day or two, that our distresses are prodigious, even for clothes to wear; and as to books, there are not three amongst us; and for company, only Mr. de Luc and Miss Planta; and so, in mere desperation for employment, I have just begun a tragedy. We are now in so spiritless a situation that my mind would bend to nothing less sad, even in fiction. But I am very glad something of this kind has occurred to me; it may while away the tediousness of this unsettled, unoccupied, unpleasant period.

* Vide page 267.

MONDAY, OCT. 20TH.—The King was taken very ill in the night, and we have all been cruelly frightened; but it went off, and, thank Heaven! he is now better.

I had all my morning devoted to receiving inquiring visits. Lady Effingham, Sir George Howard, Lady Frances Howard, all came from Stoke to obtain news of the King; his least illness spreads in a moment. Lady Frances Douglas came also. She is wife of the Archibald Douglas who caused the famous Hamilton trial in the House of Peers, for his claim to the Douglas name. She is fat, and clunch, and heavy, and ugly; otherwise, they say, agreeable enough.

Mr. Turbulent has been sent for, and he enlivens the scene somewhat. He is now all he should be, and so altered! scarce a flight left. He has opened his mind to me very much with regard to his affairs, &c., and this is a species of confidence I encourage to the utmost: it has that style of friendliness that interests with propriety, and it gives safe yet animating matter for *tête-à-têtes*, and those are unavoidable at times, situated as we now are.

TUESDAY, OCT. 21ST.—The good and excellent King is again better, and we expect to remove to Windsor in a day or two.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23RD.—The King continues to mend, thank God! Saturday we hope to return to Windsor. Had not this composition fit seized me, societyless, and bookless, and viewless as I am, I know not how I could have whiled away my being; but my tragedy goes on, and fills up all vacancies.

SATURDAY, OCT. 25TH.—Yesterday was so much the same, I have not marked it; not so to-day. The King was so much better that our Windsor journey at length took place, with permission of Sir George

Baker, the only physician his Majesty will admit. Miss Cambridge was with me to the last moment.

I have been hanging up a darling remembrance of my revered, incomparable Mrs. Delany. Her Sacharissa is now over my chimney. I could not at first bear it, but now I look at it, and call her back to my eye's mind perpetually. This, like the tragedy I have set about, suits the turn of things in this habitation.

I had a sort of conference with his Majesty, or rather I was the object to whom he spoke, with a manner so uncommon, that a high fever alone could account for it; a rapidity, a hoarseness of voice, a volubility, an earnestness—a vehemence, rather—it startled me inexpressibly; yet with a graciousness exceeding even all I ever met with before—it was almost kindness!

Heaven—Heaven preserve him! The Queen grows more and more uneasy. She alarms me sometimes for herself, at other times she has a sedateness that wonders me still more.

I commune now with my dearest friends every morning, upon the affairs of the preceding day. Alas! how little can I commune with them in any other way!

SUNDAY, OCT. 26TH.—The King was prevailed upon not to go to chapel this morning. I met him in the passage from the Queen's room; he stopped me, and conversed upon his health near half-an-hour, still with that extreme quickness of speech and manner that belongs to fever; and he hardly sleeps, he tells me, one minute all night; indeed, if he recovers not his rest, a most delirious fever seems to threaten him. He is all agitation, all emotion, yet all benevolence and goodness, even to a degree that makes it touching to hear him speak. He assures everybody of his health; he seems only fearful to give uneasiness to others, yet cer-

tainly he is better than last night. Nobody speaks of his illness, nor what they think of it.

The Bishop of Peterborough is made Dean of Durham, and I am glad, for old acquaintance sake.

OCT. 29TH.—The dear and good King again gains ground, and the Queen becomes easier.

To-day Miss Planta told me she heard Mr. Fairly was confined at Sir R—— F——'s, and therefore she would now lay any wager he was to marry Miss F——.

In the evening I inquired what news of him of General Budé: he told me he was still confined at a friend's house, but avoided naming where—probably from suggesting that, however little truth there may yet have been in the report, more may belong to it from this particular intercourse.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1ST.—Our King does not advance in amendment; he grows so weak that he walks like a gouty man, yet has such spirits that he has talked away his voice, and is so hoarse it is painful to hear him. The Queen is evidently in great uneasiness. God send him better!

She read to me to-day a lecture of Hunter's. I have named that work, I believe: it is a Biographical Commentary on the Old Testament, extremely well done with respect to orthodox principles and moral inferences, and in pleasing and alluring language; a book worth much commendation, but of no genius; there is nothing original in the statement of facts, or in the reflections they produce. I would not recommend it to Mr. Locke, but I read it without murmuring at loss of time myself, and I would heartily recommend it to my Fredy, for her own little congregation, as it is all good, and *there* would not be all obvious.

During the reading this morning, twice, at pathetic

passages, my poor Queen shed tears. "How nervous I am!" she cried; "I am quite a fool! Don't you think so?

"No, ma'am!" was all I dared answer.

She revived, however, finished the lecture, and went upstairs and played upon the Princess Augusta's harpsichord.

The King was hunting. Her anxiety for his return was greater than ever. The moment he arrived he sent a page to desire to have coffee and take his bark in the Queen's dressing-room. She said she would pour it out herself, and sent to inquire how he drank it.

The King is very sensible of the great change there is in himself, and of her disturbance at it. It seems, but Heaven avert it! a threat of a total breaking up of the constitution. This, too, seems his own idea. I was present at his first seeing Lady Effingham on his return to Windsor this last time. "My dear Effy," he cried, "you see me, all at once, an old man."

I was so much affected by this exclamation, that I wished to run out of the room. Yet I could not but recover when Lady Effingham, in her well-meaning but literal way, composedly answered, "We must all grow old, sir; I am sure I do."

He then produced a walking-stick which he had just ordered. "He could not," he said, "get on without it; his strength seemed diminishing hourly."

He took the bark, he said; "But the *Queen*," he cried, "is my physician, and no man need have a better; she is my *Friend*, and no man *can* have a better."

How the Queen commànded herself I cannot conceive; but there was something so touching in this speech, from his hoarse voice and altered countenance, that it overset me very much.

Nor can I ever forget him in what passed this night.

When I came to the Queen's dressing-room he was still with her. He constantly conducts her to it before he retires to his own. He was begging her not to speak to him when he got to his room, that he might fall asleep, as he felt great want of that refreshment. He repeated this desire, I believe, at least a hundred times, though, far enough from needing it, the poor Queen never uttered one syllable! He then applied to me, saying he was really very well, except in that one particular, that he could not sleep.

The kindness and benevolence of his manner all this time was most penetrating: he seemed to have no anxiety but to set the Queen at rest, and no wish but to quiet and give pleasure to all around him. To me he never yet spoke with such excess of benignity: he appeared even solicitous to satisfy me that he should do well, and to spare all alarm; but there was a hurry in his manner and voice that indicated sleep to be indeed wanted. Nor could I, all night, forbear foreseeing "He sleeps now, or to-morrow he will be surely delirious!"

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND.—The King was better, and prevailed upon to give up going to the early prayers. The Queen and Princesses went. After they were gone, and I was following towards my room, the King called after me, and he kept me in discourse a full half hour; nearly all the time they were away.

It was all to the same purport; that he was well, but wanted more rest; yet he said he had slept the last night like a child. But his manner, still, was so touchingly kind, so softly gracious, that it doubled my concern to see him so far from well.

I invited Miss Ariana Egerton this evening, to assist me with my officers; General Sir William Fawcett being added to Generals Grenville and Budé, and Colonel

Goldsworthy. We all do mighty well, and General Grenville is now the most social amongst them! Having once thrown aside his disposition to be *loup-garou,* he seems to enjoy the change himself, and very pleasantly makes it enjoyed by us all. He comes regularly to my tea-table, though tea he holds bad for his nerves, and never drinks; he examines whatever I am about, and amuses himself with questions and comments, extremely dry and ridiculous. Yesterday, in a fit of *nonchalance,* he took my Fredy's work-box, which is my repository for all public stores, and fairly untied the lid and opened it; and then began taking up its contents, one by one, and looking into its several compartments, not aware, I believe, of what he was doing, till Colonel Goldsworthy exclaimed "Pray who gave you leave to do that?—upon my word—very familiar!"

He laughed very heartily, but shut it up; taking, the next minute, a threaded needle from my work, and beginning to sew his own fingers.

"Look you there, now!" cried the Colonel, "O poor gentleman, far gone indeed!—he is sewing his own fingers!"

"'Tis only a little *galanterie,*" cried he, "to have something to carry about me of Miss Burney's."

"And you'll take care," cried General Budé, "Miss Burney shall have something to remember you by, without a memorandum, for you have put all her work into confusion."

He is now waiting for the King to review his regiment, the Welsh Fusileers, which I so unfortunately took for a few soldiers drilling! But the King has not yet been well enough to fix a day.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3RD.—The birth-day of the Princess Sophia. I had received the beautiful birth-day

offering yesterday from my Fredy, and this morning I carried it to the Lower Lodge, where it was very prettily welcomed.

I have exerted myself to do the honours a little in the establishment on Saturday next the 8th, for the Princess Augusta's birth-day. I have invited Miss Gomme and Mdlle. Montmollin to dinner, and poor Madame la Fîte, who is also to stay the evening. For me, this is being very grand; but the truth is, I find it wholly expected amongst the household on the elder birth-days.

However, we are all here in a most uneasy state. The King is better and worse so frequently, and changes so, daily, backwards and forwards, that everything is to be apprehended, if his nerves are not some way quieted. I dreadfully fear he is on the eve of some severe fever. The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror. I am affected beyond all expression in her presence, to see what struggles she makes to support serenity. To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears. It was very, very terrible to see! How did I wish her a Susan or a Fredy! To unburthen her loaded mind would be to relieve it from all but inevitable affliction. O, may Heaven in its mercy never, never drive me to that solitary anguish more!—I have tried what it would do; I speak from bitter recollection of past melancholy experience.

Sometimes she walks up and down the room without uttering a word, but shaking her head frequently, and in evident distress and irresolution. She is often closeted with Miss Goldsworthy, of whom, I believe, she makes inquiry how her brother has found the King, from time to time.

The Princes both came to Kew, in several visits to the King. The Duke of York has also been here, and his

fond father could hardly bear the pleasure of thinking him anxious for his health. "So good," he says, "is Frederick!"

To-night, indeed, at tea-time, I felt a great shock, in hearing, from General Budé, that Dr. Heberden had been called in. It is true more assistance seemed much wanting, yet the King's rooted aversion to physicians makes any new-comer tremendous. They said, too, it was merely for counsel, not that his Majesty was worse.

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Ah, my dearest friends! I have no more fair running journal: I kept not now even a memorandum for some time, but I made them by recollection afterwards, and very fully, for not a circumstance could escape a memory that seems now to retain nothing but present events.

I will copy the sad period, however, for my Susan and Fredy will wish to know how it passed; and, though the very prospect of the task involuntarily dejects me, a thousand things are connected with it that must make all that can follow unintelligible without it.

Tuesday, November 4th—Passed much the same as the days preceding it; the Queen in deep distress, the King in a state almost incomprehensible, and all the house uneasy and alarmed. The drawing-room was again put off, and a steady residence seemed fixed at Windsor.

Wednesday, November 5th.—O dreadful day! My very heart has so sickened in looking over my memorandums, that I was forced to go to other employments. I will not, however, omit its narration. 'Tis too interesting ever to escape my own memory, and my dear friends have never yet had the beginning of the thread which led to all the terrible scenes of which they have variously heard.

I found my poor Royal Mistress, in the morning, sad and sadder still; something horrible seemed impending, and I saw her whole resource was in religion. We had talked lately much upon solemn subjects, and she appeared already preparing herself to be resigned for whatever might happen.

I was still wholly unsuspicious of the greatness of the cause she had for dread. Illness, a breaking up of the constitution, the payment of sudden infirmity and premature old age for the waste of unguarded health and strength,—these seemed to me the threats awaiting her; and great and grievous enough, yet how short of the fact!

I had given up my walks some days; I was too uneasy to quit the house while the Queen remained at home, and she now never left it. Even Lady Effingham, the last two days, could not obtain admission; she could only hear from a page how the Royal Family went on.

At noon the King went out in his chaise, with the Princess Royal, for an airing. I looked from my window to see him; he was all smiling benignity, but gave so many orders to the postilions, and got in and out of the carriage twice, with such agitation, that again my fear of a great fever hanging over him grew more and more powerful. Alas! how little did I imagine I should see him no more for so long—so black a period!

When I went to my poor Queen, still worse and worse I found her spirits. She had been greatly offended by some anecdote in a newspaper—the 'Morning Herald'—relative to the King's indisposition. She declared the printer should be called to account. She bid me burn the paper, and ruminated upon who could be employed to represent to the editor that he must answer at his peril any further such treasonable paragraphs. I named to her Mr. Fairly, her own servant,

and one so peculiarly fitted for any office requiring honour and discretion. "Is he here, then?" she cried. "No," I answered, but he was expected in a few days.

I saw her concurrence with this proposal. The Princess-Royal soon returned. She came in cheerfully, and gave, in German, a history of the airing, and one that seemed comforting.

Soon after; suddenly arrived the Prince of Wales. He came into the room. He had just quitted Brighthelmstone. Something passing within seemed to render this meeting awfully distant on both sides. She asked if he should not return to Brighthelmstone? He answered yes, the next day. He desired to speak with her; they retired together.

I had but just reached my own room, deeply musing on the state of things, when a chaise stopped at the rails; and I saw Mr. Fairly and his son Charles alight, and enter the house. He walked lamely, and seemed not yet recovered from his late attack.

Though most happy to see him at this alarming time, when I knew he could be most useful, as there is no one to whom the Queen opens so confidentially upon her affairs, I had yet a fresh start to see, by his anticipated arrival, though still lame, that he must have been sent for, and hurried hither.

Only Miss Planta dined with me. We were both nearly silent: I was shocked at I scarcely knew what, and she seemed to know too much for speech. She stayed with me till six o'clock, but nothing passed, beyond general solicitude that the King might get better.

To keep my promise with Madame la Fîte, I made Columb go and watch her coming to Princess Elizabeth, and invite her for tea.

Meanwhile, a stillness the most uncommon reigned

over the whole house. Nobody stirred; not a voice was heard; not a step, not a motion. I could do nothing but watch, without knowing for what: there seemed a strangeness in the house most extraordinary.

At seven o'clock Columb came to tell me that the music was all forbid, and the musicians ordered away!

This was the last step to be expected, so fond as his Majesty is of his Concert, and I thought it might have rather soothed him: I could not understand the prohibition; all seemed stranger and stranger.

At eight o'clock Madame la Fîte came. She had just left the Princess Elizabeth, and left her very miserable, but knew not why. The Queen, too, she said, was ill. She was herself in the dark, or thought it necessary so to seem.

Very late came General Budé. He looked extremely uncomfortable. I could have made inquiries of him with ease, as to the order about the Court; but he loves not to open before poor Madame la Fîte.

Later still came Colonel Goldsworthy: his countenance all gloom, and his voice scarce articulating no or yes. General Grenville was gone to town.

General Budé asked me if I had seen Mr. Fairly; and last of all, at length he also entered.

How grave he looked! how shut up in himself! A silent bow was his only salutation; how changed I thought it,— and how fearful a meeting, so long expected as a solace!

Scarce a word was spoken, except by poor Madame la Fîte, who made some few attempts to renew her acquaintance with her favourite, but they were vain. He was all absorbed in distant gravity.

Colonel Goldsworthy was called away: I heard his voice whispering some time in the passage, but he did not return.

Various small speeches now dropped, by which I found the house was all in disturbance, and the King in some strange way worse, and the Queen taken ill!

Poor Madame la Fîte, disappointed of a long-promised pleasant evening, and much disturbed by the general face of things, when she had drank her tea, rose to go. I could not oppose, and Mr. Fairly hastened to help her on with her cloak, and to open the door.

A little less guardedly now, the two gentlemen spoke of the state of the house, but in terms so alarming, I had not courage to demand an explanation; I dreadfully awaited to catch their meaning, gradually, as I could, unasked.

At length, General Budé said he would go and see if any one was in the music-room. Mr. Fairly said he thought he had better not accompany him, for as he had not yet been seen, his appearance might excite fresh emotion. The General agreed, and went.

We were now alone. But I could not speak: neither did Mr. Fairly; I worked—I had begun a hassock for my Fredy. A long and serious pause made me almost turn sick with anxious wonder and fear, and an inward trembling totally disabled me from asking the actual situation of things; if I had not had my work, to employ my eyes and hands, I must have left the room to quiet myself.

I fancy he penetrated into all this, though, at first, he had concluded me informed of everything; but he now, finding me silent, began an inquiry whether I was yet acquainted how bad all was become, and how ill the King?

I really had no utterance for very alarm, but my look was probably sufficient; he kindly saved me any questions, and related to me the whole of the mysterious horror!

O my dear friends, what a history! The King, at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the Princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears. No one knew what was to follow—no one could conjecture the event.

He spoke of the poor Queen, in terms of the most tender compassion; he pitied her, he said, from the bottom of his soul; and all her sweet daughters, the lovely Princesses—there was no knowing to what we might look forward for them all!

I was an almost silent listener; but, having expressed himself very warmly for all the principal sufferers, he kindly, and with interest, examined me. "How," he cried, "are you? Are you strong? are you stout? can you go through such scenes as these? you do not look much fitted for them."

"I shall do very well," I cried, "for, at a time such as this, I shall surely forget myself utterly. The Queen will be all to me. I shall hardly, I think, feel myself at liberty to be unhappy!"

He was not yet well himself; he had had an attack of gout upon the road. He had quitted his sister, and, in a visit in the journey back, he was seized. He had the advantage, there, of very good medical help. He got on to town as soon as it was possible, and meant there to have nursed himself well by Saturday, had not the ill accounts from Windsor hastened him hither at once.

He stayed with me all the evening, during which we heard no voice, no sound! all was deadly still! At ten o'clock I said, "I must go to my own room, to be in waiting." He determined upon remaining downstairs, in the Equerries' apartment, there to wait some intelli-

gence. We parted in mutual expectation of dreadful tidings. In separating, he took my hand, and earnestly recommended me to keep myself stout and firm.

If this beginning of the night was affecting, what did it not grow afterwards! Two long hours I waited—alone, in silence, in ignorance, in dread! I thought they would never be over; at twelve o'clock I seemed to have spent two whole days in waiting. I then opened my door, to listen, in the passage, if anything seemed stirring. Not a sound could I hear. My apartment seemed wholly separated from life and motion. Whoever was in the house kept at the other end, and not even a servant crossed the stairs or passage by my rooms.

I would fain have crept on myself, anywhere in the world, for some inquiry, or to see but a face, and hear a voice, but I did not dare risk losing a sudden summons.

I re-entered my room and there passed another endless hour, in conjectures too horrible to relate.

A little after one, I heard a step—my door opened—and a page said I must come to the Queen.

I could hardly get along—hardly force myself into the room; dizzy I felt, almost to falling. But, the first shock passed, I became more collected. Useful, indeed, proved the previous lesson of the evening: it had stilled, if not fortified my mind, which had else, in a scene such as this, been all tumult and emotion.

My poor Royal mistress! never can I forget her countenance—pale, ghastly pale she looked; she was seated to be undressed, and attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy; her whole frame was disordered, yet she was still and quiet.

These two ladies assisted me to undress her, or rather I assisted them, for they were firmer, from being longer

present; my shaking hands and blinded eyes could scarce be of any use.

I gave her some camphor julep, which had been ordered her by Sir George Baker. "How cold I am!" she cried, and put her hand on mine; marble it felt! and went to my heart's core!

The King, at the instance of Sir George Baker, had consented to sleep in the next apartment, as the Queen was ill. For himself, he would listen to nothing. Accordingly, a bed was put up for him, by his own order, in the Queen's second dressing-room, immediately adjoining to the bed-room. He would not be further removed. Miss Goldsworthy was to sit up with her, by the King's direction.

I would fain have remained in the little dressing-room, on the other side the bed-room, but she would not permit it. She ordered Sandys, her wardrobe-woman, in the place of Mrs. Thielky, to sit up there. Lady Elizabeth also pressed to stay; but we were desired to go to our own rooms.

How reluctantly did I come away! how hardly to myself leave her! Yet I went to bed, determined to preserve my strength to the utmost of my ability, for the service of my unhappy mistress. I could not, however, sleep. I do not suppose an eye was closed in the house all night.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6TH.—I rose at six, dressed in haste by candle-light, and unable to wait for my summons in a suspense so awful, I stole along the passage in the dark, a thick fog intercepting all faint light, to see if I could meet with Sandys, or any one, to tell me how the night had passed.

When I came to the little dressing-room, I stopped,

irresolute what to do. I heard men's voices; I was seized with the most cruel alarm at such a sound in her Majesty's dressing-room. I waited some time, and then the door opened, and I saw Colonel Goldsworthy and Mr. Batterscomb. I was relieved from my first apprehension, yet shocked enough to see them there at this early hour. They had both sat up there all night, as well as Sandys. Every page, both of the King and Queen, had also sat up, dispersed in the passages and ante-rooms! and O what horror in every face I met!

I waited here, amongst them, till Sandys was ordered by the Queen to carry her a pair of gloves. I could not resist the opportunity to venture myself before her. I glided into the room, but stopped at the door: she was in bed, sitting up; Miss Goldsworthy was on a stool by her side!

I feared approaching without permission, yet could not prevail with myself to retreat. She was looking down, and did not see me. Miss Goldsworthy, turning round, said, "'Tis Miss Burney, ma'am."

She leaned her head forward, and in a most soft manner, said, "Miss Burney, how are you?"

Deeply affected, I hastened up to her, but, in trying to speak, burst into an irresistible torrent of tears.

My dearest friends, I do it at this moment again, and can hardly write for them; yet I wish you to know all this piercing history right.

She looked like death—colourless and wan; but nature is infectious; the tears gushed from her own eyes, and a perfect agony of weeping ensued, which, once begun, she could not stop; she did not, indeed, try; for when it subsided, and she wiped her eyes, she said, "I thank you, Miss Burney—you have made me cry—it is a

great relief to me—I had not been able to cry before, all this night long."

O what a scene followed! what a scene was related! The King, in the middle of the night, had insisted upon seeing if his Queen was not removed from the house; and he had come into her room, with a candle in his hand, opened the bed-curtains, and satisfied himself she was there, and Miss Goldsworthy by her side. This observance of his directions had much soothed him; but he stayed a full half hour, and the depth of terror during that time no words can paint. The fear of such another entrance was now so strongly upon the nerves of the poor Queen, that she could hardly support herself.

The King—the Royal sufferer—was still in the next room, attended by Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden, and his pages, with Colonel Goldsworthy occasionally, and as he called for him. He kept talking unceasingly; his voice was so lost in hoarseness and weakness, it was rendered almost inarticulate; but its tone was still all benevolence—all kindness—all touching graciousness.

It was thought advisable the Queen should not rise, lest the King should be offended that she did not go to him; at present he was content, because he conceived her to be nursing for her illness.

But what a situation for her! She would not let me leave her now; she made me remain in the room, and ordered me to sit down. I was too trembling to refuse. Lady Elizabeth soon joined us. We all three stayed with her; she frequently bid me listen, to hear what the King was saying or doing. I did, and carried the best accounts I could manage, without deviating from truth, except by some omissions. Nothing could be so afflicting as this task; even now, it brings fresh to my ear his poor ex-

hausted voice. "I am nervous," he cried; "I am not ill, but I am nervous: if you would know what is the matter with me, I am nervous. But I love you both very well; if you would tell me truth: I love Dr. Heberden best, for he has not told me a lie: Sir George has told me a lie—a white lie, he says, but I hate a white lie! If you will tell me a lie, let it be a black lie!"

This was what he kept saying almost constantly, mixed in with other matter, but always returning, and in a voice that truly will never cease vibrating in my recollection.

The Queen permitted me to make her breakfast and attend her, and was so affectingly kind and gentle in her distress, that I felt a tenderness of sorrow for her that almost devoted my whole mind to her alone!

Miss Goldsworthy was a fixture at her side; I, therefore, provided her breakfast also.

Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries of Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Batterscomb, and the pages, every ten minutes; while I, at the same intervals, was ordered to listen to what passed in the room, and give warning if anything seemed to threaten another entrance.

The behaviour of Lady Elizabeth was a pattern of propriety for her situation. She was quiet, gentle, serene, full of respect and attention, and kind concern.

She got some breakfast, standing, in the little dressing-room, while waiting for an answer to one of her messages; she wished me to do the same, but I could not eat. She afterwards told the Queen I had had nothing, and I was then ordered to go and make reparation in my room.

The Queen bid me bring the Prayer-Book and read the morning service to her. I could hardly do it, the poor voice from the next room was so perpetually in my ears.

You may suppose a thousand things to be said and to pass that I never would write; all I have put down was known to other witnesses.

When I came to my room, about twelve o'clock, for some breakfast, I found a letter from Lady Carmarthen. It was an answer to my congratulation upon her marriage, and written with honest happiness and delight. She frankly calls herself the luckiest of all God's creatures; and this, if not elegant, is sincere, and I hope will be permanently her opinion.

While swallowing my breakfast, standing and in haste, and the door ajar, I heard Mr. Fairly's voice, saying, "Is Miss Burney there? is she alone?" and then he sent in Columb, to inquire if he might come and ask me how I did.

I received him with as much gladness as I could then feel, but it was a melancholy reception. I consulted with him upon many points in which I wanted counsel: he is quick and deep at once in expedients where anything is to be done, and simple and clear in explaining himself where he thinks it is best to do nothing. Miss Goldsworthy herself had once stolen out to consult with him. He became, indeed, for all who belonged to the Queen, from this moment the oracle.

Dr. Warren had been sent for express, in the middle of the night, at the desire of Sir George Baker, because he had been taken ill himself, and felt unequal to the whole toil.

I returned speedily to the room of woe. The arrival of the physicians was there grievously awaited, for Dr. Heberden and Sir George would now decide upon nothing till Dr. Warren came. The poor Queen wanted something very positive to pass, relative to her keeping away, which seemed thought essential at this time,

though the courage to assert it was wanting in everybody.

The Princesses sent to ask leave to come to their mother. She burst into tears, and declared she could neither see them, nor pray, while in this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be broken in upon, and quite uncertain in what manner, yet determined not to desert her apartment, except by express direction from the physicians. Who could tell to what height the delirium might rise? There was no constraint, no power: all feared the worst, yet none dared take any measures for security.

The Princes also sent word they were at her Majesty's command, but she shrunk still more from this interview: it filled her with a thousand dreadful sensations, too obvious to be wholly hid.

At length news was brought that Dr. Warren was arrived. I never felt so rejoiced; I could have run out to welcome him with rapture.

With what cruel impatience did we then wait to hear his sentence! An impatience how fruitless! It ended in information that he had not seen the King, who refused him admittance.

This was terrible. But the King was never so despotic; no one dared oppose him. He would not listen to a word, though, when unopposed, he was still all gentleness and benignity to every one around him.

Dr. Warren was then planted where he could hear his voice, and all that passed, and receive intelligence concerning his pulse, &c., from Sir George Baker.

We now expected every moment Dr. Warren would bring her Majesty his opinion; but he neither came nor sent. She waited in dread incessant. She sent for Sir George—he would not speak alone: she sent for Mr.

Hawkins, the household surgeon; but all referred to Dr. Warren.

Lady Elizabeth and Miss Goldsworthy earnestly pressed her to remove to a more distant apartment, where she might not hear the unceasing voice of the unhappy King; but she would only rise and go to the little dressing-room, there to wait in her night-clothes Dr. Warren's determination what step she should take.

At length Lady Elizabeth learnt among the pages that Dr. Warren had quitted his post of watching.

The poor Queen now, in a torrent of tears, prepared herself for seeing him.

He came not.

All astonished and impatient, Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries.

She returned, and said Dr. Warren was gone.

"Run! stop him!" was the Queen's next order. "Let him but let me know what I am to do."

Poor, poor Queen! how I wept to hear those words!

Abashed and distressed, poor Lady Elizabeth returned. She had seen Colonel Goldsworthy, and heard Dr. Warren, with the other two physicians, had left the house too far to be recalled; they were gone over to the Castle, to the Prince of Wales.

I think a deeper blow I have never witnessed. Already to become but second, even for the King! The tears were now wiped; indignation arose, with pain, the severest pain, of every species.

In about a quarter of an hour Colonel Goldsworthy sent in to beg an audience. It was granted, a long cloak only being thrown over the Queen.

He now brought the opinion of all the physicians in consultation, "That her Majesty would remove to a more distant apartment, since the King would undoubtedly be

worse from the agitation of seeing her, and there could be no possibility to prevent it while she remained so near."

She instantly agreed, but with what bitter anguish! Lady Elizabeth, Miss Goldsworthy, and myself attended her; she went to an apartment in the same row, but to which there was no entrance except by its own door. It consisted of only two rooms, a bed-chamber and a dressing-room. They are appropriated to the lady-in-waiting, when she is here.

At the entrance into this new habitation, the poor wretched Queen once more gave way to a perfect agony of grief and affliction; while the words "What will become of me! What will become of me!" uttered with the most piercing lamentation, struck deep and hard into all our hearts. Never can I forget their desponding sound; they implied such complicated apprehensions.

Instantly now the Princesses were sent for. The three elder hastened down. O, what a meeting! They all, from a habit that is become a second nature, struggling to repress all outward grief, though the Queen herself, wholly overcome, wept even aloud.

They all went into the bedroom, and the Queen made a slight dressing, but only wore a close gauze cap, and her long dressing gown, which is a dimity chemise.

I was then sent back to the little dressing-room, for something that was left; as I opened the door, I almost ran against a gentleman close to it in the passage.

"Is the Queen here?" he cried, and I then saw the Prince of Wales.

"Yes," I answered, shuddering at this new scene for her; "should I tell her Majesty your Royal Highness is here?"

This I said lest he should surprise her. But he did not intend that: he was profoundly respectful, and con-

sented to wait at the door while I went in, but called me back, as I turned away, to add, "You will be so good to say I am come by her orders."

She wept a deluge of tears when I delivered my commission, but instantly admitted him.

I then retreated. The other two ladies went to Lady Elizabeth's room, which is next the Queen's new apartments.

In the passage I was again stopped; it was by Mr. Fairly. I would have hurried on, scarce able to speak, but he desired to know how the Queen did. "Very bad" was all I could say, and on I hastened to my own room, which, the next minute, I would as eagerly have hastened to quit, from its distance from all that was going forward; but now once the Prince had entered the Queen's rooms, I could go thither no more unsummoned.

Miserable, lonely, and filled with dreadful conjectures, I remained here till a very late dinner brought Miss Planta to the dining-parlour, where I joined her.

After a short and dismal meal we immediately parted: she to wait in the apartments of the Princesses above-stairs, in case of being wanted; I to my own solitary parlour.

The Prince of Wales and Duke of York stayed here all the day, and were so often in and out of the Queen's rooms that no one could enter them but by order. The same etiquette is observed when the Princes are with the Queen as when the King is there—no interruption whatever is made. I now, therefore, lost my only consolation at this calamitous time, that of attending my poor Royal Mistress.

Alone wholly, without seeing a human being, or gathering any, the smallest intelligence of what was going forwards, I remained till tea-time.

Impatient then for information, I planted myself in the eating-parlour; but no one came. Every minute seemed an hour. I grew as anxious for the tea society as heretofore I had been anxious to escape it; but so late it grew, and so hopeless, that Columb came to propose bringing the water.

No; for I could swallow nothing voluntarily.

In a few minutes he came again, and with the compliments of Mr. Fairly, who desired him to tell me he would wait upon me to tea whenever I pleased.

A little surprised at this single message, but most truly rejoiced, I returned my compliments, with an assurance that all time was the same to me.

He came directly, and indeed his very sight, at this season of still horror and silent suspense, was a repose to my poor aching eyes.

"You will see," he said, "nobody else. The physicians being now here, Colonel Goldsworthy thought it right to order tea for the whole party in the music-room, which we have now agreed to make the general waiting-room for us all. It is near the King, and we ought always to be at hand."

Our tea was very sad. He gave me no hope of a short seizure; he saw it, in perspective, as long as it was dreadful: perhaps even worse than long, he thought it—but that he said not. He related to me the whole of the day's transactions, but my most dear and most honourable friends will be the first to forgive me when I promise that I shall commit nothing to paper on this terrible event that is told me in confidence.

He did not stay long; he did not think it right to leave his waiting friends for any time, nor could I wish it, valued as I know he is by them all, and much as they need his able counsel.

He left me plunged in a deep gloom, yet he was not gloomy himself; he sees evils as things of course, and bears them, therefore, as things expected. But he was tenderly touched for the poor Queen and the Princesses.

Not till one in the morning did I see another face, and then I attended my poor unhappy Queen. She was now fixed in her new apartments, bed-room and dressing-room, and stirred not a step but from one to the other. Fortunately all are upon the ground-floor, both for King and Queen; so are the two Lady Waldegraves' and mine; the Princesses and Miss Planta, as usual, are upstairs, and the gentlemen lodge above them.

Miss Goldsworthy had now a bed put up in the Queen's new bed-room. She had by no means health to go on sitting up, and it had been the poor King's own direction that she should remain with the Queen. It was settled that Mrs. Sandys and Miss Macenton should alternately sit up in the dressing-room.

The Queen would not permit me to take that office, though most gladly I would have taken any that would have kept me about her. But she does not think my strength sufficient. She allowed me however to stay with her till she was in bed, which I had never done till now; I never, indeed, had even seen her in her bed-room till the day before. She has always had the kindness and delicacy to dismiss me from her dressing-room as soon as I have assisted her with her night-clothes; the wardrobe-woman then was summoned, and I regularly made my courtesy. It was a satisfaction to me, however, now to leave her the last, and to come to her the first.

Her present dressing-room is also her dining-room, her drawing-room, her sitting-room; she has nothing else but her bed-room!

I left her with my fervent prayers for better times, and

saw her nearer to composure than I had believed possible in such a calamity. She called to her aid her religion, and without it what, indeed, must have become of her? It was near two in the morning when I quitted her.

In passing through the dressing-room to come away, I found Miss Goldsworthy in some distress how to execute a commission of the Queen's: it was to her brother, who was to sit up in a room adjoining to the King's; and she was undressed, and knew not how to go to him, as the Princes were to and fro everywhere. I offered to call him to her; she thankfully accepted the proposal. I cared not, just then, whom I encountered, so I could make myself of any use.

When I gently opened the door of the apartment to which I was directed, I found it was quite filled with gentlemen and attendants, arranged round it on chairs and sofas, in dead silence.

It was a dreadful start with which I retreated; for anything more alarming and shocking could not be conceived: the poor King within another door, unconscious any one was near him, and thus watched, by dread necessity, at such an hour of the night! I pronounced the words "Colonel Goldsworthy," however, before I drew back, though I could not distinguish one gentleman from another, except the two Princes, by their stars.

I waited in the next room; but instead of Colonel Goldsworthy, my call was answered by Mr. Fairly. I acquainted him with my errand. He told me he had himself insisted that Colonel Goldsworthy should go to bed, as he had sat up all the preceding night, and he had undertaken to supply his place.

I went back to Miss Goldsworthy with this account. She begged me to entreat Mr. Fairly would come to her,

as she must now make the commission devolve on him, and could less than ever appear herself, as they were all assembled in such a party.

Mr. Fairly most considerately had remained in this quiet room, to see if anything more might be wanted, which spared me the distress of again intruding into the public room.

I begged him to follow, and we were proceeding to the dressing-room, when I was stopped by a gentleman, who said, "Does the Queen want anybody?"

It was the Prince of Wales. "Not the Queen, sir," I answered, "but Miss Goldsworthy, has desired to see Mr. Fairly."

He let me pass, but stopped Mr. Fairly; and, as he seemed inclined to detain him some time, I only told Miss Goldsworthy what had retarded him, and made off to my own room, and soon after two o'clock, I believe, I was in bed.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH.—I was now arrived at a sort of settled regularity of life more melancholy than can possibly be described. I rose at six, dressed, and hastened to the Queen's apartments, uncalled, and there waited in silence and in the dark till I heard her move or speak with Miss Goldsworthy, and then presented myself to the sad bedside of the unhappy Queen. She sent Miss Goldsworthy early every morning, to make inquiry what sort of night his Majesty had passed; and in the middle of the night she commonly also sent for news by the wardrobe-woman, or Miss Macenton, whichever sat up.

She dismissed Miss Goldsworthy, on my arrival, to dress herself. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave accommodated her with her own room for that purpose.

I had then a long conference with this most patient

sufferer; and equal forbearance and quietness during a period of suspensive unhappiness never have I seen, never could I have imagined.

At noon now I never saw her, which I greatly regretted; but she kept on her dressing-gown all day, and the Princes were continually about the passages, so that no one unsummoned dared approach the Queen's apartments.

It was only therefore at night and morning I could see her; but my heart was with her the livelong day. And how long, good Heaven! how long that day became! Endless I used to think it, for nothing could I do—to wait and to watch—starting at every sound, yet revived by every noise.

While I was yet with my poor Royal sufferer this morning the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologised for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night. It had been indeed most affectingly dreadful! The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned: amazed and in consternation, he demanded what they did there? Much followed that I have heard since, particularly the warmest elogé on his dear son Frederick, his favourite, his friend. "Yes," he cried, "Frederick is my friend!"—and this son was then present amongst the rest, but not seen!

Sir George Baker was there, and was privately exhorted by the gentlemen to lead the King back to his room; but he had not courage: he attempted only to speak, and the King penned him in a corner, told him he was a mere old woman—that he wondered he had ever followed his advice, for he knew nothing of his complaint, which was only nervous!

The Prince of Wales, by signs and whispers, would

have urged others to have drawn him away, but no one dared approach him, and he remained there a considerable time, "Nor do I know when he would have been got back," continued the Prince, "if at last Mr. Fairly had not undertaken him. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Fairly indeed. He came boldly up to him, and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then he said he would not, and cried 'Who are you?' 'I am Mr. Fairly, sir,' he answered, 'and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, sir: it is necessary to your life.' And then he was so surprised, that he let himself be drawn along just like a child; and so they got him to bed. I believe else he would have stayed all night!"

Mr. Fairly has had some melancholy experience in a case of this sort, with a very near connexion of his own. How fortunate he was present!

* * * * *

At noon I had the most sad pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Smelt. They had heard in York of the illness of the King, and had travelled post to Windsor. Poor worthy, excellent couple!—ill and infirm, what did they not suffer from an attack like this—so wonderfully unexpected upon a patron so adored!

They wished the Queen to be acquainted with their arrival, yet would not let me risk meeting the Princes in carrying the news. Mr. Smelt I saw languished to see his King: he was persuaded he might now repay a part of former benefits, and he wished to be made his page during his illness, that he might watch and attend him hourly.

The good Mrs. Smelt was even anxious to part with him for this purpose; and I had not a doubt, myself, he

would perform it better than anybody, his personal tenderness for the King being aided by so intimate a knowledge of his character and sentiments.

They determined to wait till the last, in hopes some accident would occasion my being summoned.

Poor Mr. de Luc soon joined us: he has forgot all his own complaints; his very heart and soul are consigned to the King, and have room for nought beside.

Mr. Smelt, seeing Dr. Warren pass my window, hastened out to confer with him; and, just after, a rap at my door produced Mr. Fairly.

I never gave him a better welcome. I had heard, I told him, what he had done, and if he could instigate others to such methods I should call him our nation's guardian.

He had a long story, he said, for me; but from slightness of acquaintance with Mrs. Smelt, he forbore at present to enter into particulars, and only—Cheltenham fashion—asked me to lend him pen and ink to write a note. We left him to that, and pursued our discourse.

I had had a message in the morning by Mr. Gorton, the clerk of the kitchen, to tell me the Prince of Wales wished our dining-parlour to be appropriated to the physicians, both for their dinner and their consultations. I was therefore obliged to order dinner for Miss Planta and myself in my own sitting-parlour, which was now immaterial, as the Equerries did not come to tea, but continued altogether in the music-room.

Mr. Fairly had, I believe, forgot this new regulation, for the moment he had written his note he hastened away, saying "In the evening I shall come to tea, of course."

I stopped him then to explain the loss of the tea-room, but added, if he found any time, I should be most happy to receive him in my own.

As I had no summons I contrived to speak to Mr. Alberts, the Queen's page, and begged him to acquaint her Majesty Mr. and Mrs. Smelt were here.

He did; but no message followed, and therefore at three o'clock, with bleeding hearts, they left this miserable house.

In the evening, of course, came Mr. Fairly, but it was only to let me know it would be of course no longer. He then rang the bell for my tea-urn, finding I had waited, though he declined drinking tea with me; but he sat down, and stayed half an hour, telling me the long story he had promised, which was a full detail of the terrible preceding night. The transactions of the day also he related to me, and the designs for the future. How alarming were they all! yet many particulars, he said, he omitted, merely because they were yet more affecting, and could be dwelt upon to no purpose.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH.—This was, if possible, the saddest day yet passed: it was the birthday of Princess Augusta, and Mrs. Siddons had been invited to read a play, and a large party of company to form the audience. What a contrast from such an intention was the event!

When I went, before seven o'clock in the morning, to my most unhappy Royal Mistress, the Princes were both in the room. I retreated to the next apartment till they had finished their conference. The Prince of Wales upon these occasions has always been extremely well-bred and condescending in his manner, which, in a situation such as mine, is no immaterial circumstance.

The poor Queen then spoke to me of the birthday present she had designed for her most amiable daughter. She hesitated a little whether or not to produce it, but at length meekly said "Yes, go to Miss Planta and bring it. Do you think there can be any harm in giving it now?"

"O, no!" I said, happy to encourage whatever was a little less gloomy, and upstairs I flew. I was met by all the poor Princesses and the Duke of York, who inquired if he might go again to the Queen. I begged leave first to execute my commission. I did; but so engrossed was my mind with the whole of this living tragedy, that I so little noticed what it was I carried as to be now unable to recollect it. I gave it, however, to the Queen, who then sent for the Princesses, and carried her gift to her daughter, weeping, who received it with a silent courtesy, kissing and wetting with her gentle tears the hand of her afflicted mother.

During my mournful breakfast poor Mr. Smelt arrived from Kew, where he had now settled himself. Mr. de Luc also joined us, and they could neither prevail upon themselves to go away all the morning.

Mr. Smelt had some thoughts of taking up his abode in Windsor till the state of things should be more decisive. The accounts of the preceding night had been most cruel, and to quit the spot was scarce supportable to him. Yet he feared the Princes might disapprove his stay, and he well knew his influence and welcome at court was all confined to the sick-room: thence, there could now issue no mandate.

Yet I encouraged him to stay; so did Mr. de Luc; and while he was still wavering he saw Dr. Warren in the court-yard, and again hastened to speak with him. Before he returned the Prince of Wales went out and met him; and you may imagine how much I was pleased to observe from the window that he took him by the arm, and walked up and down with him.

When he came to us he said the Prince had told him he had better stay, that he might see the Queen. He

determined, therefore, to send off an express to Mrs. Smelt, and go and secure an apartment at the inn.

This was very soothing to me, who so much needed just such consolation as he could bestow; and I begged he would come back to dinner, and spend the whole day in my room, during his stay.

What, however, was my concern and amaze, when, soon after, hastily returning, he desired to speak to me alone, and, as Mr. de Luc moved off, told me he was going back immediately to Kew! He spoke with a tremor that alarmed me. I entreated to know why such a change? He then informed me that the porter, Mr. Humphreys, had refused him re-entrance, and sent him his great coat! He had resented this impertinence, and was told it was by the express order of the Prince! In utter astonishment he then only desired admittance for one moment to my room, and having acquainted me with this circumstance, he hurried off, in a state of distress and indignation that left me penetrated with both.

He made Mr. de Luc promise to write to him, as he knew I had received injunctions to send no accounts from the house; but he said he would come no more.

And, after such an unmerited—a wanton affront, who could ask him? I can make no comments.

From this time, as the poor King grew worse, general hope seemed universally to abate; and the Prince of Wales now took the government of the house into his own hands. Nothing was done but by his orders, and he was applied to in every difficulty. The Queen interfered not in anything; she lived entirely in her two new rooms, and spent the whole day in patient sorrow and retirement with her daughters.

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PART VII.

1788.

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PART VII.

1788.

The next news that reached me, through Mr. de Luc, was, that the Prince had sent his commands to the porter, to admit only four persons into the house on any pretence whatever: these were Mr. Majendie, Mr. Turbulent, General Harcourt, and Mr. de Luc himself; and these were ordered to repair immediately to the Equerry-room below stairs, while no one whatsoever was to be allowed to go to any other apartment.

From this time commenced a total banishment from all intercourse out of the house, and an unremitting confinement within its walls.

Poor Mr. de Luc, however, could not forego coming to my room. He determined to risk that, since he was upon the list of those who might enter the house.

I was glad, because he is a truly good man, and our sentiments upon this whole melancholy business were the same. But otherwise, the weariness of a great length of visit daily from a person so slow and methodical in discourse, so explanatory of everything and of nothing, at this agitating period, was truly painful to endure. He has often talked to me till my poor burthened head has seemed lost to all understanding.

I had now, all tea-meetings being over, no means of gaining any particulars of what was passing, which added so much to the horror of the situation, that by the

evening I was almost petrified. Imagine, then, alike my surprise and satisfaction at a visit from Mr. Fairly. He had never come to me so unexpectedly. I eagerly begged an account of what was going on, and, with his usual readiness and accuracy, he gave it me in full detail. And nothing could be more tragic than all the particulars; every species of evil seemed now hanging over this unhappy family.

He had had his son with him in his room upstairs; "And I had a good mind," he said, "to have brought him to visit you."

I assured him he would have been a very welcome guest; and when he added that he could no longer have him at the Equerry table to dinner; as the Prince of Wales now presided there, I invited him for the next day to mine.

He not only instantly accepted the proposal, but cried, with great vivacity, "I wish—you would invite me too."

I thought he was laughing, but said, "Certainly, if such a thing might be allowed;" and then, to my almost speechless surprise, he declared, if I would give him permission, he would dine with me next day.

He then proceeded to say that the hurry, and fatigue, and violent animal spirits of the other table quite overpowered him, and a respite of such a quiet sort would be of essential service to him. Yet he paused a little afterwards, upon the propriety of leaving the Prince of Wales's table, and said "He would first consult with General Budé, and hear his opinion."

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 9TH.—No one went to church; not a creature now quits the house: but I believe devotion never less required the aid and influence of public worship. For me, I know, I spent almost my whole time between prayer and watching. Even my melan-

choly resource, my tragedy, was now thrown aside; misery so actual, living, and present, was knit too closely around me to allow my depressed imagination to fancy any woe beyond what my heart felt.

In coming early from the Queen's apartment this morning I was addressed by a gentleman who inquired how I did, by my name; but my bewilderment made him obliged to tell his own before I could recollect him. It was Dr. Warren.

I eagerly expressed my hopes and satisfaction in his attendance upon the poor King, but he would not enter upon that subject. I suppose he feared, from my zeal, some indiscreet questions concerning his opinion of the case; for he passed by all I could start, to answer only with speeches relative to myself—of his disappointment in never meeting me, though residing under the same roof; his surprise in not dining with me when told he was to dine in my room, and the strangeness of never seeing me when so frequently he heard my name.

I could not bring myself to ask him to my apartment, when I saw, by his whole manner, he held it imprudent to speak with me about the only subject on which I wished to talk—the King; and just then seeing the Duke of York advancing, I hastily retreated.

While I was dressing, Mr. Fairly rapped at my door. I sent out Goter, who brought me his compliments, and, if it would not be inconvenient to me, he and his son would have the pleasure of dining with me.

I answered, I should be very glad of their company, as would Miss Planta.

Miss Goldsworthy had now arranged herself with the Lady Waldegraves.

Our dinner was as pleasant as a dinner at such a season could be. Mr. Fairly holds cheerfulness as a duty in the

midst of every affliction that can admit it; and, therefore, whenever his animal spirits have a tendency to rise, he encourages and sustains them. So fond, too, is he of his son, that his very sight is a cordial to him; and that mild, feeling, amiable boy quite idolizes his father, looking up to him, hanging on his arm, and watching his eye to smile and be smiled upon, with a fondness like that of an infant to its maternal nurse.

Repeatedly Mr. Fairly exclaimed, "What a relief is this, to dine thus quietly!"

What a relief should I, too, have found it, but for a little circumstance, which I will soon relate.

We were still at table, with the dessert, when Columb entered and announced the sudden return from Weymouth of Mrs. Schwellenberg.

Up we all started; Miss Planta flew out to receive her, and state the situation of the house; Mr. Fairly, expecting, I believe, she was coming into my room, hastily made his exit without a word; his son eagerly scampered after him, and I followed Miss Planta upstairs.

My reception, however, was such as to make me deem it most proper to again return to my room.

What an addition this to the gloom of all! and to begin at once with harshness and rudeness! I could hardly tell how to bear it.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH.—This was a most dismal day. The dear and most suffering King was extremely ill, the Queen very wretched, poor Mrs. Schwellenberg all spasm and horror. Miss Planta all restlessness, the house all mystery, and my only informant and comforter distanced.

Not a word, the whole day through, did I hear of what was passing or intending. Our dinner was worse than an almost famished fasting; we parted after it, and met

no more. Mrs. Schwellenberg, who never drinks tea herself, hearing the general party was given up, and never surmising there had ever been any particular one, neither desired me to come to her, nor proposed returning to me. She took possession of the poor Queen's former dressing-room, and between that and the adjoining apartments she spent all the day, except during dinner.

This was my only little satisfaction, that my solitude had not the evening's interruption I expected. Alas! I now found even its dreariness acceptable, in preference to such a companion as must have dispelled it. But what a day! how endless every hour!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH.—This day passed like the preceding; I only saw her Majesty in the morning, and not another human being from that hour till Mrs. Schwellenberg and Miss Planta came to dinner. Nor could I then gather any information of the present state of things, as Mrs. Schwellenberg announced that nothing must be talked of.

To give any idea of the dismal horror of passing so many hours in utter ignorance, where every interest of the mind was sighing for intelligence, would not be easy: the experiment alone could give it its full force; and from that, Heaven ever guard my loved readers!

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH.—To-day a little brightened upon us; some change appeared in the loved Royal sufferer, and though it was not actually for the better in itself, yet any change was pronounced to be salutary, as, for some days past, there had been a monotonous continuation of the same bad symptoms, that had doubly depressed us all.

My spirits rose immediately; indeed, I thank God, I never desponded, though many times I stood nearly alone in my hopes.

In the passage, in the morning, I encountered Colonel Gwynn. I had but just time to inform him I yet thought all would do well, ere the Princes appeared. All the Equerries are now here except Major Garth, who is ill; and they have all ample employment in watching and waiting. From time to time they have all interviews; but it is only because the poor King will not be denied seeing them: it is not thought right. But I must enter into nothing of this sort—it is all too closely connected with private domestic concerns for paper.

After dinner, my chief guest, *la Présidente,* told me, "If my room was not so warm, she would stay a littel with me." I felt this would be rather too superlative an obligation; and therefore I simply answered that "I was too chilly to sit in a cold room;" and I confess I took no pains to temper it according to this hint.

Finding there was now no danger of disagreeable interviews, Mr. Fairly renewed his visits as usual. He came early this evening, and narrated the state of things; and then, with a laugh, he inquired what I had done with my head companion, and how I got rid of her?

I fairly told him my malice about the temperature.

He could not help laughing, though he instantly remonstrated against an expedient that might prove prejudicial to my health. "You had better not," he cried, "try any experiments of this sort: if you hurt your nerves, it may prove a permanent evil; this other can only be temporary."

He took up the 'Task' again; but he opened, by ill luck, upon nothing striking or good; and soon, with distaste, flung the book down, and committed himself wholly to conversation.

He told me he wished much he had been able to con-

sult with me on the preceding morning, when he had the Queen's orders to write, in her Majesty's name, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to issue out public prayers for the poor King, for all the churches.

I assured him I fancied it might do very well without my aid. There was to be a privy council summoned, in consequence of the letter, to settle the mode of compliance.

How right a step in my ever-right Royal Mistress is this! If you hear less of her now, my dearest friends, and of the internal transactions, it is only because I now rarely saw her but alone, and all that passed, therefore, was in promised confidence. And, for the rest, the whole of my information concerning the Princes, and the plans and the proceedings of the house, was told me in perfect reliance on my secrecy and honour.

I know this is saying enough to the most honourable of all confidants and friends to whom I am writing. All that passes with regard to myself is laid completely before them.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13TH.—This was the fairest day we have passed since the first seizure of the most beloved of monarchs. He was considerably better. O what a ray of joy lightened us, and how mildly did my poor Queen receive it!

FRIDAY, 14TH.—Still all was greatly amended, and better spirits reigned throughout the house.

Mr. Fairly—I can write of no one else, for no one else did I see—called early, to tell me he had received an answer relative to the prayer for his Majesty's recovery, in consequence of which he had the Queen's commands for going to town the next day, to see the Archbishop.

This was an employment so suited to the religious cast of his character, that I rejoiced to see it fall into his hands.

He came again in the evening, and said he had now got the prayer. He did not entirely approve it, nor think it sufficiently warm and animated. I petitioned to hear it, and he readily complied, and read it with great reverence, but very unaffectedly and quietly. I was very, very much touched by it; yet not, I own, quite so much as once before by another, which was read to me by Mr. Cambridge, and composed by his son, for the sufferings of his excellent daughter Catherine. It was at once so devout, yet so concise—so fervent, yet so simple, and the many tender relations concerned in it—father, brother, sister—so powerfully affected me, that I had no command over the feelings then excited, even though Mr. Cambridge almost reproved me for want of fortitude; but there was something so tender in a prayer of a brother for a sister.

Here, however, I was under better control; for though my whole heart was filled with the calamitous state of this unhappy monarch, and with deepest affliction for all his family, I yet knew so well my reader was one to severely censure all failure in calmness and firmness, that I struggled, and not ineffectually, to hear him with a steadiness like his own. But, fortunately for the relief of this force, he left the room for a few minutes to see if he was wanted, and I made use of his absence to give a little vent to those tears which I had painfully restrained in his presence.

When he returned we had one of the best (on his part) conversations in which I have ever been engaged, upon the highest and most solemn of all subjects, prayers and supplications to heaven. He asked my opinion

with earnestness, and gave his own with unbounded openness.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH.—This morning my poor royal mistress herself presented me with one of the prayers for the King. I shall always keep it; how—how fervently did I use it!

Whilst I was at breakfast Mr. Fairly once more called before he set off for town; and he brought me also a copy of the prayer. He had received a large packet of them from the Archbishop, Dr. Moore, to distribute in the house.

The whole day the King continued amended.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH.—This morning I ventured out to church. I did not like to appear abroad, but yet I had a most irresistible earnestness to join the public congregation in the prayer for the King. Indeed nothing could be more deeply moving: the very sound of the cathedral service, performed in his own chapel, overset me at once; and every prayer in the service in which he was mentioned brought torrents of tears from all the suppliants that joined in them. I could scarcely keep my place, scarce command my voice from audible sobs. To come to the House of prayer from such a house of woe! I ran away when the service was over, to avoid inquiries. Mrs. Kennedy ran after me, with swollen eyes; I could not refuse her a hasty answer, but I ran the faster after it, to avoid any more.

The King was worse. His night had been very bad; all the fair promise of amendment was shaken; he had now some symptoms even dangerous to his life. O good Heaven, what a day did this prove! I saw not a human face, save at dinner; and then, what faces! gloom and despair in all, and silence to every species of intelligence.

The good Bishop of Worcester came, but he could only see the Queen; overwhelmed with grief for the situation of his unhappy King and patron, he could bear no interview he had power to shun.

Mr. Smelt came to Windsor, and, by means of certain management, dined here, but hastened to Kew immediately afterwards. In how many ways had I reason to repine at his most ungrateful treatment!

So full of horror was my mind that I could not even read; books of devotion excepted, I found it impossible even to try to read, for I had not courage to take anything in hand. At the cathedral a sort of hymn had occurred to me, and that I wrote down on my return; and that alone could divide my attention with listening for footsteps at the door. No footsteps, however, approached: my only friend and intelligencer gone, not another in the house could even dream of the profound ignorance in which, during his absence, I was kept. My morning attendance upon the Queen, indeed, was informing, as far as it was *tête-à-tête*, but after that I saw her no more till night, and then never alone.

It was melancholy to see the crowds of former welcome visitors who were now denied access. The Prince reiterated his former orders; and I perceived from my window those who had ventured to the door returning back in deluges of tears. Amongst them to-day I perceived poor Lady Effingham, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Mr Bryant; the last sent me in afterwards, a mournful little letter, to which he desired no answer. Indeed I was not at liberty to write a word.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH.—The account of the dear King this morning was rather better.

Sir Lucas Pepys was now called in, and added to Dr. Warren, Dr. Heberden, and Sir George Baker. I

earnestly wished to see him, and I found my poor Royal Mistress was secretly anxious to know his opinion. I sent to beg to speak with him, as soon as the consultation was over; determined, however, to make that request no more if he was as shy of giving information as Dr. Warren.

Poor Mr. de Luc was with me when he came; but it was necessary I should see Sir Lucas alone, that I might have a better claim upon his discretion: nevertheless I feared he would have left me, without the smallest intelligence, before I was able to make my worthy, but most slow companion comprehend the necessity of his absence.

The moment we were alone, Sir Lucas opened upon the subject in the most comfortable manner. He assured me there was nothing desponding in the case, and that his Royal Patient would certainly recover, though not immediately.

Whilst I was in the midst of the almost speechless joy with which I heard this said, and ready to kiss the very feet of Sir Lucas for words of such delight, a rap at my door made me open it to Mr. Fairly, who entered, saying, "I must come to ask you how you do, though I have no good news to bring you; but——"

He then, with the utmost amaze, perceived Sir Lucas. In so very many visits he had constantly found me alone, that I really believe he had hardly thought it possible he should see me in any other way.

They then talked over the poor King's situation, and Sir Lucas was very open and comforting. How many sad meetings have I had with him heretofore; first in the alarming attacks of poor Mr. Thrale, and next in the agonizing fluctuations of his unhappy widow!

Ah, my dearest friends, whom shall we pity so much

as those who neglect to habituate those imperious assaulters of all virtue and all self-denial, *The Passions*, to the control of Patience? For that, I begin to think, is more properly their Superior than Reason, which, in many cases, finds it hard not to join with them.

Sir Lucas wished to speak with me alone, as he had something he wanted, through me, to communicate to the Queen; but as he saw Mr. Fairly not disposed to retire first, by his manner of saying "Sir Lucas, you will find all the breakfast ready below stairs," he made his bow, and said he would see me again.

Mr. Fairly then informed me he was quite uneasy at the recluse life led by the Queen and the Princesses, and that he was anxious to prevail with them to take a little air, which must be absolutely necessary to their health. He was projecting a scheme for this purpose, which required the assistance of the Duke of York, and he left me, to confer upon it with his Royal Highness, promising to return and tell its success.

Sir Lucas soon came back, and then gave me such unequivocal assurances of the King's recovery, that the moment he left me I flew to demand a private audience of the Queen, that I might relate such delightful prognostics.

The Duke of York was with her. I waited in the passage, where I met Lady Charlotte Finch, and tried what I could to instil into her mind the hopes I entertained: this, however, was not possible; a general despondency prevailed throughout the house, and Lady Charlotte was infected by it very deeply.

Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave then passed, and made me go and wait in her room with her sister till the Duke left the Queen. Nothing can deserve more

commendation than the steady good conduct and propriety of Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, who seems more uniformly to do precisely what is right, and neither more nor less, than almost any character I have met.

At length I gained admission, and gave my account, which was most meekly received by the most patient of sorrowers.

At night came Mr. Fairly again; but, before he entered into any narrations he asked, "Do you expect Sir Lucas?"

"No," I said, "he had been already."

"I saw him rise early from table," he added, "and I thought he was coming to you."

He has taken no fancy to poor Sir Lucas, and would rather, apparently, avoid meeting him. However, it is to me so essential a comfort to hear his opinions, that I have earnestly entreated to see him by every opportunity.

The equerries now had their own table as usual, to which the physicians were regularly invited, downstairs, and our eating-parlour was restored. The Princes established a table of their own at the Castle, to which they gave daily invitations to such as they chose, from time to time, to select from the Lodge.

The noise of so large a party just under the apartment of the Queen occasioned this new regulation, which took place by her Majesty's own direction.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH.—Poor Miss Goldsworthy was now quite ill, and forced to retire and nurse. No wonder, for she had suffered the worst sort of fatigue, that of fearing to sleep, from the apprehension the Queen might speak, and want her; for, though the Queen was all graciousness and consideration, the situation could not admit of ease and repose.

Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave now took her place of sleeping in the Queen's room, but the office of going for early intelligence how his Majesty had passed the night devolved upon me.

Exactly at seven o'clock I now went to the Queen's apartment; Lady Elizabeth then rose and went to her own room to dress, and I received the Queen's commands for my inquiries.

I could not, however, go myself into the room where they assembled, which Miss Goldsworthy, who always applied to her brother, had very properly done: I sent in a message to beg to speak with General Budé, or whoever could bring an account.

Mr. Charles Hawkins came; he had sat up. O, how terrible a narrative did he drily give of the night!—short, abrupt, peremptorily bad, and indubitably hopeless!

I did not dare alter, but I greatly softened this relation, in giving it to my poor Queen. I had been, indeed, too much shocked by the hard way in which I had been told it, to deliver it in the same manner; neither did I, in my own heart, despair.

I saw Sir Lucas afterwards, who encouraged all my more sanguine opinions. He told me many new regulations had been made. His Majesty was to be kept as quiet as possible, and see only physicians, except for a short and stated period in every day, during which he might summon such among his gentlemen as he pleased.

Mr. Fairly came also early, and wrote and read letters of great consequence relative to the situation of affairs; and he told me he was then to go to the King, who had refused his assent to the new plan, and insisted upon seeing him when he came in from his ride, which, to

keep him a little longer quiet, they had made him believe he was then taking. The gentlemen had agreed to be within call alternately, and he meant to have his own turn always in the forenoon, that his evenings might have some chance for quiet.

The rest of the day was comfortless; my coadjutrix was now grown so fretful and affronting that, though we only met at dinner, it was hard to support her most unprovoked harshness.

At night, while I was just sealing a short note to my dear Miss Cambridge, who had an anxiety like that of my own Susan and Fredy lest I should suffer from my present fatigues, I heard the softest tap at my door, which, before I could either put down my letter or speak, was suddenly but most gently opened.

I turned about and saw a figure wrapt up in a great coat, with boots and a hat on, who cautiously entered, and instantly closed the door.

I stared, and looked very hard, but the face was much hid by the muffling of the high collar to the great coat. I wondered, and could not conceive who it could be. The figure then took off his hat and bowed, but he did not advance, and the light was away from him. I courtsied, and wondered more, and then a surprised voice exclaimed, "Don't you know me?" and I found it was Mr. Fairly.

"I cannot," he said, "stop now, but I will come again; however, you know it, perhaps, already?"

"Know what?"

"Why—the—news."

"What news?"

"Why—that the King is much better, and—"

"Yes, Sir Lucas said so, but I have seen nobody since"

"No? And have you heard nothing more?"

"Nothing at all; I cannot guess what you mean."

"What, then, have not you heard—how much the King has talked? And—and, have not you heard the charge."

"No; I have heard not a word of any charge."

"Why, then, I'll tell you."

A long preamble, uttered very rapidly, of "how much the King had been talking," seemed less necessary to introduce his intelligence than to give him time to arrange it; and I was so much struck with this, that I could not even listen to him, from impatience to have him proceed.

Suddenly, however, breaking off, evidently from not knowing how to go on, he exclaimed, "Well, I shall tell it you all by and by; you come in for your share!"

Almost breathless now with amaze, I could hardly cry, "Do I?"

"Yes, I'll tell you," cried he; but again he stopped, and, hesitatingly said, "You—you won't be angry?"

"No," I answered, still more amazed, and even almost terrified, at what I had now to expect.

"Well, then," cried he, instantly resuming his first gay and rapid manner, "the King has been calling them all to order for staying so long away from him. 'All the equerries and gentlemen here,' he said, 'lost their whole time at the table, by drinking so much wine and sitting so long over their bottle, which constantly made them all so slow in returning to their waiting, that when he wanted them in the afternoon they were never ready; and—and—and Mr. Fairly,' says he, 'is as bad as any of them; not that he stays so long at table, or is so fond of wine, but yet he's just as late as the rest;

for he's so fond of the company of learned ladies, that he gets to the tea-table with Miss Burney, and there he stays and spends his whole time.'"

He spoke all this like the velocity of lightning; but, had it been with the most prosing slowness, I had surely never interrupted him, so vexed I was, so surprised, so completely disconcerted.

Finding me silent, he began again, and as rapidly as ever; "I know exactly," he cried, "what it all means—what the King has in his head—exactly what has given rise to the idea—'tis Miss Fuzilier."

Now, indeed, I stared afresh, little expecting to hear her named by him. He went on in too much hurry for me to recollect his precise words, but he spoke of her very highly, and mentioned her learning, her education, and her acquirements, with great praise, yet with that sort of general commendation that disclaims all peculiar interest; and then, with some degree of displeasure mixed in his voice, he mentioned the report that had been spread concerning them, and its having reached the ears of the King before his illness. He then lightly added something I could not completely hear, of its utter falsehood, in a way that seemed to hold even a disavowal too important for it, and then concluded with saying, "And this in the present confused state of his mind is altogether, I know, what he means by the learned ladies."

When he had done he looked earnestly for my answer, but finding I made none, he said, with some concern, "You won't think any more of it?"

"No," I answered, rather faintly.

In a lighter manner then, as if to treat the whole as too light for a thought, he said, as he was leaving the room to change his dress, "Well, since I have now

got the character of being so fond of such company, I shall certainly"—he stopped short, evidently at a loss how to go on; but quickly after, with a laugh, he hastily added, "come and drink tea with you very often;" and then, with another laugh, which he had all to himself, he hurried away.

He left me, however, enough to think upon; and the predominant thought was an immediate doubt whether or not, since his visits had reached the King, his Majesty's observation upon them ought to stop their continuance?

Upon the whole, however, when I summed up all, I found not cause sufficient for any change of system. No raillery had passed upon me; and, for him, he had stoutly evinced a determined contempt of it. Nothing of flirtation had been mentioned for either; I had merely been called a learned lady, and he had merely been accused of liking such company. I had no other social comfort left me but Mr. Fairly, and I had discomforts past all description or suggestion. Should I drive him from me, what would pay me, and how had he deserved it? and which way could it be worth while? His friendship offered me a solace without hazard; it was held out to me when all else was denied me; banished from every friend, confined almost to a state of captivity, harrowed to the very soul with surrounding afflictions, and without a glimpse of light as to when or how all might terminate, it seemed to me, in this situation, that Providence had benignly sent in my way a character of so much worth and excellence, to soften the rigour of my condition, by kind sympathy and most honourable confidence.

This idea was sufficient; and I thence determined to follow as he led, in disdaining any further notice, or

even remembrance, if possible, of this learned accusation.

FRIDAY, NOV. 21ST.—All went better and better today, and I received from the King's room a more cheering account to carry to my poor Queen. We had now hopes of a speedy restoration: the King held long conferences with all his gentlemen, and, though far from composed, was so frequently rational as to make any resistance to his will nearly impossible. Innumerable difficulties attended this state, but the general promise it gave of a complete recovery recompensed them all.

Sir Lucas Pepys came to me in the morning, and acquainted me with the rising hopes of amendment. But he disapproved the admission of so many gentlemen, and would have limited the licence to only the Equerry in waiting, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Mr. Fairly, who was now principal throughout the house, in universal trust for his superior judgment.

The King, Sir Lucas said, now talked of everybody and everything he could recollect or suggest.

So I have heard, thought I.

And, presently after, he added, "No one escapes; you will have your turn."

Frightened lest he knew I had had it, I eagerly exclaimed, "O, no; I hope not."

"And why?" cried he, good-humouredly; "what need you care? He can say no harm of you."

I ventured then to ask if yet I had been named?

He believed not yet.

This doubled my curiosity to know to whom the "learned ladies" had been mentioned, and whether to Mr. Fairly himself, or to some one who related it; I think the latter, but there is no way to inquire.

Very early in the evening I heard a rap at my door. I was in my inner room, and called out "Who's there?" The door opened and Mr. Fairly appeared.

He had been so long in attendance this morning with our poor sick monarch, that he was too much fatigued to join the dinner-party. He had stood five hours running, besides the concomitant circumstances of attention. He had instantly laid down when he procured his dismission, and had only risen to eat some cold chicken before he came to my room. During that repast he had again been demanded, but he charged the gentlemen to make his excuse, as he could go through nothing further.

I hope the King did not conclude him again with the learned.

This was the most serene, and even cheerful evening I had passed since the poor King's first seizure.

Saturday, November 22nd.—When I went for my morning inquiries, Colonel Manners came out to me. He could give me no precise account, as the sitters-up had not yet left the King, but he feared the night had been bad. We mutually bewailed the mournful state of the house. He is a very good creature at heart, though as unformed as if he had just left Eton or Westminster. But he loves his Master with a true and faithful heart, and is almost as ready to die as to live for him, if any service of that risk was proposed to him.

While the Queen's hair was dressing, though only for a close cap, I was sent again. Colonel Manners came out to me, and begged I would enter the music-room, as Mr. Keate, the surgeon, had now just left the King, and was waiting to give me an account before he laid down.

I found him in his night-cap: he took me up to a

window, and gave me but a dismal history: the night had been very unfavourable, and the late amendment very transient.

I heard nothing further till the evening, when my constant companion came to me. All, he said, was bad: he had been summoned and detained nearly all the morning, and had then rode to St. Leonard's to get a little rest, as he would not return till after dinner.

He had but just begun his tea when his name was called aloud in the passage: up he started, seized his hat, and with a hasty bow, decamped.

I fancy it was one of the Princes; and the more, as he did not come back.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD.—A sad day this! I was sent as usual for the night account, which I had given to me by Mr. Fairly, and a very dismal one indeed. Yet I never, upon this point, yield implicitly to his opinion, as I see him frequently of the despairing side, and as for myself, I thank God, my hopes never wholly fail. A certain faith in his final recovery has uniformly supported my spirits from the beginning.

I ventured once more to the cathedral, to join in the public prayer. There I was seen by poor Madame la Fîte, who lamented her banishment from the house, in bitter complaints. I could but tell her it was universal. "But, my chère Madame," cried she, "do you see moch ce Mr. si digne, ce Mr. Fairly?"

"Yes," I answered, "when he had any spare time." And promised, in happier days, she also should see him; to her great content.

Dr. Duval preached a sermon, from Job, very applicable and very well, all exhorting to trust in God, however hopeless in man.

Sir Lucas came to me on my return, and was still

very comfortable. How much I owe him for his cheer at such a season! There now remained no other on the side of hope; all were dispirited, and the King undoubtedly worse.

In the evening, a small tap at my door, with "Here I am again," ushered in Mr. Fairly. He seemed much hurried and disturbed, and innately uncomfortable; and very soon he entered into a detail of the situation of affairs that saddened me in the extreme. The poor King was very ill indeed, and so little aware of his own condition, that he would submit to no rule, and chose to have company with him from morning till night, sending out for the gentlemen one after another without intermission, and chiefly for Mr. Fairly, who, conscious it was hurtful to his Majesty, and nearly worn out himself, had now no chance of respite or escape but by leaving the house and riding out.

Seeing me much depressed, he began to cheer himself; and, asking for my book, declared we must dwell on the sad subject no longer. "Let us do," he cried, "all we can; and that done, turn to other objects, and not suffer ourselves to sink."

My book was 'Ogden.' I begged him to let me choose him a sermon, and gave him the second, on Belief. It is one of the most spirited and pointedly to the matter I have ever read. But his mind was too much preoccupied to enter into its merits; he read on rapidly, though in general he is a very slow reader, and evidently sought to lead my thoughts into a new channel, without the power of diverting his own.

I have never seen him so wearied, or so vexed, I know not which. "How shall I rejoice," he cried, "when all this is over, and I can turn my back to this scene!"

I should rejoice, I said, for him when he could make his escape; but his use here, in the whole round, is infinite; almost nothing is done without consulting him.

"I wish," he cried, while he was making some memorandums, "I could live without sleep; I know not now how to spare my night."

He then explained to me various miscellaneous matters of occupation, and confessed himself forced to break from the confused scene of action as much as possible, where the tumult and bustle were as overpowering, as the affliction, in the more quiet apartments, was dejecting. Then, by implication, what credit did he not give to my poor still room, which he made me understand was his only refuge and consolation in this miserable house!

This could not but be a gratification to me; and the whole of his confidential discourse was in so openly friendly and unaffected a style, that it was a gratification without any drawback.

He soon put down the book, acknowledging he could not command any attention. "But I hope," he cried, "in a few days to see you more comfortably."

How sincerely did I join in that hope!

He then hurried off to execute some business for her Majesty.

About ten o'clock, however, he came back, accompanied by Lady Charlotte Finch, and each of them begging a million of pardons, but telling me they had a commission to execute for the Queen, and no place not crowded with Princes, physicians, or pages, in which they could utter a word undisturbed.

I rejoiced to make my apartment of any use at such a period, and hastened into my bed-room, though they would have me remain still. But I had no claim upon

the confidence of Lady Charlotte; and I was sure, if I stayed, Mr. Fairly would forget I had none also upon his. I took, therefore, a book and a candle, and left them.

When they had finished their consultation Lady Charlotte came for me, and Mr. Fairly went away. We then talked over affairs in general, but without any comfort. She is no hoper; she sees nothing before us but despair and horror. I believe myself, indeed, the only regular hoper of any one resident in the house. Mr. Fairly himself now evidently leans to the darker side, though he avoids saying so.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24TH.—Very bad again was the night's account, which I received at seven o'clock this morning from Mr. Dundas. I returned with it to my poor royal mistress, who heard it with her usual patience.

While I was still with her, Lady Elizabeth came with a request from Mr. Fairly, for an audience before her Majesty's breakfast. As soon as she was ready she ordered me to tell Lady Elizabeth to bring him.

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Soon after, with a hasty rap, came Mr. Fairly. He brought his writing to my table, where I was trying to take off impressions of plants. I saw he meant to read me his letter; but before he had finished it Lady Charlotte Finch came in search of him. It was not for the Queen, but herself; she wished to speak and consult with him upon the King's seeing his children, which was now his vehement demand.

He was writing for one of the King's messengers, and could not stop till he had done. Poor Lady Charlotte, overcome with tenderness and compassion, wept the whole time he was at his pen; and when he

had put it down, earnestly remonstrated on the cruelty of the present regulations, which debarred his Majesty the sight of the Princesses.

I joined with her, though more firmly, believe me; my tears I suppress for my solitude. I have enough of that to give them vent, and, with all my suppression, my poor aching eyes can frequently scarce see one object from another.

When Mr. Fairly left off writing he entered very deeply into argument with Lady Charlotte. He was averse to her request; he explained the absolute necessity of strong measures, and of the denial of dangerous indulgences, while the poor King was in this wretched state. The disease, he said, was augmented by every agitation, and the discipline of forced quiet was necessary till he was capable of some reflection. At present he spoke everything that occurred to him, and in a manner so wild, unreasonable, and dangerous, with regard to future constructions, that there could be no kindness so great to him as to suffer him only to see those who were his requisite attendants.

He then enumerated many instances very forcibly, in which he showed how much more properly his Majesty might have been treated, by greater strength of steadiness in his management. He told various facts which neither of us had heard; and, at last, in speaking of the most recent occurrences, he fell into a narrative relating to himself.

The King, he said, had almost continually demanded him of late, and with the most extreme agitation; he had been as much with him as it was possible for his health to bear. "Five hours," continued he, "I spent with him on Friday, and four on Saturday, and three and a-half yesterday; yet the moment I went to him

last night, he accused me of never coming near him. He said I gave him up entirely; that I was always going out, always dining out, always going to Mrs. Harcourt's—riding to St. Leonard's; but he knew why—'twas to meet Miss Fuzilier."

Lady Charlotte stared, surprised, I saw, at his naming that lady, and in a voice and manner so entirely disclaiming the King's imputation. I had heard him before, and my surprise, therefore, was over.

"Then," continued he, "he raved about my little boy, whom he said I loved better than him; and—and—so he went on in that sort of way for a considerable time, quite enraged."

Poor Lady Charlotte was answered, and, looking extremely sorry, went away.

He then read me his messenger's letter. 'Twas upon a very delicate affair, relative to the Prince of Wales, in whose service, he told me, he first began his court preferment.

When he had made up his packet he returned to the subject of the King's rage, with still greater openness. He had attacked him, he said, more violently than ever about Miss Fuzilier; which, certainly, as there had been such a report, was very unpleasant. "And when I seriously assured him," he added, "that there was nothing in it, he said 'I had made him the happiest of men.'"

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I found the Queen at night very much disturbed, and all I could learn assured me how complicate were her reasons for disturbance; though I heard no particulars, as I did not see Mr. Fairly again at night.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.—My morning account

was from General Budé, and a very despairing one. He has not a ray of hope for better days.

My poor Queen was so much pleased with a sort of hymn for the King, which she had been reading in the newspapers, that I scrupled not to tell her of one in manuscript, which, of course, she desired to read; but I stipulated for its return, though I could not possibly stay in the room while she looked at it. I would copy it here for my dear readers, who will exclaim and declaim against me that I do not; but, in truth, at this moment in which I am writing, I know not where to find it.

When the Queen had finished her short dressing, and a long conference, she sent me for Lady Charlotte Finch. I found her in the music-room with Colonel Welbred, whom I had not before met. He looked very sallow and ill; these night-watches, and this close attendance, disagree with them all. Lady Charlotte went, but Colonel Welbred stopped me for a little conversation. We condoled upon the state of things: I found him wholly destitute of all hope, and persuaded the malady was a seizure for life.

How happy for me that I am made of more sanguine materials! I could not think as they think, and be able to wade through the labours of my office.

In the evening Mr. Fairly came, entering with a most gently civil exclamation of "How long it is since I have seen you!"

I could not answer, it was only one evening missed; for, in truth, a day at this time seems literally a week, and a very slow one too. He had been to town, suddenly sent by the Queen last night, and had returned only at noon.

He gave me a full account of all that was passing

and projecting; and awfully critical everything seemed. "He should now soon," he said, "quit the tragic scene, and go to relax and recruit, with his children, in the country. He regarded his services here as nearly over, since an entirely new regulation was planning, in which the poor King was no longer to be allowed the sight of any of his gentlemen. His continual long conversations with them were judged utterly improper, and he was only to be attended by the medical people and his pages."

He then gave into my hands the office of hinting to the Queen his intention, if he could be dispensed with by her Majesty, to go into the country on the 12th of next month (December), with his boy Charles, who then left Eton for the Christmas holidays.

I knew this would be unwelcome intelligence; but I wished to forward his departure, and would not refuse the commission.

When this was settled he said he would go and take a circuit, and see how matters stood; and then, if he could get away after showing himself, return—if I would give him leave to drink his tea with me.

He had not been gone ten minutes before Lady Charlotte came in search of him. She had been told, she said, that he was with me. I laughed, but could not forbear asking if I passed for his keeper, since whenever he was missing I was always called to account for him. Again, however, he came and drank his tea, and stayed an hour, in most confidential discourse.

When the new regulation is established, only one gentleman is to remain—which will be the Equerry in waiting. This is now Colonel Goldsworthy. The rest will disperse.

WEDNESDAY, 26TH.—My seven o'clock account this morning was given me by Mr. Fairly; and a very gloomy one. He made me come into the waiting-room to hear it by the fire, for it was very cold, and he was there alone; and, indeed, he had as many questions to ask as to answer, for he thought me unwell myself: but I got on, nervous and feverish now and then, but never, thank heaven, confined; and at this time, nothing short of that would, by any other whom I now see, be perceived.

The new plan of operations being settled, my poor Queen was again very calm. She gave me back my verses with very gracious thanks, but desired a copy. I shall trust to the times and their fulness for her forgetting this request.

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Mr. Fairly returned and gave me his usual narrative. I found we were all speedily to remove to Kew. This was to be kept profoundly secret till almost the moment of departure. The King will never consent to quit Windsor; and to allure him away by some stratagem occupies all the physicians, who have proposed and enforced this measure. Mr. Fairly is averse to it: the King's repugnance he thinks insurmountable, and that it ought not to be opposed. But the Princes take part with the physicians.

He left me to ride out, but more cordial and with greater simplicity of kindness than ever, he smilingly said in going, "Well, good bye, and God bless you."

"Amen," quoth I, after he had shut the door.

In the afternoon I had a short visit from Sir Lucas, who still sustained the language of hope.

THURSDAY, 27TH.—This morning and whole day were dreadful! My early account was given me by

Mr. Charles Hawkins, and with such determined decision of incurability, that I left him quite in horror.

All that I dared, I softened to my poor Queen, who was now harassed to death with state affairs, and impending storms of state dissensions. I would have given the world to have spent the whole day by her side, and poured in what balm of hope I could, since it appeared but too visibly she scarce received a ray from any other.

Universal despondence now pervaded the whole house. Sir Lucas, indeed, sustained his original good opinion, but he was nearly overpowered by standing alone, and was forced to let the stream take its course with but little opposition.

Even poor Mr. de Luc was silenced; Miss Planta easily yields to fear; and Mrs. Schwellenberg—who thinks it treason to say the King is ever at all indisposed—not being able to say all was quite well, forbade a single word being uttered upon the subject!

The dinners, therefore, became a time of extremest pain — all was ignorance, mystery, and trembling expectation of evil.

In the evening, thank Heaven! came again my sole relief, Mr. Fairly. He brought his son, and they entered with such serene aspects, that I soon shook off a little of my gloom; and I heard there was no new cause, for though all was bad, nothing was worse.

We talked over everything; and that always opens the mind, and softens the bitterness of sorrow.

The prospect before us, with respect to Kew, is indeed terrible. There is to be a total seclusion from all but those within the walls, and those are to be contracted to merely necessary attendants. Mr. Fairly disapproved the scheme, though a gainer by it of

leisure and liberty. Only the Equerry in waiting is to have a room in the house; the rest of the gentlemen are to take their leave. He meant, therefore, himself, to go into the country with all speed.

FRIDAY, 28TH.—How woful—how bitter a day, in every part, was this!

My early account was from the King's page, Mr. Stillingfleet, and the night had been extremely bad.

I dared not sink the truth to my poor Queen, though I mixed in it whatever I could devise of cheer and hope; and she bore it with the most wonderful calmness, and kept me with her a full half hour after breakfast was called, talking over 'Hunter's Lectures,' and other religious books, with some other more confidential matters.

Dr. Addington was now called in: a very old physician, but peculiarly experienced in disorders such as afflicted our poor King, though not professedly a practitioner in them.

Sir Lucas made me a visit, and informed me of all the medical proceedings; and told me, in confidence, we were to go to Kew to-morrow, though the Queen herself had not yet concurred in the measure; but the physicians joined to desire it, and they were supported by the Princes. The difficulty how to get the King away from his favourite abode was all that rested. If they even attempted force, they had not a doubt but his smallest resistance would call up the whole country to his fancied rescue! Yet how, at such a time, prevail by persuasion?

He moved me even to tears, by telling me that none of their own lives would be safe if the King did not recover, so prodigiously high ran the tide of affection and loyalty. All the physicians received threatening

letters daily, to answer for the safety of their monarch with their lives! Sir George Baker had already been stopped in his carriage by the mob, to give an account of the King; and when he said it was a bad one, they had furiously exclaimed "The more shame for you!"

After he left me, a privy council was held at the Castle, with the Prince of Wales; the Chancellor, Mr. Pitt, and all the officers of state were summoned, to sign a permission for the King's removal. The poor Queen gave an audience to the Chancellor—it was necessary to sanctify their proceedings. The Princess Royal and Lady Courtown attended her. It was a tragedy the most dismal!

The Queen's knowledge of the King's aversion to Kew made her consent to this measure with the extremest reluctance; yet it was not to be opposed: it was stated as much the best for him, on account of the garden: as here there is none but what is public to spectators from the terrace, or tops of houses. I believe they were perfectly right, though the removal was so tremendous.

The physicians were summoned to the Privy Council, to give their opinions, upon oath, that this step was necessary.

Inexpressible was the alarm of every one, lest the King, if he recovered, should bear a lasting resentment against the authors and promoters of this journey. To give it, therefore, every possible sanction, it was decreed that he should be seen, both by the Chancellor and Mr. Pitt.

The Chancellor went into his presence with a tremor such as, before, he had been only accustomed to inspire; and when he came out, he was so extremely affected by the state in which he saw his Royal Master and

Patron that the tears ran down his cheeks, and his feet had difficulty to support him.

Mr. Pitt was more composed, but expressed his grief with so much respect and attachment, that it added new weight to the universal admiration with which he is here beheld.

All these circumstances, with various others, of equal sadness, which I must not relate, came to my knowledge through Sir Lucas, Mr. de Luc, and my noon attendance upon her Majesty, who was compelled to dress for her audience of the Chancellor. And, altogether, with the horror of the next day's removal, and the gloom of the ensuing Kew residence, I was so powerfully depressed, that when Mr. Fairly came in the evening, not all my earnestness to support my firmness could re-animate me, and I gave him a most solemn reception, and made the tea directly, and almost in silence.

He endeavoured, at first, to revive me by enlivening discourse, but finding that fail, he had recourse to more serious means. He began his former favourite topic—the miseries of life—the inherent miseries, he thinks them, to which we are so universally born and bred, that it was as much consonant with our reason to expect as with our duty to support them.

I heard him with that respect his subject and his character alike merited; but I could not answer—my heart was sunk—my spirits were all exhausted: I knew not what to expect next, nor how I might be enabled to wade through the dreadful winter.

He proceeded, however, with one of the best discourses I ever heard upon religious fortitude and cheerful resignation; and his own high practice of those virtues in all his personal misfortunes rendered

their recommendation not merely proper, but affecting from him.

Once, attempting a little smile, he said, "If you might choose what frame of mind to be in for a constancy—a gay and lively one, full of buoyant hope and vivacity, or one wholly serious and solemn—which would you take?"

I knew which frame he thought best—the serious; but I know which I prefer—the buoyant: however, I could not argue, and simply said, "You must not question me to-night, Mr. Fairly, for to-night I feel afraid of you!"

"I think," cried he, "that when the nature of our small earthly happiness is considered, and the danger we are in, while it lasts, of forgetting what most we ought to reflect upon—I think, upon the whole, that a melancholy humour, such as you and I are in just now, is to be preferred. Gaiety has such an aptitude to run into levity, that it can little be relied upon with any security."

I could have said much upon this subject at another time, but here I had no force. I could only forbear to concur. In this point, indeed, I am wholly dissentient. I am very sorry he harbours opinions so gloomy. They are not consonant to my ideas of that true religion of which I believe him so pure a disciple.

He had not, I saw, one ray of hope to offer me of better times, yet he recommended me to cheer myself; but not by more sanguine expectations—simply and solely by religion. To submit, he said, to pray and to submit, were all we had to do.

He inquired how long I should remain in my parlour? I told him, till summoned to her Majesty—now, commonly, at twelve o'clock. I saw he purposed call-

ing again. But in going, he said, with a smile, he would give me a text for a sermon, "Expect little, be humble, and pray." This, he said, was his own text in the adversities of fortune, and he recommended to me to make a sermon upon it, which he assured me would be very useful.

I agreed to the excellence of the text; but as to making a sermon, Heaven knows how much more I was a subject for being taught than for teaching!

The voice of the Prince of Wales, in the passage, carried him away. They remained together, in deep conference, all the rest of the evening, consulting upon measures for facilitating the King's removal, and obtaining his consent.

I went very late to the Queen, and found her in deep sorrow; but nothing confidential passed: I found her not alone, nor alone did I leave her. But I knew what was passing in her mind—the removing the King!—its difficulty and danger at present, and the dread of his permanent indignation hereafter.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH.—Shall I ever forget the varied emotions of this dreadful day!

I rose with the heaviest of hearts, and found my poor royal Mistress in the deepest dejection: she told me now of our intended expedition to Kew. Lady Elizabeth hastened away to dress, and I was alone with her for some time.

Her mind, she said, quite misgave her about Kew: the King's dislike was terrible to think of, and she could not foresee in what it might end. She would have resisted the measure herself, but that she had determined not to have upon her own mind any opposition to the opinion of the physicians.

The account of the night was still more and more

discouraging: it was related to me by one of the pages, Mr. Brawan; and though a little I softened or omitted particulars, I yet most sorrowfully conveyed it to the Queen.

Terrible was the morning!—uninterruptedly terrible! all spent in hasty packing up, preparing for we knew not what, nor for how long, nor with what circumstances, nor scarcely with what view! We seemed preparing for captivity, without having committed any offence; and for banishment, without the least conjecture when we might be recalled from it.

The poor Queen was to get off in private: the plan settled, between the Princes and the physicians, was, that her Majesty and the Princesses should go away quietly, and then that the King should be told that they were gone, which was the sole method they could devise to prevail with him to follow. He was then to be allured by a promise of seeing them at Kew; and, as they knew he would doubt their assertion, he was to go through the rooms and examine the house himself.

I believe it was about ten o'clock when her Majesty departed: drowned in tears, she glided along the passage, and got softly into her carriage, with two weeping Princesses, and Lady Courtown, who was to be her Lady-in-waiting during this dreadful residence.

Then followed the third Princess, with Lady Charlotte Finch. They, went off without any state or parade, and a more melancholy scene cannot be imagined. There was not a dry eye in the house. The footmen, the house-maids, the porter, the sentinels—all cried even bitterly as they looked on.

The three younger Princesses were to wait till the event was known. Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and

Miss Goldsworthy had their Royal Highnesses in charge.

It was settled the King was to be attended by three of his gentlemen, in the carriage, and to be followed by the physicians, and preceded by his pages. But all were to depart on his arrival at Kew, except his own Equerry-in-waiting.

It was not very pleasant to these gentlemen to attend his Majesty at such a time, and upon such a plan, so adverse to his inclination, without any power of assistance: however, they would rather have died than refused, and it was certain the King would no other way travel but by compulsion, which no human being dared even mention.

Miss Planta and I were to go as soon as the packages could be ready, with some of the Queen's things. Mrs. Schwellenberg was to remain behind, for one day, in order to make arrangements about the jewels.

Mr. de Luc called to take leave of us, in extreme wretchedness. He, Mr. Turbulent, and Madame la Fîte, were left at large.

In what a confusion was the house! Princes, Equerries, Physicians, Pages—all conferring, whispering, plotting, and caballing, how to induce the King to set off!

At length we found an opportunity to glide through the passage to the coach; Miss Planta and myself, with her maid and Goter. But the heaviness of heart with which we began this journey, and the dreadful prognostics of the duration of misery to which it led us—who can tell?

We were almost wholly silent all the way.

When we arrived at Kew, we found the suspense with which the King was awaited truly terrible. Her

Majesty had determined to return to Windsor at night, if he came not. We were all to forbear unpacking in the mean while.

The house was all now regulated by express order of the Prince of Wales, who rode over first, and arranged all the apartments, and writ, with chalk, the names of the destined inhabitants on each door.

My own room he had given to Lady Courtown; and for me, he had fixed on one immediately adjoining to Mrs. Schwellenberg's; a very pleasant room, and looking into the garden, but by everybody avoided, because the partition is so thin of the next apartment, that not a word can be spoken in either that is not heard in both.

While I was surveying this new habitation, the Princess Royal came into it, and, with a cheered countenance, told me that the Queen had just received intelligence that the King was rather better, and would come directly, and therefore I was commissioned to issue orders to Columb to keep out of sight, and to see that none of the servants were in the way when the King passed.

Eagerly, and enlivened, downstairs I hastened, to speak to Columb. I flew to the parlour, to ring the bell for him, as in my new room I had no bell for either man or maid; but judge my surprise, when, upon opening the door, and almost rushing in, I perceived a Windsor uniform! I was retreating with equal haste, when the figure before me started, in so theatric an attitude of astonishment, that it forced me to look again. The arms were then wide opened, while the figure fell back, in tragic paces.

Much at a loss, and unable to distinguish the face, I was again retiring, when the figure advanced, but in

such measured steps as might have suited a march upon a stage.

I now suspected it was Mr. Fairly; yet so unlikely I thought it, I could not believe it without speech. "Surely," I cried, "it is not—it is not—" I stopped, afraid to make a mistake.

With arms yet more sublimed, he only advanced, in silence and dumb heroics. I now ventured to look more steadily at the face, and then to exclaim—"Is it Mr. Fairly?"

The laugh now betrayed him: he could hardly believe I had really not known him. I explained that my very little expectation of seeing him at Kew had assisted my near-sightedness to perplex me.

But I was glad to see him so sportive, which I found was owing to the good spirits of bringing good news; he had mounted his horse as soon as he had heard the King had consented to the journey, and he had galloped to Kew, to acquaint her Majesty with the welcome tidings.

I rang, and gave my orders to Columb; and he then begged me not to hurry away, and to give him leave to wait, in this parlour, the King's arrival. He then explained to me the whole of the intended proceedings and arrangements, with details innumerable and most interesting.

He meant to go almost immediately into the country—all was settled with the Queen. I told him I was most cordially glad his recruit was so near at hand.

"I shall, however," he said, "be in town a few days longer, and come hither constantly to pay you all a little visit. You'll let me come to you?"

I stared, a little at a loss from surprise.

"Where is your sitting-room?"

"I—I have none!" cried I.

"But where shall you be? Where can I find you to ask how you do?"

I assured him I had nothing but this very parlour, which was Mrs. Schwellenberg's much more than mine.

He exclaimed, with some energy, he hoped she would not come.

Miss Planta then appeared. A more general conversation now took place, though in its course Mr. Fairly had the malice to give me a start I little expected from him. We were talking of our poor King, and wondering at the delay of his arrival, when Mr. Fairly said, "The King now, Miss Planta, mentions everybody and everything that he knows or has heard mentioned in his whole life. Pray does he know any of your secrets? he'll surely tell them if he does!"

"So I hear," cried she; "but I'm sure he can't tell anything of me! But I wonder what he says of everybody?"

"Why, everything!" cried he. "Have you not heard of yourself?"

"Dear, no! Dear me, Mr. Fairly!"

"And, dear, Miss Planta! why should not you have your share? Have you not heard he spares nobody?"

"Yes, I have; but I can't think what he says of them!"

Fearful of anything more, I arose and looked at the window, to see if any sign of approach appeared, but he dropped the subject without coming any nearer, and Miss Planta dropped it too.

I believe he wished to discover if she had heard of his "learned ladies!"

Dinner went on, and still no King. We now began

to grow very anxious, when Miss Planta exclaimed that she thought she heard a carriage. We all listened. "I hope!" I cried. "I see you do!" cried he; "you have a very face of hope at this moment!"—and it was not disappointed. The sound came nearer, and presently a carriage drove into the front court. I could see nothing, it was so dark; but I presently heard the much-respected voice of the dear unhappy King, speaking rapidly to the porter, as he alighted from the coach. Mr. Fairly flew instantly upstairs, to acquaint the Queen with the welcome tidings.

The poor King had been prevailed upon to quit Windsor with the utmost difficulty: he was accompanied by General Harcourt, his aide-de-camp, and Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred—no one else! He had passed all the rest with apparent composure, to come to his carriage, for they lined the passage, eager to see him once more! and almost all Windsor was collected round the rails, &c. to witness the mournful spectacle of his departure, which left them in the deepest despondence, with scarce a ray of hope ever to see him again.

The bribery, however, which brought, was denied him!—he was by no means to see the Queen!

When I went to her at night she was all graciousness, and kept me till very late. I had not seen her alone so long, except for a few minutes in the morning, that I had a thousand things I wished to say to her. You may be sure they were all, as far as they went, consolatory.

Princess Augusta had a small tent-bed put up in the Queen's bed-chamber: I called her Royal Highness when the Queen dismissed me. She undressed in an adjoining apartment.

I must now tell you how the house is disposed. The whole of the ground-floor that looks towards the garden is appropriated to the King, though he is not indulged with its range. In the side wing is a room for the physicians, destined to their consultations; adjoining to that is the Equerry's dining-room. Mrs. Schwellenberg's parlours, which are in the front of the house, one for dining, the other for coffee and tea, are still allowed us. The other front rooms below are for the pages to dine, and the rest of the more detached buildings are for the servants of various sorts.

All the rooms immediately over those which are actually occupied by the King are locked up; her Majesty relinquishes them, that he may never be tantalized by footsteps overhead. She has retained only the bed-room, the drawing-room, which joins to it, and the gallery, in which she eats. Beyond this gallery are the apartments of the three elder Princesses, in one of which rooms Miss Planta sleeps. There is nothing more on the first floor.

On the second a very large room for Mrs. Schwellenberg, and a very pleasant one for myself, are over the Queen's rooms. Farther on are three bed-rooms, one for the surgeon or apothecary in waiting, the next for the Equerry, and the third, lately mine, for the Queen's lady — all written thus with chalk by the Prince.

The inhabitants at present are Mr. Charles Hawkins, Colonel Goldsworthy, and Lady Courtown.

Then follows a very long dark passage, with little bedrooms on each side for the maids, viz. the two Misses Macenton, wardrobe-women to the Princesses, their own maid, Lady Courtown's, Miss Planta's, Mrs.

Schwellenberg's two maids, Mrs. Lovel and Arline, and Mr. Chamberlayne, one of the pages. These look like so many little cells of a convent.

Mrs. Sandys has a room nearer the Queen's, and Goter has one nearer to mine.

At the end of this passage there is a larger room, formerly appropriated to Mr. de Luc, but now chalked "The Physicians'."

One Physician, one Equerry, and one Surgeon or Apothecary, are regularly to sleep in the house.

This is the general arrangement.

The Prince very properly has also ordered that one of his Majesty's Grooms of the Bedchamber should be in constant waiting; he is to reside in the Prince's house, over the way, which is also fitting up for some others. This gentleman is to receive all inquiries about the King's health. The same regulation had taken place at Windsor, in the Castle, where the gentlemen waited in turn. Though, as the physicians send their account to St. James's, this is now become an almost useless ceremony, for everybody goes thither to read the bulletin.

The three young Princesses are to be in a house belonging to the King on Kew Green, commonly called Princess Elizabeth's, as her Royal Highness has long inhabited it in her illness. There will lodge Miss Goldsworthy, Madlle. Montmollin, and Miss Gomm. Lady Charlotte Finch is to be at the Prince of Wales's.

I could not sleep all night—I thought I heard the poor King. He was under the same range of apartments, though far distant, but his indignant disappointment haunted me. The Queen, too, was very angry at having promises made in her name which could not be kept. What a day altogether was this!

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH.—Here, in all its dread colours, dark as its darkest prognostics, began the Kew campaign. I went to my poor Queen at seven o'clock: the Princess Augusta arose and went away to dress, and I received her Majesty's commands to go down for inquiries. She had herself passed a wretched night and already lamented leaving Windsor.

I waited very long in the cold dark passages below, before I could find any one of whom to ask intelligence. The parlours were without fires, and washing. I gave directions afterwards to have a fire in one of them by seven o'clock every morning.

At length I procured the speech of one of the pages, and heard that the night had been the most violently bad of any yet passed!—and no wonder!

I hardly knew how to creep upstairs, frozen both within and without, to tell such news; but it was not received as if unexpected, and I omitted whatever was not essential to be known.

Afterwards arrived Mrs. Schwellenberg, so oppressed between her spasms and the house's horrors, that the oppression she inflicted ought perhaps to be pardoned. It was, however, difficult enough to bear! Harshness tyranny, dissension, and even insult, seemed personified. I cut short details upon this subject—they would but make you sick.

I longed to see Sir Lucas Pepys, and hear if any comfort might yet be gathered from his opinion. I went downstairs to wait in the parlour, and watch his entrance or exit; but I saw Colonel Goldsworthy in it, doing the honours to the Howards and some others, who had come with earnest inquiries. He could not take them to the Equerry-room, as it was through that of the physicians.

I believe they were none of them strangers to me. but I had not spirits to encounter such a party, and hastily ran back.

My dear Miss Cambridge sent to me immediately. I saw she had a secret hope she might come and sit with me now and then in this confinement. It would have been my greatest possible solace in this dreary abode: but I hastened to acquaint her of the absolute seclusion, and even to beg she would not send her servant to the house; for I found it was much desired to keep off all who might carry away any intelligence.

We could write, however, by Mr. Dundas the apothecary, who was now in alternate waiting with Mr. Battiscombe, Mr. Charles Hawkins, and Mr. Keate.

She is ever most reasonable, and never thenceforward hinted upon the subject. But she wrote continually long letters, and filled with news and anecdotes of much interest, relating to anything she could gather of *out-house proceedings*, which now became very important—the length of the malady threatening a REGENCY!—a word which I have not yet been able to articulate.

Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, though so near, came not! The Master of the house was not its owner!—they presumed not to enter its doors!

PART VIII.

1788.

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Kew Diary for December—Alarming Accounts—Interviews with the Queen—Her Grief and Resignation—The Prince of Wales—Mrs. Harcourt—News from Home—Personal Kindness of the Queen—Moir's Sermons—Dr. Willis and his Son called in—His first Interview with the King—Gives strong Hopes of Recovery — Cross-examination — The Regency Question — Marked Improvement of the King under Dr. Willis's Treatment—Its Effect on the Regency Bill—Dr. Willis's Plans obstructed—He contemplates resigning his Charge—Conclusion of the Year.

PART VIII.

1788.

KEW, MONDAY, DECEMBER 1ST.—Mournful was the opening of the month! My account of the night from Gezewell, the page, was very alarming, and my poor Royal Mistress began to sink more than I had ever yet seen. No wonder; the length of the malady so uncertain, the steps which seemed now requisite so shocking: for new advice, and such as suited only disorders that physicians in general relinquish, was now proposed, and compliance or refusal were almost equally tremendous.

I had half-an-hour with her alone before she summoned the wardrobe-woman, and after poor Princess Augusta retired to another room to dress. Again, too, at noon, she sent for me before her other attendants, and much of melancholy confidence ensued.

In sadness I returned from her, and, moping and unoccupied, I was walking up and down my room, when Columb came to say Mr. Fairly desired to know if I could see him.

Certainly, I said, I would come to him in the parlour.

He was not at all well, nor did he seem at all comfortable. He had undertaken, by his own desire, to purchase small carpets for the Princesses, for the house is in a state of cold and discomfort past all imagination.

It has never been a winter residence, and there was nothing prepared for its becoming one. He could not, he told me, look at the rooms of their Royal Highnesses without shuddering for them; and he longed, he said, to cover all the naked, cold boards, to render them more habitable. He had obtained permission to execute this as a commission: for so miserable is the house at present that no general orders to the proper people are either given or thought about; and every one is so absorbed in the general calamity, that they would individually sooner perish than offer up complaint or petition. I should never end were I to explain the reasons there are for both.

Mr. Fairly's confidential favour with all the Royal Family enables him to let the benevolence of his character come forth in a thousand little acts and proposals at this cruel period, which, from any other, would be regarded as a liberty or impropriety.

What he must next, he said, effect, was supplying them with sand-bags for windows and doors, which he intended to bring and to place himself. The wind which blew in upon those lovely Princesses, he declared, was enough to destroy them.

When he had informed me of these kind offices, he began an inquiry into how I was lodged. Well enough, I said; but he would not accept so general an answer. He insisted upon knowing what was my furniture, and in particular if I had any carpet; and when I owned I had none, he smiled, and said he would bring six, though his commission only extended to three.

We talked over our Royal Mistress, and all the scenes of distress, passed, passing, and expected. How sad, sad a discourse! He meant to see her Majesty

before he left Kew, but he had been begged to see Colonels Goldsworthy and Welbred first, who had some inquiry to make, which they had no means to do but by Mr. Fairly. Colonel Welbred has had a room appointed him here, as well as the Equerry in waiting. Neither of them were just then visible.

He did not at all like the parlour, which, indeed, is wretchedly cold and miserable: he wished to bring it a carpet, and new fit it up with warm winter accommodations. He reminded me of my dearest Fredy, when she brought me a decanter of barley-water and a bright tin saucepan, under her hoop. I could not tell him that history in detail, but I rewarded his good-nature by hinting at the resemblance it bore, in its active zeal, to my sweet Mrs. Locke.

This day was far less rigid than the preceding one, as my coadjutrix began to recover a little more good humour, and as I was called down in the evening to Sir Lucas Pepys, who still supports hope for the end, and again to Mr. Dundas, who gave me a good account of my dear Miss Cambridge, whom he attends, and who had made him promise her that he would actually see me, in order to satisfy her I was really living and looking well. She had suspected I was ill, and her kind heart had taken an alarm which my own letters could not remove.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2ND.—This morning I was blessed with a better account of my poor King, which I received from Mr. Dundas, than I have had for six days past. With what eager joy did I fly with it to my Queen! and I obtained her leave for carrying it on to the Princesses, who otherwise might not have known it till the general breakfast, at nine o'clock.

I took this fair opportunity to propose stepping out

to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, as they would not come to the house, and I had received a most melting note from both, expressive of their deep unhappiness. I produced it: it drew tears from the poor Queen—easily now drawn! and she assented to my proposition. I hastened therefore to them, and met the kindest but most melancholy reception: yet I cheered them with my better news, and would have stayed all my short morning to enjoy their valuable society, but that Mrs. Harcourt entered, which, as it stopped our confidential openness, enabled me to depart. Yet she made herself a welcome, for she brought me a dear *alive* from my sisters. It had arrived after our departure from Windsor, and she had called at the Queen's Lodge to see the little Princesses.

I had also a short interview in the parlour with Sir Lucas, but a comfortable one.

The Queen afterwards presented me with a very pretty little new carpet; only a bed-side slip, but very warm. She knew not how much I was acquainted with its history, but I found she had settled for them all six. She gave another to Mrs. Schwellenberg.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3RD.—Worse again to-day was the poor King: the little fair gleam, how soon did it pass away!

I was beginning to grow ill myself, from the added fatigue of disturbance in the night, unavoidably occasioned by my neighbourhood to an invalid who summoned her maids at all hours; and my Royal Mistress, who knew this to have been the case with my predecessor, Mrs. Haggerdorn, spoke to me about it herself; and, fearing I might suffer essentially, she graciously issued orders for a removal to take place.

In consequence of this there were obliged to be two

or three other changes. The physician in waiting was removed, and his room made over to me; while that which I had at first occupied was deemed impracticable for a sleeping-room to any one.

My new apartment is at the end of the long dark passage I have mentioned, with bed-room cells on each side it. It is a very comfortable room, carpeted all over, with one window looking to the front of the house and two into a court-yard. It is the most distant from the Queen, but in all other respects is very desirable. I have made it as neat as I could, and its furniture is far better than that of my own natural apartment, which my Fredy thought so succinct!

I must now relate briefly a new piece of cruelty. I happened to mention to *la première présidente* my waiting for a page to bring the morning accounts.

"And where do you wait?"

"In the parlour, ma'am."

"In my parlour? Oh, ver well! I will see to that!"

"There is no other place, ma'am, but the cold passages, which, at that time in the morning, are commonly wet as well as dark."

"O, ver well! When everybody goes to my room I might keep an inn—what you call hôtel."

All good humour now again vanished; and this morning, when I made my seven o'clock inquiry, I found the parlour doors both locked!

I returned so shivering to my Queen, that she demanded the cause, which I simply related; foreseeing inevitable destruction from continuing to run such a hazard. She instantly protested there should be a new arrangement.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4TH.—No opportunity offered

yesterday for my better security, and therefore I was again exposed this morning to the cold dark damp of the miserable passage. The account was tolerable, but a threat of sore-throat accelerated the reform.

It was now settled that the dining-parlour should be made over for the officers of state who came upon business to the house, and who hitherto had waited in the hall; and the room which was next to Mrs. Schwellenberg's, and which had first been mine, was now made our *salle à manger*.

By this means, the parlour being taken away for other people, and by command relinquished, I obtained once again the freedom of entering it, to gather my account for her Majesty. But the excess of ill-will awakened by my obtaining this little privilege, which was actually necessary to my very life, was so great, that more of personal offence and harshness could not have been shown to the most guilty of culprits.

One of the pages acquainted me his Majesty was not worse, and the night had been as usual. As usual, too, was my day; sad and solitary all the morning—not solitary, but worse during dinner and coffee.

Just after it, however, came the good and sweet Mr. Smelt. The Prince of Wales sent for him, and condescended to apologise for the Windsor transaction, and to order he might regain admission.

How this was brought about I am not clear: I only know it is agreed by all parties that the Prince has the faculty of making his peace, where he wishes it, with the most captivating grace in the world.

It was softening to these rigid days to see Mr. Smelt again, even in ungenial company. But it was only softening to my sight: I was bowed down once

more from all strength of effort, and only sat silent and rejoiced he was there.

Between seven and eight o'clock I stole away. I was of no use, and Mr. Smelt being with Mrs. Schwellenberg, I could no way be missed; and I wished to keep up the custom lately begun at Windsor, of rescuing a part, at least, of my evenings for myself. Hitherto, however, as I could not leave her alone, I had not left her at all.

Mr. Fairly told me this evening that Dr. Willis, a physician of Lincoln, of peculiar skill and practice in intellectual maladies, had been sent for by express. The poor Queen had most painfully concurred in a measure which seemed to fix the nature of the King's attack in the face of the world; but the necessity and strong advice had prevailed over her repugnance.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6TH.—The accounts now of the poor King vary but slightly; neither the better nor the worse are long enough either for permanent joy, or, thank God! alarm.

The Queen told me afterwards that Mr. Fairly had been recommending Moir's Sermons to her; and she desired me to ask him for a full direction where they were to be had. I readily undertook the little commission, much pleased to see by it her approbation of our conferences. For well do I know, had she disapproved them, even slightly, the last thing in the world she would have done would have been authorising them by a message from one to the other.

As he had told me he should go to town to-day, I was upon the point of sending Columb to him with a message concerning Moir, when, fortunately, he came to me, to borrow pen and ink for a few memorandums.

Notwithstanding much haste, he could not, he said, go till he had acquainted me with the opening of Dr. Willis with his Royal Patient. I told him there was nothing I more anxiously wished to hear.

He then gave me the full narration, interesting, curious, extraordinary; full of promise and hope. He is extremely pleased both with the doctor and his son, Dr. John. He says they are fine, lively, natural, independent characters. I quite long to see them. But my accounts are always now from the pages or the apothecaries, Mr. Battiscomb and Mr. Dundas.

This little history gave me a spirit that supported me through the day; and at night, though I had no society, I retired to a little quiet reading. Good Mr. Smelt comes regularly every evening, and takes my place at the card-table.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7TH.—Very bad was this morning's account, and very mournful all the day, except one half-hour, at my breakfast, in which I had the most pleasant surprise of a visit from Mr. Smelt. Mrs. Schwellenberg was not visible, and therefore he ventured to come on to my room, and beg some news. I promised he should always have it if he would always come, which he assured me would be most useful to the peace of his mind. He would not take any breakfast, as Mrs. Smelt was anxiously waiting his return.

Sir Lucas now comes every third day, and I then regularly have a conference with him in Dr. Willis's parlour, as it is now called, which has always been empty.

Lady Charlotte Finch read prayers to the Queen and Princesses, and Lady Courtown, and the rest for themselves. Mr. Fairly wishes her Majesty would

summon a chaplain, and let the house join in congregation. I think he is right, as far as the house extends to those who are still admitted into her Majesty's presence.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 8TH.—The accounts began mending considerably, and hope broke in upon all.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 9TH.—All gets now into a better channel, and the dear Royal Invalid gives every symptom of amendment. God be praised!

Mr. Smelt now calls every morning at breakfast-time, and I have the infinite comfort of his reviving society for a regular half-hour; and this is as unknown to *la Présidente* as the visits of my other consoler: she would be quite outrageous to hear of either.

Mr. Smelt could not stay this evening, and therefore, as soon as I had made my tea, I returned to Mrs. Schwellenberg, as she was alone, and more civil, and requested it.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH.—Still amending, in all but my evenings; which again, except one hour under pretence of drinking tea, are falling into their old train.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11TH.—To-day we have had the fairest hopes; the King took his first walk in Kew garden! There have been impediments to this trial hitherto, that have been thought insurmountable, though, in fact, they were most frivolous. The walk seemed to do him good, and we are all in better spirits about him than for this many and many a long day past.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12TH.—This day passed in much the same manner. Late in the evening, after Mr. Smelt was gone, Mrs. Schwellenberg began talking about Mr. Fairly, and giving free vent to all her strong in-

nate aversion to him. She went back to the old history of the "newseepapèr," and gave to his naming it every unheard of motive of spite, disloyalty, and calumny!—three qualities which I believe equally and utterly unknown to him. He was also, she said, "very *onfeeling*, for she had heard him laugh prodigious with the Lady Waldegraves, *perticleer* with Lady Carlisle, what you call Lady Elizabeth her sister; and this in the King's illness." And, in fine, she could not bear him.

Such gross injustice I could not hear quietly. I began a warm defence, protesting I knew no one whose heart was more feelingly devoted to the Royal Family, except, perhaps, Mr. Smelt; and that as to his laughing, it must have been at something of passing and accidental amusement, since he was grave even to melancholy, except when he exerted his spirits for the relief or entertainment of others.

Equally amazed and provoked, she disdainfully asked me what I knew of him?

I made no answer. I was not quite prepared for the interrogatory, and feared she might next inquire when and where I had seen him.

My silence was regarded as self-conviction of error, and she added, "I know you can't not know him; I know he had never seen you two year and half ago; when you came here he had not heard your name."

"Two years and a half," I answered coolly, "I did not regard as a short time for forming a judgment of any one's character."

"When you don't not see them? You have never seen him, I am sure, but once, or what you call twice."

I did not dare let this pass, it was so very wide from the truth; but calmly said I had seen him much oftener than once or twice.

"And where? when have you seen him?"

"Many times; and at Cheltenham constantly; but never to observe in him anything but honour and goodness."

"O ver well! you don't not know him like me; you can't not know him; he is not from your acquaintance —I know that ver well!"

She presently went on by herself. "You could not know such a person—he told me the same himself: he told me he had not never seen you when you first came. You might see him at Cheltenham, that is true; but nothing others, I am sure. At Windsor there was no tea, not wonce, so you can't not have seen him, only at Cheltenham."

I hardly knew whether to laugh or be frightened at this width of error; nor, indeed, whether it was not all some artifice to draw me out, from pique, into some recital: at all events I thought it best to say nothing, for she was too affronting to deserve to be set right.

She went on to the same purpose some time, more than insinuating that a person such as Mr. Fairly could never let himself down to be acquainted with me; till, finding me too much offended to think her assertions worth answering, she started, at last, another subject. I then forced myself to talk much as usual. But how did I rejoice when the clock struck ten—how wish it had been twelve!

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13TH.—Accounts are now very tolerable, and the sentiments of Sir Lucas Pepys upon the prospects before us are most encouraging; and I have the happiness to convey them to my Royal mistress upon every visit he makes here. But I have never yet seen Dr. Willis. I never go down stairs but at seven o'clock in the morning, to speak to

the page or apothecary who has sat up with the King.

I had been seized this morning with a bad cold, and therefore I left Mrs. Schwellenberg in the evening, before my usual hour, eight o'clock, to get my tea. Mr. Smelt was with her. I had been, however, but a short time in my room when Mr. Fairly came. He is still here, detained, I suppose, by business of her Majesty. I made tea, and he made talk, till, some time after tea was over, we heard a rap at the door.

"Who's there?" I called out, concluding it some one for Mr. Fairly.

There was no answer, but another rap.

"Come in!" cried Mr. Fairly, hastily; and then apologising, he begged pardon, and asked if he might say so.

Still no answer, and still another rap.

I then went to the door and opened it. Who should be there but Mr. Smelt!

He was prevailed upon to sit down and enter into conversation, but I did not much assist; I left them to entertain each other, and worked almost silently.

They did very well, however, though not very naturally, for both seemed under some constraint. But the general great subject—the King—supplied them with copious materials for discussion; and indeed they are so well fitted for conversing together, that I should have been quite regaled by their meeting and their discourse, had not the opening of the interview been so disagreeable.

But afterwards, when Mr. Smelt asked some question concerning the physicians, which Mr. Fairly either could not or did not choose to answer, he took the opportunity to say, "This, sir, is a point which I do

not inquire about; on the contrary, I am glad to get a little out of the way."

They came next to the Parliament, and that opened a most ample field for conjecture and discussion; till at last, Mr. Fairly, turning to me for the first time since the entrance of Mr. Smelt, said, "This is not quite fair, Miss Burney, to work on so hard, and take no part in the conversation."

"I only seem to take no part," cried I, "but I take, in fact, a very essential one—that of hearer!"

He pressed the matter no farther; and they talked on till Mr. Smelt rose to go. Mr. Fairly instantly rising at the same time, said he should now return to the Equerry-room, and see what was doing there.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14TH.—The day passed much as usual, with no sensible change in the King.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15TH.—This whole day was passed in great internal agitation throughout the house, as the great and important business of the Regency was to be discussed to-morrow in Parliament. All is now too painful and intricate for writing a word. I begin to confine my memorandums almost wholly to my own personal proceedings.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 16TH.—Whatsoever might pass in the House on this momentous subject, it sat so late that no news could arrive. Sweeter and better news, however, was immediately at hand than any the whole senate could transmit; the account from the pages was truly cheering. With what joy did I hasten with it to the Queen, who immediately ordered me to be its welcome messenger to the three Princesses. And when Mr. Smelt came to my breakfast, with what rapture did he receive it! seizing and kissing my hand, while his eyes ran over, and joy

seemed quite to bewitch him. He flew away in a very few minutes, to share his happiness with his faithful partner.

After breakfast I had a long conference in the parlour with Sir Lucas Pepys, who justly gloried in the advancement of his original prediction; but there had been much dissension amongst the physicians, concerning the bulletin to go to St. James's, no two agreeing in the degree of *better* to be announced to the world.

Dr. Willis came in while we were conversing, but instantly retreated, to leave us undisturbed. He looks a very fine old man. I wish to be introduced to him. Mr. Smelt and Mr. Fairly are both quite enchanted with all the family; for another son now, a clergyman, Mr. Thomas Willis, has joined their forces.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 17TH.—My account this morning was most afflictive once more: it was given by Mr. Hawkins, and was cruelly subversive of all our rising hopes. I carried it to the Queen in trembling; but she bore it most mildly. What resignation is hers!

Miss Planta tells me the Queen has given her commands that no one shall bring her any account of the night but me. She has been teased, I fancy, with erroneous relations, or unnecessarily wounded with cruel particulars. Be this as it may, I can hardly, when my narration is bad, get out the words to tell it; and I come upon the worst parts, if of a nature to be indispensably told, with as much difficulty as if I had been author of them. But her patience in hearing and bearing them is truly edifying.

Mr. Hawkins to-day, after a recital of some particulars extremely shocking, said, "But you need not tell that to the Queen."

"I could not, sir," was my true, though dry answer. Yet I never omit anything essential to be known. Detail is rarely of that character.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 22ND.—With what joy did I carry, this morning, an exceeding good account of the King to my Royal Mistress! It was trebly welcome, as much might depend upon it in the resolutions of the House concerning the Regency, which was of to-day's discussion.

Mr. Fairly took leave, for a week, he said, wishing me my health, while I expressed my own wishes for his good journey.

But, in looking forward to a friendship the most permanent, I saw the eligibility of rendering it the most open. I therefore went back to Mrs. Schwellenberg; and the moment I received a reproach for staying so long, I calmly answered, "Mr. Fairly had made me a visit, to take leave before he went into the country."

Amazement was perhaps never more indignant. Mr. Fairly to take leave of me! while not once he even called upon her! This offence swallowed up all other comments upon the communication.

I seemed not to understand it; but we had a terrible two hours and a-half. Yet to such, now, I may look forward without any mixture, any alleviation, for evening after evening in this sad abode.

[N.B. My own separate adventures for this month, and year, concluded upon this day. I shall comprise the rest in a page or two.]

At the same time that I lost my acknowledged friend, I also lost Mr. Smelt, who was so much alarmed by an illness of his excellent wife, that he

quitted her in no part of the day except the morning, when he came, he said, for "his daily support," to my little apartment. He came, he declared, for food, just as instinctively as my birds; for I have formed a small receptacle for those sweet little creatures, which provide with food, that allures them in this hard weather to visit me in troops. And they are so tame, by finding themselves always supplied and never disturbed, that I am not a moment wholly deserted by them till sunset.

Mrs. Smelt, however, thank Heaven, was much recovered before the year was ended.

Another fortunate, though far less important incident also happened: Mrs. Schwellenberg took a very great fancy to Madlle. Montmollin, and invited her to play at cards almost every evening; and this enabled me to lengthen my absence till ten o'clock, when I took the place of Madlle. Montmollin, who returned to the house in which she lives, with the younger Princesses, called Princess Elizabeth's House.

The King went on now better, now worse, in a most fearful manner; but Sir Lucas Pepys never lost sight of hope, and the management of Dr. Willis and his two sons was most wonderfully acute and successful. Yet so much were they perplexed and tormented by the interruptions given to their plans and methods, that they were frequently almost tempted to resign the undertaking from anger and confusion.

PART IX.

1789.

Diary continued—Improvement in the King's health—Dr. Willis and his Sons—Relapse of the King—Letter from Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis—Proceedings in Parliament on the state of the King—Learning in Women—The Opposition and the Regency—Conversation with the Queen—A sad Birthday —The King insists on seeing the Queen and Princesses—Improvement in the King's health—Character of the Willises—Conversation with the Queen—Further improvement in the King's health—Address to the Queen.

PART IX.

1789.

KEW PALACE, THURSDAY, JANUARY 1ST.—The year opened with an account the most promising of our beloved King. I saw Dr. Willis, and he told me the night had been very tranquil; and he sent for his son, Dr. John Willis, to give me a history of the morning. Dr. John's narration was in many parts very affecting: the dear and excellent King had been praying for his own restoration! Both the doctors told me that such strong symptoms of true piety had scarce ever been discernible through so dreadful a malady.

How I hastened to my Queen!—and with what alacrity I besought permission to run next to the Princesses! It was so sweet, so soothing, to open a new year with the solace of anticipated good!

O how did I, afterwards, delight Mr. Smelt! He came, as usual, at my breakfast, but he could hardly get away. Joy in the beginning of a year that succeeds a year of sorrow is so truly buoyant that the heart seems to jump with every breath. When, however, he recollected that each instant of his present enjoyment was an instant lost to his valuable partner, he hastened to that his best participation.

At noon he came back again, and brought Mr. de Luc, who had permission to enter the walls, with a new year's good wishes. I told the two Dr. Willises

that they had given to the whole nation a new year's gift.

FRIDAY, 2ND.—All still amends in the great, great point. Were I to speak of smaller matters, I could not use so fair a phrase. Let the King, however, recover; and then, between the partial and the general joy, I shall revive.

SATURDAY, 3RD.—I have the great pleasure, now, of a change in my morning's historiographers; I have made acquaintance with Dr. Willis and his son, and they have desired me to summon one of them constantly for my information.

I am extremely struck with both these physicians. Dr. Willis is a man of ten thousand; open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent, and high-minded: I see him impressed with the most animated reverence and affection for his royal patient; but it is wholly for his character,—not a whit for his rank.

Dr. John, his eldest son, is extremely handsome, and inherits, in a milder degree, all the qualities of his father; but living more in the general world, and having his fame and fortune still to settle, he has not yet acquired the same courage, nor is he, by nature, quite so sanguine in his opinions. The manners of both are extremely pleasing, and they both proceed completely their own way, not merely unacquainted with court etiquette, but wholly, and most artlessly, unambitious to form any such acquaintance.

FRIDAY, 9TH.—I might write enough, were I to enter upon the adventures of to-day; but as they all consisted in almost unheard-of indignities, from a person who cannot fabricate a provocation in the world beyond that of declining to spend with her every moment not spent in legal attendance,—why I will not give the

sickening relation: I will only confess, the treatment these last two days has been of so insulting a nature, that I should have thought meanly, not meekly, of myself, for consenting to return to her table or her room, had I not considered the apparent selfishness there would seem in any open rupture at a time of such material istress. I bear it, therefore, and will bear it while this misery lasts; but I think that must change, or I must change, if I bear it longer.

So completely overset had I been with secret ruminations of what there was to recompense endurance of such usage, that when Mr. Smelt came in, after coffee, he kindly inquired if I was taken ill, and what had made me so pale and thin all at once.

I saw her struck—with shame, and, I really believe, a little remorse; for she grew more civil directly, offered me some of her supper, and asked why I did not sometimes go out.

When I went away, however, for my tea, I thought my least resentment might authorize my returning no more; but at nine o'clock she sent me a message, with her compliments, and she was quite alone, if I would be so good to come: so there was no help for going. A little concession from a proud mind is a great pain; and it therefore appeases accordingly.

I proposed piquet: I had not yet regained voice enough for talking. It was gladly accepted.

I can give no other interpretation to the insulting mode of present behaviour, except the incapacity of bearing with patience the gloomy confinement inflicted on all the house; which renders a temper, naturally irascible, fierce and furious even to savageness.

How often do I not wish I might but be allowed to see my good Miss Cambridge! She is so near—so

eager to come—so kindly affectionate; what a lightener, and how innocent a one, would it not be, to this burthening period!

SATURDAY, 10TH.—The King is again not so well; and new evidences are called for in the house, relative to his state. My poor Royal Mistress now droops. I grieve—grieve to see her!—but her own name and conduct called in question!—who can wonder she is shocked and shaken? Was there not enough before, firmly as she supported it?

But it is evident, my dear friends, throughout the world, misfortune is better endured than insult; even though the one be permanent, and the other transient.

During my hour's respite of this evening, while I was reading "Hunter's Lectures,"—which were lent me by the Queen, and must be read ere returned,—a rap at my door made me suppose Mr. Smelt had followed me, as Mrs. Schwellenberg had talked of going to the Queen. "Who's there?" I called out; but the voice that answered was Mr. Fairly's, who, in slowly opening it, mildly said, "May a friend come in, and ask Miss Burney how she does?"

When he had made me shake hands with him across my table, he hastened to peep at my book. He is just like Dr. Johnson in that particular; he cannot rest till he reads the title, when once he has seen a binding.

He had been sent for express, by her Majesty. In these perilous times, I wonder not she could dispense with his services no longer; wise, good, undaunted, vigorous—who has she like him?

He gave me a little history of his tour and his time. He had just been keeping the birth-day of his eldest nephew, in the mere quiet society of their own family,

the melancholy of the times prohibiting any further celebration.

You may imagine subjects were not wanting for conversation: all I knew, and all I was ignorant of from his absence, was now fully discussed. He read me various passages from many interesting letters, and renewed his confidential communications with the same trusting openness as before his journey.

But he told me his present plan was to live entirely in town during the rest of the winter, and only to come hither by particular calls from her Majesty. When he was here, he said, the whole day, so many of its hours were passed in a manner wholly useless to others, as well as comfortless to himself, from the bustle, fatigue, cabal, and restraint of the house, that he wished to settle himself upon a new plan. He had mentioned this already to Lady Charlotte Finch, and he now made it known to me, that each of us, if opportunity should offer, might speak of it to her Majesty.

I told him I should be happy to be of the least use to him, and especially for a release I could so well understand his coveting; but I advised him, meanwhile, to rather seek an opportunity of mentioning it for himself, by a public and positive request.

He then said he wished he had a room here, in the Lodge, that when he did stay he might be more comfortable. He was miserably off, he added, at the Prince of Wales's, as his room was but half furnished. He had many friends in town with whom he could associate cheerfully and pleasantly, particularly Lady Harriet Ackland, who seems his first favourite.

I did not go to Mrs. Schwellenberg: it was late. I expected questions and reproaches: my mind was too

full to encounter them. I knew she could but tell the Queen of my absence, and her surmises; and I had no desire, no intention, to keep either secret from her Majesty. I resolved to speak myself, as usual, of my visitor; and if by her any objections were made, to intimate them at once to Mr. Fairly himself, without scruple or reserve. My mind is every way too little happy to run the smallest risk of the disapprobation of my Royal Mistress.

I had some difficulty to seize a moment for my communication: the Queen did not appear surprised, though rather thoughtful. She asked some general questions concerning him, and then spoke of other things.

SUNDAY, 11TH.—This morning Dr. John gave me but a bad account of the poor King. His amendment is not progressive; it fails, and goes back, and disappoints most grievously; yet it would be nothing were the case and its circumstances less discussed, and were expectation more reasonable.

When Mr. Smelt came for his account at my breakfast, and had joined in my lamentation that it was not more favourable, he talked kindly of my absence; yet, drearily as I know he must pass his subsequent *tête-à-têtes*, I see him frequently shocked inexpressibly, though silently, at the altered person he meets in the afternoon, from that with which he parts in a morning. When he enters that baleful presence after an attack, the depression which regularly succeeds to my resentment of an affront affects him even visibly. He is truly amiable, and so good that he bears with this eternal sacrifice of his own time, purely in gratitude for some past little favours and obligations which have been received through those haughty hands. I

pity with all my heart whoever has been obliged by those they cannot love.

There is not even the smallest possible provocation to these affronts, except from envy that Sir Lucas Pepys gives to me the fair hopes I distribute to the Queen and Princesses. Yet how give them to her, whom he has never even seen? And perhaps the visits of Mr. Fairly may help to irritate, if she knows their frequency.

Miss Burney to Mrs. Francis, Aylsham, Norfolk.

Kew Palace, January 11, 1789.

MY VERY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

NOTHING but the extreme disturbance of my late and present life could make me possibly deserve your pardon for not immediately answering your sweet letter, though I am sure I should obtain it from your ever ready kindness had I a much less powerful plea.

The painful and gloomy time that all have passed here you will have known by every public channel; and all private ones have been closed, except for merely public purposes. But how shall I thank you, and your excellent partner, for so kind a proposition: I have not been unfeeling, though silent; and indeed such a mark of your affection, little as I wanted any mark to convince me of its warmth, has been amongst the things the most soothing to my mind in this truly calamitous period.

Nevertheless, were my own share in it ten times more saddening than it is, and were that possible, I could not elude it. What am I, in such circumstances? and how could I set about thinking of myself when

such sufferers surround me? We are all creatures of comparison and of habit; every comparison here sinks me and my distress into nothing; and the force of habit is such that I now pass whole weeks in this gloom better than, ere thus initiated, I could have passed a single day.

I am satisfied that not even the 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery could, at this time, draw me from this melancholy scene. My wishes, therefore, were never more limited, for no turn of fortune could make a change in my situation. To leave my Royal and suffering Mistress at such a time would be truly barbarous, since, however little comfort or use she may find in me when present, she would feel it a great additional wretchedness to be now attended by a stranger.

Heaven be praised, however, all hope is before us of the most favourable conclusion to this tragedy; and when the catastrophe is happy, my dear Charlotte knows the intermediate distresses may be supported with patience.

An example of patience is before us here, such as indeed I have never seen till now, and scarcely thought in existence. Such an influence naturally spreads itself all around, and no one dreams of repining or murmuring, while all are stimulated by one common pity and admiration for the chief sufferer.

Do not be uneasy for me, my kind Charlotte; I keep very well, and take infinite care of myself, since here to be ill and useless would be truly terrible.

We see no one—not a soul but of the household, and of those only such as are in attendance.

Poor Mr. Hastings! I think very often what he must feel and fear at this alarming and critical time.

Heaven send his most upright master may be restored before his arduous trial recommences.

From your ever truly most affectionate and faithful

F. B.

MONDAY, 12TH.—A melancholy day: news bad both at home and abroad. At home the dear unhappy King still worse—abroad new examinations voted of the physicians! Good Heaven! what an insult does this seem from parliamentary power, to investigate and bring forth to the world every circumstance of such a malady as is ever held sacred to secrecy in the most private families! How indignant we all feel here no words can say.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 13TH.—The two younger Willises, Dr. John and Mr. Thomas, came upstairs in the afternoon, to make a visit to Mrs. Schwellenberg. I took the opportunity to decamp to my own room, where I found Mr. Fairly in waiting.

In the course of conversation that followed, Mrs. Carter was named: Mr. Smelt is seriously of opinion her ode is the best in our language. I spoke of her very highly, for indeed I reverence her.

Learning in women was then our theme: I rather wished to hear than to declaim upon this subject, yet I never seek to disguise that I think it has no recommendation of sufficient value to compensate its evil excitement of envy and satire.

He spoke with very uncommon liberality on the female powers and intellects, and protested he had never, in his commerce with the world, been able to discern any other inferiority in their parts than what resulted

from their pursuits ;—and yet, with all this, he doubted much whether he had ever seen any woman who might not have been rather better without than with the learned languages, one only excepted.

He was some time silent, and I could not but suppose he meant his correspondent, Miss Fuzilier; but, with a very tender sigh, he said, "And she was my mother,—who neglected nothing else, while she cultivated Latin, and who knew it very well, and would have known it very superiorly, but that her brother disliked her studying, and one day burnt all her books!"

This anecdote led to one in return, from myself. I told him briefly the history of Dr. Johnson's most kind condescension, in desiring to make me his pupil, and beginning to give me regular lessons of the Latin language, and I proceeded to the speedy conclusion—my great apprehension, *conviction* rather, that what I learnt of so great a man could never be *private*, and that he himself would contemn concealment, if any progress should be made; which to me was sufficient motive for relinquishing the scheme, and declining the honour, highly as I valued it, of obtaining such a master.—"And this," I added, "though difficult to be done without offending, was yet the better effected, as my father himself likes and approves all accomplishments for women better than the dead languages."

He made afterwards many inquiries concerning my own present mode of going on.

"What a situation," he once cried, "it is, to live pent up thus, day after day, in this forlorn apartment!—confinement!—attendance!—seclusion!—uncertain, for months to come, how long it may last."

I could not command philosophy adequate for treating this subject as I felt upon it; I therefore had recourse to a letter I had just received from my affectionate Charlotte, telling me she seriously feared I should be quite *killed* by living such a life, and supplicating me most earnestly to give it up, and to let Mr. Francis apply to my father to obtain his permission for me to resign, and then to propose to me a constant residence in their house, to be only broken in upon by my going to my father himself, and to another, to whom she would always yield—my Susanna.

'Tis a most sweetly kind intention, and urged with the most innocent artlessness of its impracticability.

He inquired her name and abode, &c., but most promptly agreed her scheme, though truly sisterly, was out of all question.

He then inquired if I knew any thing, of late, of Mr. Wyndham, concerning whom he has heretofore heard me very lavish of praise, and with whom he is well acquainted. "No," I answered, "I had done with the whole set at present: their present behaviour relating to the King and the Regency demolished, with me, all pleasure in their talents."

"And I," cried he, "go now no more to a house where I used to meet him: I keep out of the way of all oppositionists. 'Tis now a cause of *humanity*, not of *party*, and I will not herd with those who think otherwise."

I showed him a little paragraph I had received in a letter from Miss C——, in which she says that "Lady Willoughby de Broke had mentioned her concern that such a man as Mr. Wyndham should submit to party

trammels:" for, continues her Ladyship, "so singularly pleasing is he, that it is quite a treat to hear him speak a common sentence."

Some time after, he examined a little book-shelf in my room. Mr. Smelt had lent me Pope's works. I gave him a volume, and he read the epitaph—

> "Go, fair example of untainted youth,
> Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth," &c.

He would not, however, allow to Pope's panegyric the weight I thought it deserved; he said "There was nothing in it that formed a great character—nothing beyond the common line of duty, though it might surpass the common line of practice."

"Surely," cried I, "it is no common and no small praise to say of a man,

> "He knew no wish but what the world might hear."

"That," cried he, "is saying *nothing*, because it is asserting more than any man living can say of another. I think all praise absolutely nugatory that cannot be *proved* to be just. What man shall pretend, in sober truth, to say that he knows another man who has not a wish to conceal? Even if it were true," he added, "the praise rises not into greatness of character; for where there is nothing to conceal, there is nothing to struggle with, and such a character is only good, as he is short or tall, because he is made so. Is not that a nobler character who has wishes he suppresses, and desires he combats and *conquers?*"

He then looked over the rest of Pope's works, praising, commenting, and inquiring my opinion, as he

came from one to another, till he opened the epistle of Eloisa, and then, suddenly shutting up the volume, he laughed, and said, "Mind, I don't ask you how you like that!—I only know myself 'tis but too beautiful, and that is its greatest fault."

He then took the 'Essay on Man,' and read various charming passages till the clock struck ten.

WEDNESDAY, 14TH.—I must now mention a rather singular conversation. I had no opportunity last night to name, as usual, my visitor; but I have done it so often, so constantly indeed, that I was not uneasy in the omission.

But this morning, while her hair was dressing, my royal mistress suddenly said, "Did you see any body yesterday?"

I could not but be sure of her meaning, and though vexed to be anticipated in my avowal, which had but waited the departure of the wardrobe-woman, Sandys, I instantly answered, "Yes, ma'am; Mr. Smelt in the morning, and Mr. Fairly in the evening."

"O! Mr. Fairly was here, then?"

I was now doubly sorry she should know this only from me! He had mentioned being just come from town, but I had concluded Lady Charlotte Finch, as usual, knew of his arrival, and had made it known to her Majesty.

A little while after,—"Did he go away from you early?" she said.

"No, ma'am," I immediately answered, "not early; he drank tea with me, as he generally does, I believe, when he is here for the night."

"Perhaps," cried she after a pause, "the gentlemen below do not drink tea."

"I cannot tell, ma'am, I never heard him say; I only know he asked me if I would give him some, and I told him yes, with great pleasure."

Never did I feel so happy in unblushing consciousness of internal liberty as in this little catechism!

However, I soon found I had mistaken the motive of the catechism: it was not on account of Mr. Fairly and his visit—it was all for Mrs. Schwellenberg and her no visits; for she soon dropped something of "poor Mrs. Schwellenberg" and her miserable state, that opened her whole meaning.

Here, indeed, I was not, am not so ready. Treated with such truly unprovoked indignity as at present, I can suffer no interference to make me relinquish my evening retreat, which is very rarely for more than one poor hour, except when I leave her engaged with Mr. Smelt or Mdlle. Montmollin. And I almost constantly return at last, and stay till we go to the Queen, which is hardly ever till past 12 o'clock, and which always seems not till 3 in the morning.

It is palpable she has lodged some complaint against my absences. The discovery made me not only silent, but comfortless. I cannot endure to retaliate; I am bent against making any serious charge to discredit an old servant, who, with all her faults, has an attachment for her mistress that merits her protection. And this, too, is the last time to take for either attack or defence. It would be distressing; it would be unfeeling. I know myself now peculiarly useful: many things pass that I am bound not to write; and it might seem taking a mean advantage of the present circumstances to offer any defensive appeal just now.

Sunday, 18th.—The public birthday of my poor royal mistress. How sadly did she pass it; and how

was I filled with sorrow for her reflections upon this its first anniversary for these last twenty-eight years in which the King and the nation have not united in its celebration! All now was passed over in silence and obscurity; all observance of the day was prohibited, both abroad and at home.

The poor King, whose attention to times and dates is unremittingly exact, knew the day, and insisted upon seeing the Queen and three of the Princesses; but—it was not a good day.

KEW, MONDAY, 19TH.—This morning the news was very cheering, and I have begun now a great friendship with Dr. Willis and Dr. John. They are most delightful people; all originality, openness, and goodness.

When I saw, afterwards, Sir Lucas Pepys, he told me he plainly saw I was on the verge of an illness myself, and recommended air and exercise as essentially requisite to save me from this menace. I obeyed his injunctions the moment I could name them to the Queen, for my health is now amongst my first duties, as far as it may depend upon my own care.

I took, therefore, a safe opportunity, and strolled a little while in Richmond Gardens.

WEDNESDAY, 21ST.—I had nothing at all to write yesterday. My dearest readers will soon, perhaps, wish I had nothing to write of to-day.

This evening my tea rap was unusually early, and Mrs. Schwellenberg asked me to stay, and play at cards with her till Mdlle. Montmollin arrived. I make a point of never refusing her when she is civil: down therefore I sat, and stayed to play out a game, and till Mr. and Mrs. Smelt both entered.

I then came to my room; and there, in my own cor-

ner, sat poor Mr. Fairly, looking a little forlorn, and telling me he had been there near an hour. I made every apology that could mark in the strongest manner how little I thought his patience worth such exertion.

He took up a volume of 'Metastasio,' and asked, gravely, if I would object to tell him which of his dramas I most approved?

I told him I had already praised the 'Olimpiade' to him at Cheltenham, and he had given it no quarter.

That, he said, was only relative to the false heroism of the principal character; "and my knowledge of Italian," he added, "is so trifling, that my opinion is immaterial: the beauties of the language, which, in Metastasio, I understand to be the chief merit, are wholly thrown away upon me; or, at least, very incompletely enjoyed."

"But the sentiments," cried I, "are equal, I believe, to the language."

"Those, also, lose great part of their energy by so incompetent an acquaintance with the force of their words."

"The characters, too," I cried, "in all his best operas, are strikingly noble."

"In . . . . which?" he cried.

"O," quoth I, laughing, "I must read them over again before I name them, in remembrance of the Olimpiade!"

What a look again he gave me!—it implied an idea that I was the most distrustful person breathing! But he did not say so; and I was not bound to answer to his countenance!

He then added, that he did not merely desire to have Metastasio's best operas recommended, but also

—to read them with—somebody who knew the language better than himself.

I did not choose to accept this as pointed, for certainly I know it too little to read it with any person whatsoever—except *Alfieri* or *Baretti!*

He next took from his pocket-book two little papers which I had begged from him; they were two characters of our beloved King, in verse; one drawn by Churchill,

"Stript of her gaudy plumes, and vain disguise," &c.

The other from Cowper:—

"O bright occasion of dispensing good," &c.

These extracts he has deemed very fitting to be read and re-read at this afflictive time, to keep up the loyal zeal of the poor King's friends. He had told me of them some time ago. I had then petitioned for a copy of each, printed as they were for the newspapers: he told me he did not choose to be known as their publisher, and I perfectly agreed with him that all good was best done that was done most quietly.

He suffered me to go on; and made me laugh not a little himself, by asking me how much ribbon I had in my bonnet? He takes amazing notice always of my bonnets and my gowns; and I believe all men do much more than is suspected, of all dress, though we conclude it an attention pretty much confined to frivolous characters.

A graver subject soon followed—the calamities of human life. He believed them, he said, always salutary, if considered in a religious light, for they meliorated and softened the heart, while uninterrupted happiness had a great tendency to harden it.

"I believe it but too true in general," I answered, "yet I am personally acquainted with an exception, in the only person I intimately know that has escaped misfortune, and she, though in the full and unbroken career of unmixed felicity, has a compassion for even the smallest distress in another, which seems all the stronger for the grateful and humble contrast she draws with her own happiness, which she chiefly enjoys by endeavouring benevolently to spread and to share it all around her."

He looked an inquiry, and I answered it.

"I was sure of that!" cried he, smiling, "I knew you were there!"

"Yes,—there, indeed!—for she is all made up of pity and softness, though she has never, I believe, tasted real calamity in her life."

He spoke then himself of Mr. William Locke, whose countenance, in the drawing-room, had prepossessed him in his favour so strongly, that he has conceived quite an interest in his character.

This led, once again, to another picture of my loved United States of Norbury and Mickleham. He inquired precisely into their situations, and nearest towns.

He was going to spend the next day at St. Leonard's, where he was to meet his son; and he portrayed to me the character of Mrs. Harcourt so fairly and favourably, that her flightiness sunk away on the rise of her good qualities.

He spoke of his chapel of St. Catherine's, its emoluments, chaplain, brothers, sisters, and full establishment.

Finding I entered into nothing, he took up a fan

which lay on my table, and began playing off various imitative airs with it, exclaiming, "How thoroughly useless a toy!"

"No," I said; "on the contrary, taken as an ornament, it was the most useful ornament of any belonging to full dress; occupying the hands, giving the eyes something to look at, and taking away stiffness and formality from the figure and deportment."

"Men have no fans," cried he, "and how do they do?"

"Worse," quoth I, plumply.

He laughed quite out, saying, "That's ingenuous, however; and, indeed, I must confess they are reduced, from time to time, to shift their hands from one pocket to another."

"Not to speak of lounging about in their chairs from one side to another."

"But the real use of a fan," cried he, "if there is any, is it not—to hide a particular blush that ought not to appear?"

"O, no; it would rather make it the sooner noticed."

"Not at all; it may be done under pretence of absence—rubbing the cheek, or nose—putting it up accidentally to the eye—in a thousand ways."

He went through all these evolutions comically enough; and then, putting aside his toy, came back to graver matters.

SUNDAY, 25TH.—The two last days were wholly eventless; but this morning I had so fair an account of our beloved monarch, that I drew up a bulletin myself; not, indeed, for St. James's, but where it was certain of a flourishing reception. Mr. Smelt was

going to town, and could not call; he sent me a note of inquiry, which arrived while I was still listening to Dr. John Willis, in our late little parlour, and hearing every interesting particular of the night and early morning. I answered Mr. Smelt's note thus:—

"Kew Palace, Sunday morning, January 25, 1789.

"His Majesty has passed a very good night, and is perfectly composed and collected this morning.

"(Signed) JOHN WILLIS.
(Witnessed) FRANCES BURNEY."

The young doctor gave me his name very willingly; and with this bulletin Mr. Smelt went and gladdened the hearts of every good subject of his acquaintance in town.

These Willises are most incomparable people. They take a pleasure, that brightens every particle of their countenances, in communicating what is good, and they soften all that is bad with the most sedulous kindness.

In running this morning, at seven o'clock, along my dark passage, I nearly fell over a pail, carelessly left in the way by a housemaid, and broke my shin very painfully. Unable, therefore, to walk, yet so strongly enjoined to take the air, I could not escape accompanying Mrs. Schwellenberg in a little tour round Brentford, which, that we might see a little of the world, was the postillion's drive. But the ill humour of my companion during this rural ride was of so affronting a cast, that I wished myself a thousand times hopping with my broken shin over the worst ploughed land in England, rather than so to be seated in a royal vehicle.

* * * * * *

I have not mentioned a singular present which has been sent me from Germany this month: it is an almanac, in German, containing for its recreative part an abridgment of 'Cecilia,' in that language; and every month opens with a cut from some part of her history. It is sent me by M. Henouvre, a gentleman in some office in the King's establishment at Hanover. I wish I could read it—but I have only written it!

MONDAY, 26TH.—In the evening Mr. Fairly came to tea. He was grave, and my reception did not make him gayer.

General discourse took place till Mrs. Dickenson happened to be named. He knew her very well as Miss Hamilton. Her conjugal conduct, in displaying her superior power over her husband, was our particular theme, till in the midst of it he exclaimed, "How well you will be trained in by Mrs. Schwellenberg—if you come to trial!"

Ah! thought I, the more I suffer through her, the less and less do I feel disposed to run any new and more lasting risk. But I said not this, I only protested I was much less her humble servant than might be supposed.

"How can that be," cried he, "when you never contest any one point with her?"

Not, I said, in positive wrangling, which could never answer its horrible pain; but still I refused undue obedience when exacted with indignity, and always hastened to retire when offended and affronted.

He took up Mrs. Smith's 'Emmeline,' which is just lent me by the Queen; but he found it not *piquant*, and putting it down, begged me to choose him a Rambler.

I had a good deal of difficulty in my decision, as he

had already seen almost all I could particularly wish to recommend; and, when he saw me turn over leaf after leaf with some hesitation, he began a serious reproach to me of inflexible reserve. And then away he went.

I hastened immediately to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and found all in a tumult. She had been, she said, alone all the evening, and was going to have sent for me, but found I had my company. She sent for Mlle. Montmollin—but she had a cold; for Miss Gomme, but she could not come because of the snow; for Miss Planta—but she was ill with a fever, "what you call headache:" she had then "sent to Princess Royal, who had been to her, and pitied her ver moch, for Princess Royal was really sensible."

And all this was communicated with a look of accusation, and a tone of menace, that might have suited an attack upon some hardened felon.

And this complaint of the absence of two hours to one treated when present as if too highly honoured in being suffered in the same apartment!

I never yet found this more hard to bear—to be denied the common forms of common civility when I stayed, yet to have the whole house apprised of my retreat, as an act of barbarity!

I made no sort of apology; nor any other answer than that I had had the honour of Mr. Fairly's company to tea, which was always a pleasure to me.

I believe something like consciousness whispered her here, that it might really be possible his society was as pleasant as I had found hers, for she then dropped her lamentation, and said she thanked God she wanted nobody, not one; she could always amuse herself, and was glad enough to be alone.

Were it but true!

I offered cards; she refused, because it was too late, though we yet remained together near two hours.

If this a little disordered me, you will not think what followed was matter of composure. While the Queen's hair was rolling up, by the wardrobe-woman, at night, Mrs. Schwellenberg happened to leave the room, and almost instantly her Majesty, in a rather abrupt manner, said, "Is Mr. Fairly here to-night?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When did he come back?"

I could not recollect.

"I did not know he was here!"

This thunderstruck me; that he should come again, or stay, at least, without apprising his Royal Mistress, startled me inwardly, and distressed me outwardly.

"I knew, indeed," she then added, "he was here in the morning, but I understood he went away afterwards."

The idea of connivance now struck me with a real disdain, that brought back my courage and recollection in full force, and I answered, "I remember, ma'am, he told me he had rode over to Richmond Park at noon, and returned here to dinner with Colonel Welbred, and in the evening he drank tea with me, and said he should sup with General Harcourt."

All this, spoken with an openness that rather invited than shunned further investigation, seemed to give an immediate satisfaction; the tone of voice changed to its usual complacency, and she inquired various things concerning the Stuart family, and then spoke upon more common topics.

I concluded it now all over; but soon after Mrs. Sandys went away, and then, very unexpectedly, the

Queen renewed the subject. "The reason," she said "that I asked about Mr. Fairly was that the Schwellenberg sent to ask Miss Planta to come to her, because Mr. Fairly was—no, not with her—he never goes to her."

She stopped; but I was wholly silent. I felt instantly with how little propriety I could undertake either to defend or to excuse Mr. Fairly, whom I determined to consider as a visitor, over whom, having no particular influence, I could be charged with no particular responsibility.

After waiting a few minutes,—"With you," she said, "Mr. Fairly was; and the Schwellenberg was alone."

My spirits quite panted at this moment to make a full confession of the usage I had endured from the person thus compassionated; but I had so frequently resolved, in moments of cool deliberation, not even to risk doing mischief to a favourite old servant, however personally provoked, that I withstood the impulse; but the inward conflict silenced me from saying anything else.

I believe she was surprised; but she added, after a long pause, "I believe—he comes to you every evening when here?"

"I do not know, ma'am, always, when he is here or away; but I am always very glad to see him, for indeed his visits make all the little variety that——"

I hastily stopped, lest she should think me discontented with this strict confinement during this dreadful season; and that I can never be, when it is not accompanied by tyranny and injustice.

She immediately took up the word, but without the slightest displeasure. "Why here there might be

more variety than anywhere, from the nearness to town, except for——"

"The present situation of things," I eagerly interrupted her to say, and went on:—"Indeed, ma'am, I have scarce a wish to break into the present arrangement, by seeing anybody while the house is in this state; nor have I, from last October, seen one human being that does not live here, except Mr. Smelt, Mr. Fairly, and Sir Lucas Pepys; and they all come upon their own calls, and not for me."

"The only objection," she gently answered, "to seeing anybody, is that every one who comes carries some sort of information away with them."

I assured her I was perfectly content to wait for better times.

Here the matter dropped; she appeared satisfied with what I said, and became soft and serene as before the little attack.

TUESDAY, 27TH.—The intelligence this morning was not very pleasant. I had a conference afterwards with Sir Lucas Pepys, who keeps up undiminished hope. We held our council in the physicians' room, which chanced to be empty; but before it broke up Colonel Welbred entered. It was a pleasure to me to see him, though somewhat an embarrassment to hear him immediately lament that we never met, and add that he knew not in what manner to procure himself that pleasure.

I joined in the lamentation, and its cause, which confined us all to our cells. Sir Lucas declared my confinement menaced my health, and charged me to walk out, and take air and exercise very sedulously, if I would avoid an illness.

Colonel Welbred instantly offered me a key of

Richmond Gardens, which opened into them by a nearer door than what was used in common.

I accepted his kindness, and took an hour's walk,—for the first time since last October; ten minutes in Kew Gardens are all I have spent without doors since the middle of that month.

KEW LODGE, WEDNESDAY, 28TH.—The excellent Dr. Willis gave me a most reviving account of our beloved King this morning, and with a glee so genuine, that I think even the opposition must have sympathised in it. Afterwards the same pleasant tidings were confirmed by his son, Dr. John, who is a truly amiable and lively character, with admirable good sense and no pretensions. Mr. Smelt, all delight, came to me at noon, with the debates of the Commons on the Regency.

THURSDAY, 29TH.—Still good news from the two good doctors. All else bad,—Cerbera dreadful!—more rough and harsh than I have words to tell. She has done, palpably, what was possible to procure a censure from the Magnolia; but the Magnolia cannot enjoin an injustice—though she may wish me more subservient. But I will not enter upon these matters here.

FRIDAY, 30TH.—To-day my poor Royal Mistress received the address of the Lords and Commons, of condolence, &c., upon his Majesty's illness. What a painful, but necessary ceremony! It was most properly presented by but few members, and those almost all chosen from the household: a great propriety.

Not long after came Mr. Fairly, looking harassed. "May I," he cried, "come in?—and—for an hour? Can you allow me entrance and room for that time?"

Much surprised, for already it was three o'clock, I assented: he then told me he had something to copy

for her Majesty, which was of the highest importance, and said he could find no quiet room in the house but mine for such a business.

I gave him every accommodation in my power.

When he had written a few lines, he asked if I was very busy, or could help him? Most readily I offered my services; and then I read to him the original, sentence by sentence, to facilitate his copying; receiving his assurances of my "great assistance" every two lines.

In the midst of this occupation, a tap at my door made me precipitately put down the paper to receive —Lady Charlotte Finch!

"Can you," she cried, "have the goodness to tell me any thing of Mr. Fairly?"

The screen had hidden him; but, gently,—though I believe ill enough pleased,—he called out himself, "Here is Mr. Fairly."

She flew up to him, crying, "O, Mr. Fairly, what a search has there been for you, by the Queen's orders! She has wanted you extremely, and no one knew where to find you. They have been to the waiting-room, to the equerries', all over the garden, to the Prince's house, in your own room, and could find you nowhere, and at last they thought you were gone back to town."

He calmly answered, while he still wrote on, he was sorry they had had so much trouble, for he had only been executing her Majesty's commands.

She then hesitated a little, almost to stammering, in adding, "So—at last—I said—that perhaps—you might be here!"

He now raised his head from the paper, and bowing it towards me, "Yes," he cried, "Miss Burney is so

good as to give me leave, and there is no other room in the house in which I can be at rest."

"So I told her Majesty," answered Lady Charlotte, "though she said she was sure you could not be here; but I said there was really no room of quiet here for any business, and so then I came to see."

"Miss Burney," he rejoined, "has the goodness also to help me—she has taken the trouble to read as I go on, which forwards me very much."

Lady Charlotte stared, and I felt sorry at this confession of a confidence she could not but think too much, and I believe he half repented it, for he added, "This, however, you need not perhaps mention, though I know where I trust!"

He proceeded again with his writing, and she then recollected her errand. She told him that what he was copying was to be carried to town by Lord Aylesbury, but that the Queen desired to see it first.

She then returned to her Majesty.

She soon, however, returned again. She brought the Queen's seal, and leave that he might make up the packet, and give it to Lord Aylesbury, without showing it first to her Majesty, who was just gone to dinner.

With her customary good-humour and good-breeding, she then chatted with me some time, and again departed.

We then went to work with all our might, reading and copying. The original was extremely curious—I am sorry I must make it equally secret.

PART X.

1789.

Extraordinary scene between the King and Miss Burney in Kew Gardens—Miss Burney relates her adventure to the Queen—Court curiosity—Continued improvement of the King—The Regency Bill—Distress of the Queen—Conference with the Queen—Cross-questioning—Two lunatics in the Royal Palace—Progress of the Regency Bill—Further improvement of the King—The Regency Bill postponed—Devotion of the Royal Family to the King—Interview between the King and the Lord Chancellor—The King and Queen walk out together—New arrangements at the Palace—Mr. Wyndham—Critical state of the Times—The Regency Bill abandoned—Interview of Miss Burney with the King—Conclusion.

PART X.

1789.

KEW PALACE, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—What an adventure had I this morning! one that has occasioned me the severest personal terror I ever experienced in my life.

Sir Lucas Pepys still persisting that exercise and air were absolutely necessary to save me from illness, I have continued my walks, varying my gardens from Richmond to Kew, according to the accounts I received of the movements of the King. For this I had her Majesty's permission, on the representation of Sir Lucas.

This morning, when I received my intelligence of the King from Dr. John Willis, I begged to know where I might walk in safety? "In Kew Gardens," he said, "as the King would be in Richmond."

"Should any unfortunate circumstance," I cried, "at any time, occasion my being seen by his Majesty, do not mention my name, but let me run off without call or notice."

This he promised. Every body, indeed, is ordered to keep out of sight.

Taking, therefore, the time I had most at command,

I strolled into the gardens. I had proceeded, in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instructions of Dr. John, I concluded them to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty!

Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued!—to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, "Miss Burney! Miss Burney!"

I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorised meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape.

The steps still pursued me, and still the poor hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears:—more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me,—the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Doctor Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully.

Heavens, how I ran! I do not think I should have felt the hot lava from Vesuvius—at least not the hot cinders—had I so run during its eruption. My feet were not sensible that they even touched the ground.

Soon after, I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out "Stop! stop! stop!"

I could by no means consent: I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named.

My own fears and repugnance, also, after a flight and disobedience like this, were doubled in the thought of not escaping; I knew not to what I might be exposed, should the malady be then high, and take the turn of resentment. Still, therefore, on I flew; and such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants, had not reached me, "Doctor Willis begs you to stop!"

"I cannot! I cannot!" I answered, still flying on, when he called out "You must, ma'am; it hurts the King to run."

Then, indeed, I stopped—in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time, would have required an hour's recruit.

As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command: it occurred to me that, to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence: I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side.

When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out "Why did you run away?"

Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward, to meet him, though the internal sensation which satisfied me this was a step the most proper, to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made.

The effort answered: I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek!

I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me: but the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation!

I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of established custom and sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who can wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder!

He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded, in my conviction of his recovery,

made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it.

What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side, away from the attendants, and even the Willises themselves, who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more.

Every thing that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions.

What did he not say!—He opened his whole heart to me,—expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions.

The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence what a man says in such a state of physical intoxication.

He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been in his life; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on? and whether I was more comfortable?

If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing, and saying "Never mind her!—don't be oppressed—I am your friend! don't let her cast you down!—I know you have a hard time of it—but don't mind her!"

Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely curtsied to his kind "I am your friend," and said nothing.

Then presently he added, "Stick to your father—stick to your own family—let them be your objects."

How readily I assented!

Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously: he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, "I will protect you!—I promise you that—and therefore depend upon me!"

I thanked him; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. "No, no, no!" he cried, a hundred times in a breath; and their good humour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion.

He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who he told me had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady.

Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he suspected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect: yet was it most dangerous to set any thing right, as I was not aware what might be the views of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief; but this was the worst part of the dialogue.

He next talked to me a great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his

'History of Music.' This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told me innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, "While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector." And this, he said, I might relate to my father.

Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible.

Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation. "No! no! no!" he exclaimed, "not yet; I have something I must just mention first."

Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way.

The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my revered old friend, Mrs. Delany; and he spoke of her with such warmth—such kindness! "She was my friend!" he cried, "and I loved her as a friend! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you."

He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time, but to no purpose.

The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious. "Come, sir," he cried, "now do you come in and let the lady go on her walk,—come, now you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in,—if your Majesty pleases."

"No, no!" he cried, "I want to ask her a few questions;—I have lived so long out of the world, I know nothing!"

This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boscawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend!

Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montagu, of whom he kindly said, "I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition." Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others, followed.

He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state officers, and meant to form an entire new establishment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and showed me his new list.

This was the wildest thing that passed; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating; but he would not consent; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conquered.

He now spoke of my father, with still more kindness, and told me he ought to have had the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons, who was not fit for it: "But Lord Salisbury," he cried, "used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me! However, I have dashed out his name, and I shall put your father's in,—as soon as I get loose again!"

This again—how affecting was this!

"And what," cried he, "has your father got, at last? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea? O fie! fie! fie! But never mind! I will take care of him! I will do it myself!"

Then presently he added, "As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will show you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!"

This was very unlike himself, and startled the two good doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but

yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility.

Finding we now must part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix. "Never mind her!" he cried, "depend upon me! I will be your friend as long as I live!—I here pledge myself to be your friend!" And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on.

What a scene! how variously was I affected by it! but, upon the whole, how inexpressibly thankful to see him so nearly himself—so little removed from recovery!

I went very soon after to the Queen, to whom I was most eager to avow the meeting, and how little I could help it. Her astonishment, and her earnestness to hear every particular, were very great. I told her almost all. Some few things relating to the distressing questions I could not repeat; nor many things said of Mrs. Schwellenberg, which would much, and very needlessly, have hurt her.

This interview, and the circumstances belonging to it, excited general curiosity, and all the house watched for opportunities to beg a relation of it. How delighted was I to tell them all my happy prognostics!

But the first to hasten to hear of it was Mr. Smelt; eager and enchanted was the countenance and attention of that truly loyal and most affectionate adherent to his old master. Yet he saw me so extremely shaken by the various exertions of the morning, that I could with difficulty persuade him they would not make me ill: never, I assured him, where the result was well, did any agitation essentially hurt me. He wished me to see Lady Harcourt and the General, and to make them a brief relation of this extraordinary rencounter: but for that I had not effort enough left.

I did what I could, however, to gratify the curiosity of Colonel Welbred, which I never saw equally excited. I was passing him on the stairs, and he followed me, to say he had heard what had happened—I imagine from the Willises. I told him, with the highest satisfaction, the general effect produced upon my mind by the accident, that the King seemed so nearly himself, that patience itself could have but little longer trial.

He wanted to hear more particulars: I fancy the Willises had vaguely related some: "Did he not," he cried, "promise to—do something for you?—take care of you?" I only laughed, and answered, "O yes! if you want any thing, apply to me;—now is my time!"

TUESDAY, 3RD.—I had the great happiness to be assured this morning, by both the Dr. Willises, that his Majesty was by no means the worse for our long conference. Those good men are inexpressibly happy themselves in the delightful conviction given me, and by me spread about, of the near recovery of their royal patient.

While I was dressing came Mr. Fairly: I could not admit him, but he said he would try again in the evening. I heard by the tone of his voice a peculiar eagerness, and doubted not he was apprized of my adventure.

He came early, before I could leave my fair companion, and sent on Goter. I found him reading a new pamphlet of Horne Tooke: "How long," he cried, "it is since I have been here!"

I was not flippantly disposed, or I would have said I had thought the time he spent away always short, by his avowed eagerness to decamp.

He made so many inquiries of how I had gone on

and what I had done since I saw him, that I was soon satisfied he was not uninformed of yesterday's transaction. I told him so; he could not deny it, but wished to hear the whole from myself.

I most readily complied. He listened with the most eager, nay, anxious attention, scarce breathing: he repeatedly exclaimed, when I had finished, "How I wish I had been there!—how I should have liked to have seen you!"

I assured him he would not wish that, if he knew the terror I had suffered. He was quite elated with the charges against Cerberic tyranny, and expressed himself gratified by the promises of favour and protection.

FRIDAY, 6TH.—These last three days have been spent very unpleasantly indeed: all goes hardly and difficultly with my poor royal mistress.

Yet his Majesty is now, thank Heaven, so much better, that he generally sees his gentlemen in some part of the evening; and Mr. Fairly, having no particular taste for being kept in waiting whole hours for this satisfaction of a few minutes, yet finding himself, if in the house, indispensably required to attend with the rest, has changed his Kew visits from nights to mornings.

He brought me the "Regency Bill!"—I shuddered to hear it named. It was just printed, and he read it to me, with comments and explanations, which took up all our time, and in a manner, at present, the most deeply interesting in which it could be occupied.

'Tis indeed a dread event!—and how it may terminate who can say? My poor Royal Mistress is much disturbed. Her daughters behave like angels; they

seem content to reside in this gloomy solitude for ever, if it prove of comfort to their mother, or mark their duteous affection for their father.

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MONDAY, 9TH.—I now walk on the road-side, along the park-wall, every fair morning, as I shall venture no more into either of the gardens. In returning this morning, I was overtaken by Mr. Fairly, who rode up to me, and, dismounting, gave his horse to his groom, to walk on with me.

About two hours after I was, however, surprised by a visit from him in my own room. He came, he said, only to ask me a second time how I did, as he should be here now less and less, the King's amendment rendering his services of smaller and smaller importance.

He brought me a new political parody of Pope's Eloisa to Abelard, from Mr. Eden to Lord Hawkesbury. It is a most daring, though very clever imitation. It introduces many of the present household. Mrs. Schwellenberg is now in eternal abuse from all these scribblers; Lady Harcourt, and many others, less notorious to their attacks, are here brought forward, How infinitely licentious!

TUESDAY, 10TH.—The amendment of the King is progressive, and without any reasonable fear, though not without some few drawbacks. The Willis family were surely sent by Heaven to restore peace, and health, and prosperity to this miserable house!

Lady Charlotte Finch called upon me two days ago, almost purposely, to inquire concerning the report of my young friend's marriage; and she made me promise to acquaint her when I received any further news:

at noon, therefore, I went to her apartment at the Prince of Wales's, with this information. Mr. Fairly, I knew, was with the equerries in our lodge.

Lady Charlotte had the Duchess of Beaufort and all the Fieldings with her, and therefore I only left a message, by no means feeling spirits for encountering any stranger.

At noon, when I attended her Majesty, she inquired if I had walked?—Yes.—Where?—In Richmond Gardens.—And nowhere else?—No.

She looked thoughtful,—and presently I recollected my intended visit to Lady Charlotte, and mentioned it. She cleared up, and said, "O!—you went to Lady Charlotte?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered, thinking her very absent,—which I thought with sorrow, as that is so small a part of her character, that I know not I ever saw any symptom of it before. Nor, in fact, as I found afterwards, did I see it now. It was soon explained. Miss Gomme, Madlle. Montmollin, and Miss Planta, all dined with Mrs. Schwellenberg to-day. The moment I joined them, Mrs. Schwellenberg called out,—"Pray, Miss Berner, for what visit you the gentlemen?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you,—and for what, I say?"

Amazed, I declared I did not know what she meant.

"O!" cried she, scoffingly, "that won't not do!—we all saw you,—Princess Royal the same!—so don't not say that!"

I stared,—and Miss Gomme burst out in laughter, and then Mrs. Schwellenberg added,—"For what go you over to the Prince of Wales his house?—nobody lives there but the gentlemen,—nobody others."

I laughed too, now, and told her the fact.

"O," cried she, "Lady Charlotte!—ver true. I had forgot Lady Charlotte!"

"O, very well, ma'am," cried I,—"so only the gentlemen were remembered!"

I then found this had been related to the Queen; and Madlle. Montmollin said she supposed the visit had been to General Gordon!—He is the groom now in waiting.

"In good time!" as Mrs. Piozzi says;—I know not even his face! But I laughed, without further affirmation.

Miss Gomme told me she had not been so much diverted since the poor King's illness as by hearing this attack upon my character.

Then followed an open raillery from Madlle. Montmollin of Mr. Fairly's visits; but I stood it very well, assuring her I should never seek to get rid of my two prison-visitors, Mr. Smelt and Mr. Fairly, till I could replace them by better, or go abroad for others!

FRIDAY, 13TH.—This morning there was a great alarm in the house, by the appearance of two madmen. I heard it from Columb. Mr. Smelt was so engaged in consultation about them, that he did not even come upstairs; and I remained in the most anxious uncertainty till noon, when my ever ready and kind informant, Mr. Fairly, found his way to me.

"I am come," he cried, "only for a moment, to acquaint you with the state of things below." He then repeated all the particulars: but as the adventure was local, I shall not write more of it than that one of these men, after a long examination by all the gentlemen, was dismissed, and the other sent to the office of Lord Sydney, Secretary of State.

Nothing so strange as the eternal rage of these unhappy lunatics to pursue the Royal Family!

He then gave me the particulars of the progress of the Regency Bill, which direful topic lasted while he stayed. O how dreadful will be the day when that unhappy bill takes place! I cannot approve the plan of it;—the King is too well to make such a step right. It will break his spirits, if not his heart, when he hears and understands such a deposition.

SATURDAY, 14TH.—The King is infinitely better. O that there were patience in the land! and this Regency Bill postponed!

Two of the Princesses regularly, and in turn, attend their royal mother in her evening visits to the King. Some of those who stay behind now and then spend the time in Mrs. Schwellenberg's room. They all long for their turn of going to the King, and count the hours till it returns. Their dutiful affection is truly beautiful to behold.

This evening the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary came into Mrs. Schwellenberg's room while I was yet there. They sang songs in two parts all the evening, and very prettily in point of voice. Their good humour, however, and inherent condescension and sweetness of manners, would make a much worse performance pleasing.

FEBRUARY 16TH.—All well, and the King is preparing for an interview with the Chancellor! Dr. Willis now confides in me all his schemes and notions: we are growing the best of friends; and his son Dr. John is nearly as trusty. Excellent people! how I love and honour them all!

I had a visit at noon from Mr. Fairly. He hastened to tell me the joyful news that the King and Queen

were just gone out, to walk in Richmond Gardens, arm in arm!—what a delight to all the house!

"But I have got," cried he, "a pamphlet for you, well worth your perusal: 'tis a letter from a member of Parliament to a country gentleman, and contains the characters of all the opposition; and here is your friend Mr. Burke, done to the life!"

He insisted upon reading that passage himself:—'tis skilfully written, but with extreme severity; though it allows to him original integrity, which is what I have never been induced to relinquish for him, and never can disbelieve.

I told him I was now soon expecting in town my dearest friends the Lockes.

"Do you?" he cried; and then, after a thoughtful pause, he said, "I—must give up the thought of knowing them—till you go to Norbury Park, and I make you a visit there."

A sad shake of my head was all my answer,—but he did not see it, nor move his eyes towards me; and presently he added, "That is your hope!—to go there, and to Mickleham! We must all have something to which we look forward—something to hope—is it not so?—and is not this your hope?"

Still I made no answer but a poor sigh!

He grew graver, and said, "To meet here—till you look forward to meet—hereafter."

"O," cried I, "could I but be sure to meet them hereafter!—to go where they go!—I think I should be quite content here!"

"Why, no," cried he, smiling, "not quite!—something—some little thing—would yet be wanting for the mean time!"

"Well—yes,—I am afraid that is true!—the *en attendant* would always want some relief."

He begged me, when I had read the pamphlet, if he should not return to claim it, which was uncertain, to give it to Mr. Smelt.

However, in the evening I carried these characters to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and, to while away the time, read them to her.

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When I came to tea, I found Mr. Fairly waiting in my room. He had left Kew for Richmond Park, but only dined there.

We had much discussion of state business. The King is so much himself, that he is soon to be informed of the general situation of the kingdom. O what an information!—how we all tremble in looking forward to it! Mr. Fairly thinks Mr. Smelt the fittest man for this office: Mr. Smelt thinks the same of Mr. Fairly: both have told me this.

Then again Mr. Locke came into play. I told him I believed him a man without blemish.

He repeated my words with emphatic surprise. "At least," I cried, "there is no fault in him I have ever seen,—nor yet that, amongst his acquaintance, I have ever heard mentioned."

"What a character!" he exclaimed; and again, forgetting the long delay he had proposed in the morning, he declared he must know him. He asked me various particulars of his way of life; I sketched it all out with that delight which such a subject communicates to all my ideas, and he is now perfectly well informed of the whole system of Norbury Park.

He began soon to look at his watch, complaining very much of the new ceremony imposed, of this attendance of handing the Queen, which, he said, broke into his whole evening. Yet he does as little as possible. "The rest of them," he said, "think it necessary to wait in an adjoining apartment during the whole interview, to be ready to show themselves when it is over!"

He now sat with his watch in his hand, dreading to pass his time, but determined not to anticipate its occupation, till half-past nine o'clock, when he drew on his white gloves, ready for action. But then, stopping short, he desired me to guess whom, amongst my acquaintance, he had met in London this last time of his going thither. I could not guess whom he meant—but I saw it was no common person, by his manner. He then continued—"A tall, thin, meagre, sallow, black-eyed, penetrating, keen-looking figure."

I could still not guess,—and he named Mr. Wyndham.

"Mr. Wyndham!" I exclaimed, "no, indeed,—you do not describe him fairly,—he merits better colouring."

He accuses me of being very partial to him: however, I am angry enough with him just now, though firmly persuaded still, that whatever has fallen from him, that is wrong and unfeeling, on the subject of the Regency, has been the effect of his enthusiastic friendship for Mr. Burke: for he has never risen, on this cruel business, but in support of that most misguided of vehement and wild orators. This I have observed in the debates, and felt that Mr. Burke was not more run away with by violence of temper, and passion, than Mr. Wyndham by excess of friendship and admiration.

Mr. Fairly has, I fancy, been very intimate with him, for he told me he observed he was passing him in Queen Anne Street, and stopped his horse, to call out, "O ho, Wyndham! so I see you will not know me with this servant!"

He was on business of the Queen's, and had one of the royal grooms with him.

Mr. Wyndham laughed, and said he was very glad to see who it was, for, on looking at the Royal servant, he had just been going to make his lowest bow.

"O, I thank you!" returned Mr. Fairly, "you took me, then, for the Duke of Cumberland."

We talked about him a good while: my high admiration of his talents, his style of conversation, and the mingled animation and delicacy of his manners, I enlarged upon without scruple; adding, that I should not feel it so strongly, but from a fixed belief, founded on reason and information, that his internal character was amongst the noblest ever formed.

FEBRUARY 17TH.—The times are now most interesting and critical. Dr. Willis confided to me this morning that to-day the King is to see the Chancellor. How important will be the result of his appearance!—the whole national fate depends upon it!

Mr. Smelt has had his first interview also;—it was all smooth; but, to himself, deeply affecting.

* * * * *

I am very sorry to say I am satisfied a certain Cerbera has lamented my tea-elopements to the Princess Royal. There is an evident change, and coldness of a high sort, in that lately so condescending Princess. I am quite grieved at this. But I will not pay a mean court, for which I should despise myself, in order to con-

ciliate a person whom I have never justly offended, but by running away from her when affronted myself. I will rather risk every consequence. Time, I think, must stand my friend.

WEDNESDAY, 18TH.—I had this morning the highest gratification, the purest feeling of delight, I have been regaled with for many months: I saw, from the road, the King and Queen, accompanied by Dr. Willis, walking in Richmond Gardens, near the farm, arm in arm!—It was a pleasure that quite melted me, after a separation so bitter, scenes so distressful—to witness such harmony and security! Heaven bless and preserve them! was all I could incessantly say while I kept in their sight.

I was in the carriage with Mrs. Schwellenberg at the time. They saw us also, as I heard afterwards from the Queen.

In the evening Mrs. Arline, Mrs. Schwellenberg's maid, came into Mrs. Schwellenberg's room, after coffee, and said to me, "If you please, ma'am, somebody wants you."

I concluded this somebody my shoemaker, or the like; but in my room I saw Mr. Fairly.

He was in high spirits. He had seen his Majesty; Dr. Willis had carried him in. He was received with open arms, and embraced: he found nothing now remaining of the disorder, but too much hurry of spirits.

When he had related the particulars of the interview, he suddenly exclaimed, "How amazingly well you have borne all this!"

I made some short answers, and would have taken refuge in some other topic: but he seemed bent upon pursuing his own, and started various questions and

surmises, to draw me on. In vain, however: I gave but general, or evasive answers; and I suddenly put before him Young's Works, which I had borrowed of Mr. Smelt.

Young, he said, was an author not to read on regularly, but to dip into, and reflect upon, in times of solitude and sadness. Nevertheless, he opened and read.

What a nobleness of expression, when noble, has this poet! what exquisite feeling! what forcible ideas!—I forgot, while I listened, all my own little troubles and disturbances.

THURSDAY, 19TH.—This is my dear young friend's bridal day! I have written to her Heaven send her happy!

Dr. Willis this morning lent me a crambo song, on his own name, which he has received by the penny post. I shall copy and show it you. It is sportive enough, and loyal.

This was a sweet, and will prove a most memorable day: the Regency was put off, in the House of Lords, by a motion from the Chancellor!

Huzza! huzza!

And this evening, for the first time, the King came upstairs, to drink tea with the Queen and Princesses in the drawing-room!

My heart was so full of joy and thankfulness, I could hardly breathe! Heaven—Heaven be praised!

What a different house is this house become!—sadness and terror, that wholly occupied it so lately, are now flown away, or rather are now driven out; and though anxiety still forcibly prevails, 'tis in so small a proportion to joy and thankfulness, that it is borne as if scarce an ill!

MONDAY, 23RD.—This morning opened wofully to

me, though gaily to the house; for as my news of his Majesty was perfectly comfortable, I ventured, in direct words, to ask leave to receive my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Locke, who were now in town:—in understood sentences, and open looks, I had already failed again and again.

My answer was—"I have no particular objection, only you'll keep them to your room."

Heavens!—did they ever, unsummoned, quit it? or have they any wish to enlarge their range of visit?

I was silent, and then heard a history of some imprudence in Lady Effingham, who had received some of her friends.

My resolution, upon this, I need not mention: I preferred the most lengthened absence to such a permission. But I felt it acutely! and I hoped, at least, that, by taking no steps, something more favourable might soon pass.

* * * *

The King I have seen again—in the Queen's dressing-room. On opening the door, there he stood! He smiled at my start, and saying he had waited on purpose to see me, added, "I am quite well now,—I was nearly so when I saw you before—but I could overtake you better now!" And then he left the room.

I was quite melted with joy and thankfulness at this so entire restoration.

End of February, 1789. *Dieu merci!*

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

TO THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

Baker, Sir George, was born in Devonshire in 1722, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. He commenced practice at Stamford in 1756; removed to London shortly afterwards, and was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the King, and Physician to the Queen. In 1766 he was created a baronet, and in 1797 was elected President of the College of Physicians. He was an elegant classical scholar, but his literary productions were exclusively of a professional character. He died in 1809.

Banks, Sir Joseph, was born in 1743, and was son of William Banks, Esq., of Reverby Abbey, Lincolnshire. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. In 1765 he made a voyage to Newfoundland and Labrador, and in 1768 embarked with Cook and Solander on the first voyage round the world,—on each occasion in pursuit of his favourite study of Natural History. In 1778 he was created a baronet, and elected President of the Royal Society. Sir Joseph Banks's published writings consisted entirely of Papers in the Transactions of learned societies, with the single exception of a tract connected with agriculture. He died in 1820.

Carmarthen, Lady. This lady was Catherine, daughter of Thomas Anguish, Esq. In October, 1788, she became the second wife of Francis Godolphin, Marquis of Carmarthen, who succeeded to his father's title of Duke of Leeds, in March, 1789.

Daschkaw, Princess, was born at St. Petersburg in 1744. She appears to have been one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived, both for strength of character, force of talents, and extent of acquirements. The part she acted in the revolution of 1762 (when she was only nineteen years of age), which caused the dethronement and assassination of Peter III.,

and seated the "Great" Catherine on the throne of Russia, was so conspicuous and remarkable as to justify the assertion that she was in fact the leader of that movement, which in some sort changed the face of European politics. In 1782 the Princess was called upon by the Empress to take the sole direction of the "Academy of Arts and Sciences" of St. Petersburg, and she filled this office (so singular a one for a woman and a Princess) with credit and honour to herself, and great advantage to the institution, for several years. She had previously travelled through the principal states of Europe, visited their courts, and held intercourse with their most celebrated men in all departments of art and letters. She died at Moscow, in 1810.

The autobiography of this extraordinary woman, as translated from the original MS. and edited by her friend Mrs. W. Bradford, at whose instance the work was written, and to whom the MS. was given, is however the only record of the writer's singular career.

Falconer, William, was born in 1730, at Edinburgh, where his father was a barber. He went to sea in the merchant service, and had attained the situation of second mate, when he was cast away. This circumstance, and the events connected with it, were the groundwork of his poem of the "Shipwreck," which was published in 1762. He wrote several other poems, none of which have attained any permanent reputation. In 1769 he sailed for Bengal in the 'Aurora' frigate, which vessel touched at the Cape in December of the same year, but was never afterwards heard of.

Francis, Sir Philip, was born in 1740, and was the son of Dr. Francis, the well-known translator of Horace. He was brought up at St. Paul's School, and early obtained a clerkship in the Secretary of State's Office. Afterwards he was attached to the Embassy to Portugal, and on his return obtained a clerkship in the War Office. Up to this period he was little known out of his own family circle. Suddenly, however, in 1772, he was appointed a Member of the Bengal Council, with a salary little short of ten thousand a year. Some persons have endeavoured to account for this extraordinary piece of good fortune by supposing that he was, and was known to be, the writer of the famous "Letters of Junius." Certain it is that after his appointment to India Junius was heard of no more. On his return from India, Mr. Francis was chosen (in 1781) member of Parliament for the borough of Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and joined the Whig opposition. Among other matters in which he distinguished himself in Parliament was the Impeachment of Warren Hastings, with whom, when in India, he had a personal quarrel and fought a duel, in which he, Francis, (not Hastings, as erroneously stated by some of his

biographers,) was dangerously wounded. He received the Order of the Bath, and died in 1818.

GARRICK, EVA MARIA, wife of David Garrick, was born at Vienna in 1725. She was a dancer on the stage of her native city, and came to London in 1744, when she was immediately taken under the especial care and protection of the Countess of Burlington; and on her subsequent marriage with David Garrick, the Earl of Burlington gave her a marriage portion of 6000*l*. She died in 1822.

HALIFAX, DR. SAMUEL, was born at Mansfield, Derbyshire, in 1733. He was the son of an apothecary of Chesterfield, and was educated at Cambridge, where he distinguished himself, and became a Fellow of Trinity Hall. He graduated as LL.D., and afterwards obtained the professorships successively of Arabic and of Civil Law. In 1781 he was raised to the see of Gloucester, and was subsequently translated to St. Asaph. He published many sermons, an "Analysis of Butler's Analogy," and a work on the "Civil Code of the Romans." He died in 1790.

HUNTER, DR. HENRY, was born in 1741, at Culross, in Perthshire, and educated at the University of Edinburgh. He early distinguished himself for his scholarship, and in 1766 was ordained Minister of South Leith. In 1771 he became Pastor of the Scottish Presbyterian Church at London Wall. Among his many original and translated productions the chief are, the "Sacred Biography," in seven volumes, and a splendid illustrated translation of "Lavater's Physiognomy." He died at Bristol Hot-wells in 1802.

LALANDE, M. DE, a French astronomer of great genius and celebrity. He was born in 1732. His own inclinations, very early displayed, would have led him to scientific pursuits exclusively; but his friends directed his studies to the law, and he was admitted an advocate at a very early age. Before he had attained his twenty-first year, however, his proficiency in scientific studies, and particularly in astronomy, was evinced by his appointment as Astronomer in the Academy of Sciences in Paris. He died in 1807.

LANGHORNE, JOHN, was the son of a clergyman, and was born in Westmoreland in 1735. He had not a collegiate education, but for several years filled the office of private tutor. He subsequently took orders in the church. The first literary effort by which he became known was an Eastern tale, entitled "Solyman and Alcmena." He subsequently wrote several original works; but the production by which he is now chiefly remembered is a translation of "Plutarch's Lives," which he executed, in conjunction with his brother, a clergyman at Folkstone, in Kent. He died at London in 1799.

Maskelyne, Dr. Nevil, was born in London in 1732, and educated at Westminster School, and Catherine Hall, Cambridge. He was eminent as a mathematician, and his studies were ultimately devoted almost exclusively to astronomy. He was employed by the Government on many occasions connected with that science, both abroad and at home, and was ultimately (on the death of Mr. Bliss) appointed Astronomer Royal. He was the author of several extremely valuable works connected with nautical science, and of many papers in the Philosophical Transactions. He died in 1811.

Raikes, Robert, was born at Gloucester in 1735. His father was a printer in that city, and proprietor of the "Gloucester Journal." Mr. Raikes is only known as being the originator, conjointly with the Rev. Mr. Stocks, of those excellent institutions, the Sunday Schools, which led the way to the general spread of education among the poor. He died in 1811.

Saussure, Horace Benedict de, was born at Geneva in 1740. He was the son of a member of the Council of Two Hundred, and imbibed his taste for Natural History from his father. He became a Professor of Philosophy at the early age of twenty-two. Previously to this period, however, he had commenced those researches and explorations in the Alps, and especially among the Glaciers, for which he afterwards became famous, and which formed the subject of his great work, entitled "Voyages dans les Alpes." In 1788 he succeeded in reaching the summit of Mont Blanc, which at that period was regarded as a most extraordinary achievement. When Geneva was united to the French Republic, M. de Saussure was chosen a Deputy of the National Assembly. He died in 1799.

Tucker, Josiah, was born in 1711, and educated at Oxford, for the church. He is chiefly known as a political and controversial writer. In 1755 he obtained the degree of D.D., and was made a Prebendary of Bristol; and Dean of Gloucester in 1758. He wrote a vast number of tracts on various subjects, and also a volume of sermons. He died in 1799.

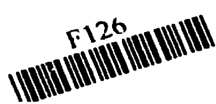
Warren, Dr. Richard, was born about 1732, and attained great eminence in his profession. He was a Fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was Physician in Ordinary to George III. and the Prince of Wales. He died in 1797.

Willis, Dr. Francis, was a native of Lincolnshire, and received a classical education at Brazenose College, Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship. In 1740 he entered into Holy Orders, and was appointed to a college living; but shortly afterwards he devoted himself to the medical profession, and that department of it chiefly which was connected with dis-

eases of the mind, without however abandoning the church. He established a private asylum for lunatics at Greatford, in his native county; and his success there led to his being intrusted with the entire management of the case of his Majesty George III. Besides the two sons referred to in the Diary—Dr. John Willis and the Rev. Thomas Willis—Dr. Willis had a third son, Dr. George Darling Willis, who was appointed one of the Royal Physicians in Ordinary in 1811. Dr. Francis Willis died in 1807.

END OF VOL. IV.

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